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F. A. Mood

THE LIFE AND LABORS

— OF —

FRANCIS ASBURY MOOD, D.D.,

Founder and first Regent of South-western University.

— BY —

C. C. CODY, A.M. PH.D.,

Professor of Mathematics South-western University.

When anything is done,
People see not the patient doing of it,
Nor think how great would be the loss to man
If it had not been done. As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregone event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.

—*Longfellow's Michael Angelo.*

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INTRODUCTION.

A narrative of the life of Dr. Mood presents to us the career of one, who by his own efforts lifted himself into a position of usefulness which had its consummation in one great work. This work became a grand success, for upon it, all the thoughts and energies of his last years were concentrated.

Such a life as this, is worthy of study as it is worthy of imitation.

At the request, coming first from his family, and then from the Alumni Association of Southwestern University, I have to present to the world, a man greatly beloved for his social virtues. A man of letters, who had not the leisure to gratify a taste in the indulgence of which he could have attained to literary renown; a preacher of much grace and many gifts; an educator, who originated the idea of a central institution of learning for Texas Methodism, which, under his wise management and invincible energy in the face of difficulties, resulted in the establishment of Southwestern University, and placing it upon a firm and lasting foundation.

In the portrayal of this life, so much material has been placed at my disposal that my work has been but little more than that of a compiler. My chief dependence in the preparation of the book, was an autobiography, addressed to his children, and written at intervals during the last ten years of his life; I have extracted from these reminiscences whatever I found useful to my purpose, and the facts and incidents as related therein have formed a basis of much of this volume.

I have not ventured to give the autobiography, as a whole, to the public, because parts of the work dwelt upon incidents and matters, which however interesting to that circle to which it was addressed, owing to the endearments of filial relationship, would at times be considered trivial or even dull, by the general reader. A father addressing his children, assembled in the family circle may claim privileges in discussing topics, events or persons which one, writing for the public eye, can never hope to have accorded to him.

I trust I have been able to depict an agreeable image of a man whose life will be a benediction to the generation of youth who succeed him, as his labors were a blessing to those with whom he lived.

DR. MOOD.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND BIRTH.

In all the emigrations to America from the continent of Europe, the German element has predominated. A few of these people came with the Puritans in the earlier migrations to Massachusetts Bay; but the real beginning of the great Teutonic flood was about the close of the seventeenth century when the German Quakers, fleeing persecution, sought shelter in Pennsylvania where soldiering was not required. This colony at once became the convergent point for German immigration, and of necessity the distributing center from which these sturdy foreigners spread down the valleys, or moved along the eastern slopes of the Appalachian range of mountains. Naturally the faces of many of them were turned to the more inviting skies of Virginia and the Carolinas, where they carried with them Teutonic thrift and honesty, and where some of the curious customs brought from the Rhine survived even after the revolution.

Peter Mood,* the great-grand-father of Francis Asbury Mood, was one of this class. He was a native of Wurtemburg, Germany, and along with three of his brothers, emigrated to Pennsylvania about the middle of the eighteenth century.

When the war with Great Britain broke out, the four brothers promptly entered the Continental army, and were under General Washington in several engagements. On one occasion, during the memorable winter of '76, when employed by him to do some special service that took them near the Delaware river, they were discovered by a party of British soldiers, who gave them chase. Being hotly pursued, and coming to the banks of the river, they, braving the icy flood, at once plunged in, and though repeatedly fired upon reached the opposite bank in safety and escaped. Peter Mood was subsequently captured and thrown into prison, and from the severity of the weather, with the hardships and exposure which he suffered in confinement, he had hemorrhage of the lungs, and died in the British prison.

Peter Mood, the son of the revolutionary soldier, and grand-father of the subject of our memoir, was born in Oxford, Pennsylvania, in May 1766. Upon reaching his majority, he

*The name Mood was originally Muth, a word which in the German language signifies *Courageous.*

moved to Charleston, South Carolina, where he married, and plied his trade—that of silversmith and jeweller—with a reputation for great industry and honesty. He was also known as a man of marked decision of character and great strength of body, and many incidents are related of him, which go to prove that he never hesitated to use his fists—and always with great effectiveness, when he felt that it was necessary to do so in the protection of his personal rights or property.

John Mood, third child and oldest son of Peter Mood, was the father of Francis Asbury Mood. He was born in 1792. When a youth, he was, one day, passing the "Blue Meeting" on Cumberland Street, as Cumberland Methodist Church was then called, and to his great surprise, he heard the preacher speaking the English language. Accustomed to attend the Lutheran Church, where the service was conducted in German, his childish logic made him suppose that this was the language, in which all service to God was conducted. He entered the church and listened with delight and edification to the sermon, and then hastened home to tell his father of his pleasing discovery. His father shared the prejudices of the day, against, at that time, the despised Methodists and forbade his going to the Blue Meeting—subsequently, how-

ever, he relented. Young John Mood soon after this, professed a change of heart and joined the Methodist Church. This was the beginning of religion in the family. Through his influence, his sisters and brothers, and finally his mother and father were led to attend upon the ministry of the Methodist preachers, and the entire family were brought to Christ and connected themselves with this branch of the church. Thus they became "of one heart and one mind in the knowledge and the love of God."

Peter Mood, when once awakened to the knowledge of a saving faith, was "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." His sturdy Teutonic nature would not let him be otherwise, "Blessed be the Dutch!" wrote our senior bishop. "In the history of our struggling church, how often the ark has rested in the lowly habitation of some Dutchman with a hard name, and steady as a wind-sill."

Bishop Andrew wrote in "The Reminiscences of an Itinerant" in 1853, of a visit to Charleston made in 1815:*—"We reached Charleston in time for conference, and I found a hearty welcome and a pleasant home with old Brother Peter Mood, who kept a silversmith shop somewhere on King Street. Mine host was an active,

*Life and Letters of James O. Andrew, by G. G. Smith, p. 65.

warm-hearted, impulsive old Dutchman, and his wife an affectionate good woman, one of the precious ones of earth. The old people have long since passed from the labors of earth, but the children still live and the savor of that mother's piety is still found among them."

John Mood followed his father's trade, and on reaching his majority he became a partner in the business.

During the second war with Great Britain, as a member of the German Fusilleers, he was for some months encamped on Sullivan's Island. There we find him regularly engaged in leading Methodist prayer meetings and class meetings in spite of constant ridicule, and annoying interruptions from his fellow soldiers. When however, these annoyances became intolerable, we see him formally petitioning Robert T. Hayne, General Commander, and through stringent orders issued in response to his request, he secured for himself and friends uninterrupted worship for the future.

At the close of this war John Mood returned to his business with his father. Shortly after peace was declared he was married to Miss Catherine McFarlane, and feeling it his duty to preach, not long after his marriage, he entered the local ranks of the Methodist ministry.

John Mood and Catherine McFarlane had

been drawn together by a community of tastes and opinions. She was a daughter of Alexander McFarlane, who was a native of Manchester, England. He emigrated to America in early manhood, and settled in Charleston, South Carolina, where he was married to Catherine Reader, in 1774.

Alexander McFarlane had been a sea captain, but after his marriage he settled down to be an active enterprising merchant. He was a man of good education for the times, and was the first local preacher in the Methodist Church in Charleston, his name appearing on the records as early as 1785.

One of the letters of this man has been preserved and is now in the possession of the family of his grandson. It was written to his father and is expostulatory and hortative. The penmanship is beautiful and finished, executed in that clear, legible style to which the adepts in the use of the old goose quill only have attained. It is written on the heavy unruled paper of that time, has become yellow, crisp and musty with age. These features add much to its interest, but the words are worthy of a place in this Biography. We reproduce them:

To Mr. James McFarlane:

Honored and Dear Father:—I was not a little surprised upon the arrival of the ship Rainbow,

Captain Holiday, that you had not favored me with a line of information respecting your health of body and state of mind. And it was not lessened when the captain told me, that the reason of your not writing was because "I had turned such a Methodist you could make nothing of me." And is it possible that this should break the bond of natural affection that subsists between a parent and a child? But it must needs be so, for the Scriptures cannot be broken, and Christ hath said that his coming would put a father against his son, a mother against her daughter, etc. I have infinite reason to thank GOD that I am (in part) a Methodist; and I glory in this epithet of reproach and shame. I wish I was truly deserving of it, but alas what are empty names, suppose I was called a Protestant, a Presbyterian, a Quaker, or a Baptist; if I was a swearer, a drunkard, a liar, or Sabbath-breaker, would these titles of distinction bring me to Heaven? No. For without holiness no man shall see the Lord! "By holiness" as a great man observes "I mean not fasting, or bodily austerity, or any other external means of improvement, but the inward temper to which all these are subservient, a renewal of the soul in the image of God; I mean a complete habit of lowliness, meekness, purity, faith, hope, and the love of God and man."

I acknowledge in my former letters to have written with great plainness, but I hope my openness and simplicity were not construed into disrespect and rusticity. If it was, be assured I do not wish,—nay, I dare not intentionally offend any one, much less a father to whom I am so deeply indebted—unless it be where my conscience is concerned, and then I must obey God rather than man. For Christ's words to me, and all that desire to follow him are "If any man love father or mother more than me, he is not worthy of me, and whosoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed before my father and his holy angels."

But passing over this, may I be permitted once more to make the important inquiry, "Are you prepared to meet your God?" I do not ask if you have turned Methodist, but are you seeking redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ, who gave himself a ransom for all? Or have you found it? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are born again? Or are you a stranger entirely to it, and cannot imagine what I mean? If you are, I hope God in boundless mercy may awaken you out of the sleep of sin, to a sight and sense of your very imminent danger; for it is an undoubted truth, whether you will believe it or not, that unless we are converted, unless our hearts are changed

by the renovating power of grace, or to speak plain English, unless we feel that our sins are forgiven, and our souls sanctified, it will be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a small needle than for us to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

O, my dear father, your immortal soul is at stake, and will most certainly perish forever, unless you set your heart to seek the Lord. The way to heaven is straight—the gate narrow—few find it. O that you may be one of the happy few. But a dull wish and a dying prayer will not make you one. You must seek the Lord *now* whilst He may be found, and call upon Him now whilst He is near.

Shall I venture to persuade you to lay aside all prejudice, and to converse with those poor despised people called Methodists. Hear their preachers, but look not for refined elocution or graceful speaking, but for solid Truth, and weigh what is said in the balances of the Sanctuary—compare it with the word of God, and you will find these are servants of the Most High, sent to show unto us the way of salvation; that these are the weak things of the world, that God chooses to confound the wise, that no flesh should glory in his presence. O that you may not reject the counsel of God (as the Pharisees did of old) against yourself, and count yourself

unworthy of eternal life, but consider in this thy day the things that belong to your peace before they are eternally hid from your eyes.

I know that all that I have written is foolishness in the eyes of the world, but the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God, because the world with all its (pretensions to) wisdom knows not God. But if we are willing to become fools (in the eyes of men) that we may be truly wise, God will make us wise unto salvation. He will teach us His wisdom, which has been hidden for ages, but is now made manifest to his saints.

Committing you to God and the Lord Jesus Christ who is able to save all that come to God through him, I remain your affectionate son,

ALEXANDER MCFARLANE.

Charleston, S. C. N. 1794.

Catherine Mood, with a father who could write such a letter, must have been early impressed with the true stamp of Methodistic piety, and, as was the case with each of her four sisters, in marrying a Methodist preacher, she filled a high sphere for which she was eminently fitted. As the fruits of this union, six children—five sons and one daughter—reached maturity.

FRANCIS ASBURY MOOD, the youngest son in the family, was born in Charleston, South Caro-

lina, June 23d, 1830. The other children, in the order of their births, beginning with the oldest, were Henry M., John A., James R., William W. and Catherine Amelia. Four of the five sons have been traveling preachers in the South Carolina Conference, and the remaining one, James R. Mood, is a Doctor of Medicine in the city of Charleston.

Here we see something of a mother's influence and recompense. At her death Bishop Andrew wrote to Dr. James Mood of her: "No woman has more faithfully sustained life's responsibilities than did your mother, and God has abundantly crowned her with the honor that cometh from God." But who is so fit to speak of a mother as her son? And after she has been in heaven nearly twenty-five years, her youngest son thus writes of her: "My precious mother was of low stature and delicate build and pleasing countenance. She was like my father, quiet, unobtrusive, and with no ambition to move in any but the most retired sphere. She was possessed of—oh, such a wonderful fund of—solid common sense. And what wealth of tenderness and affection was there in her mother's heart! She lived only for her husband and her children. They were possessed of some property in 1824, when my father entered the itineracy, but in those primitive days of the

church there were no parsonages, and wives and preachers' children were not a popular feature to many of the members. They bravely faced the difficulties until the property was all expended. Then, in 1830, my father located and started life a second time, without capital, and with a wife and four children to be supported. I have heard my mother laughingly depict some of the struggles of her itinerant life. Much of it was hard indeed, but of it I never heard a complaint."

At the close of this genealogical narration, though at the risk of disarranging the chronological order of the work, let us note as a remarkable fact the number of Methodist preachers comprised in, and descended from the above mentioned families, viz: Alexander McFarlane; the husbands of his four daughters; Thomas L. Wynn, of the South Carolina Conference; Thomas Mason, of the New York Conference, who was for a number of years agent of the Methodist book concern of that city; James O. Andrew, afterwards Bishop; John Mood, and the two brothers of the last named, C. A. Mood and T. S. Mood. The following sons and sons-in-law of the foregoing: Henry M. Mood, John A. Mood, Wm. W. Mood, F. A. Mood, U. S. Bird, W. W. Wilbur, jr., Alexander M. Wynn, J. O. Andrew, jr., Rob't

Lorett and J. W. Rush, seventeen in all.

In the conclusion of this chapter it is gratifying to know that though Francis Asbury Mood claimed no greatness in his forefathers, either of fame or wealth, yet for all the generations of the past, as far as we are able to trace them, his ancestors lived in honorable marriage, were happy, pure and contented in their domestic relations, were true patriots, serving their country in times of need and trial, and died believers in the Christian faith, and supporters of the doctines and teachings of the Christian religion. In democratic America what grander heritage could our ancestry leave us than such a record of pure honest and patriotic blood, through all the past.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Who of us does not sometimes revert to the memories of early childhood? We go back in thought until thought can go no further, and then with strained efforts we attempt to seize some misty, ill-defined event, of our most distant past, that is already barely perceptible to our mental vision. When this memory is recalled we cannot throw off the feeling that there are things still farther beyond, that might be brought back if we could but touch a link in the proper chain.

I shall extract from the autobiography already alluded to the early recollections of the author's childhood. It is a warm-hearted and homely remembrance of a simple time, outlined with the loving hand of one, who even in the zenith of a busy manhood, constantly reverted, with feelings of deepest affection and profoundest obligation to those who directed his first steps and protected his earliest infancy.

In the recollection of incidents which follow, we note many points in the temperament of the boy, which give us no little insight into the

future conduct of the man. The early surroundings, associations and instructions were the mighty influences which developed his character. The lively pictures which were indelibly impressed upon the childish mind and memory disclose a faculty for close observation and detail. By them we see how impressible he was to the quaint, the grotesque and the ludicrous. How true an eye he had, and how true a heart for the kindly acts and influences that fell in the way of his earliest experiences.

These qualities of the head and heart grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until by this power they drew about him on every occasion circles of admiring friends seeking instruction and entertainment from the experiences of his life.

The reminiscences of his childhood days were written in the summer of 1875, and are as follows:

"Born June 23d, 1830, the year my father left the itinerant for the local ranks of the ministry, I have recently amused myself in tracing to how early an age we may have distinct recollections of persons and events. I have been surprised to find that in my own history it goes back to when I was only two years of age. We lived in 1832 on King street, where my father had his little store on the west side, near "The

Bend," at a house which was known among us as the "Big Alley." That I am not mistaken as to the date I know from my recollections of the blue cockades worn by the Nullifiers, the ordinance of Nullification having passed the convention of South Carolina in 1832. I recollect also the processions in connection with that event, one particularly, at night, accompanied by great excitement from threatened collision of Union men and Nullifiers, when General Hayne was called out to address the citizens and allay the tumult. Across the street from our house was Seyle's hall, where the Nullifiers held public meetings. In the same building was conducted Mrs. Murden's infant school, which I was sometimes allowed to visit.

"One of the Seyle boys, one day, called to me to come to him across the street; while toddling across, a passing dray knocked me down and one of the wheels rolled over me. Fortunately it rolled immediately across my diaphragm, which with the softness of the mud into which I fell, saved my life. I well recall my astonishment at the crowd around me, when coming to my senses, I opened my eyes.

"About this time we removed to a brick dwelling on George street. Two or three memories of striking character to my childish mind

I will mention. The most exciting one was the phenomenon of 'The Falling Stars,' as the meteoric shower of November 13th, 1833, was called. My grandmother took me to the window and let me look out upon the wonderful sight. Near the same time a total eclipse of the sun occurred; I remember looking through a smoked glass during this phenomenon.

"In 1834 we had a very severe winter, when we had a snow storm, memorable in my history because of an immense snow-ball rolled up by my larger brothers, and which I followed in admiring wonder, delighted with the continued accumulation of each revolution.

"Our next door neighbor was given to drunkenness. I well recall my gloom and horror, when on going over to play with his son, I, for the first time saw the father in his cups calling for food, and raving at his wife and children.

"I suppose that it was in 1835 or 1836 that we removed to the dwelling on the southeast corner of George and Coming streets. Delighted with the excitement of removal, my sister and myself went to the new dwelling, which had been occupied by a physician. Running over the house, we at length reached the attic, when suddenly we came upon a skull and human bones. We fled in childish terror from such a sight.

"This dwelling had a large yard for a city home. Here I spent years, and recall pleasant memories. There was living with us here—indeed, I recall her presence at the brick house—a *Miss Silena Smith. She had been for years the house-keeper of the Methodist parsonage during the dispensation of the bachelor Bishop Asbury, and the bachelor preachers. Now that married men were finding toleration in the conference, and were being stationed in the city, her avocation was gone. She was very old and feeble, so my mother gave her a home with the family and she remained with us until her death. Several startling incidents are connected with my childhood and this pious old christian.

"Our next door neighbor, a good Methodist, Brother Reeves, was a worker in wood. He once gave me a number of neatly turned dishes of a brown wood, which to me greatly resembled a cake that my mother often had for tea. Carefully arranging them on a dish on the tea table, in the dusk of the evening, I hid behind the door to see who first would be deceived by the wooden cakes. I do not think I had any special designs against Miss Silena, but she first entered the room, took one from the dish and hurt her toothless gums. The snicker from behind the door betrayed the author of the trick, and com-

*See "Life and Letters of James Osgood Andrew," page 70.

plaint was made. My dear, blessed mother led me to her chamber, and by a combination of prayer, solemn exhortation and a leather slipper, gave me a lesson in reverence for age, which remains to this day.

"On Sunday nights the family usually went to church, leaving my sister and myself, the two youngest, in charge of Miss Silena. On one occasion we had been put to bed when I was startled with a cry from her that 'she was burning up.' I sprang to the stairway, and as I turned the landing saw her at the foot, with one hand on the ballustrade, a pillar of fire. I sprang down and tore the burning clothing from her. Her life was saved, but she long suffered from dreadful burns on her arms, and neck and face, as I did from blistered hands.

"Young as I was, her piety impressed me deeply. Too aged and infirm to sew, or read ordinary print, she spent her time in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. Oftimes I have stood reverently by her room door, and listened to her pleadings for the church, for sinners and for the world.

"Marm Phillis was the complement of Miss Silena Smith at that bachelor's parsonage, among the tombs of Bethel Cemetery. Marm Phillis was the cook. She held the position long after the bachelor dispensation had passed

away. Becoming too old and infirm to work, like her pious co-laborer, she fell to the benevolent care of my dear mother. One of my life lessons occurred in connection with 'Old Marm Phillis' which I will narrate.

"For years, at every meal, as soon as my father had asked the blessing, the plates and cups were handed to my mother, who arranged the meal to be sent to Phillis. The messenger was Sarah, a tidy intelligent mulatto—a family slave by inheritance. It was gall and bitterness to Sarah to be compelled to wait on this old pauper negress, in comparison with whom she felt so much superior. Phillis was old, ungainly and exacting, occupying a very humble home on St. Phillips street. On one occasion, by some over-sight, old Phillis's dinner was sent to her minus the meat. Uncovering her meal, she broke out into upraidings against Sarah for the omission, and utterly refused to touch the dinner, but sent it back with this message to my mother: 'Tell Miss Kitty ef she can't sen' me meat wid de dinna, she needn't sen' me any at all.' Sarah returned indignant, but rejoicing. Indignant at the ingratitude of the old woman, and rejoicing in the expectation that this would end her disagreeable tramps around the corner to old Phillis's. Putting down the dinner on her return, she delivered the old woman's mes-

sage and exclaimed, indignantly: 'Miss Kitty, I never would send another mouthful to that impudent, ungrateful old nigger.' The children shared Sarah's indignation, and all of us joined in protest against mother ever again trying to minister to old Phillis. Then followed the lesson. In reply, she said in substance: 'My children, I am sorry to see that you understand so imperfectly the law of benevolence. If you are benevolent only to the grateful, precious little benevolence will you dispense while you live. As God sends his rain on the just and on the unjust, we are to relieve the wants of our suffering fellow creatures whether they appreciate our efforts or not. Besides this, in the gratitude of those we assist, we have a reward. Are you willing to do good only to receive an earthly reward? We are to do good without reference to character here, and our Father that seeth, in secret, will reward us openly in the coming day."

"That was a word in season. I have never felt tempted to discouragement at the indifference, criticism or seeming ingratitude of those I have been called to serve, that Phillis, Sarah, and the scene at the dinner table, have not recurred to awaken me to renewed diligence.

"My first intimate friend was George Washington Whitfield. George's mother was dead

and he lived with his grandmother. We became devotedly attached to each other, and followed each others ways, employments and amusements. My most constant companion, however, was sister Amelia, two years younger than myself. Most of my sports took a feminine turn to accommodate her, she having no sister's companionship. I spent all my money on her dolls and doll-houses, and it was my great pride that that she had the most complete doll-house in the neighborhood.

"And now came a great event. I was sent to school after my mother had taught me to read. My teacher was a Mrs. Bell. She lived a few doors from us and taught the school in her own dwelling. It was here that I met my first sweetheart. She was quite a young lady in size, was the most advanced pupil and was also taking lessons in ornamental needlework. I thought her a perfect beauty, a word, a look, or a smile from her would through me into raptures of delight. No service was too menial for me to do for her, and I would go to any trouble to please her.

"I had the reputation of being incorrigibly mischievous. I was scolded for it at school and reminded of it at home. I had an insatiate fondness for tools, machinery, or anything of that kind, and I was all the time spoiling some-

thing considered valuable in my efforts to manufacture a cart, or build a house, or construct a machine. My brothers shared with me this mechanical turn, particularly Henry and James. My parents endeavored to give healthy direction to this constructive talent. Henry had been sent to Cokesbury to learn the gunsmith's trade, and was attending school there, paying his way partly by his trade, in that village.

"I well recollect our enthusiasm over a miniature fire engine we had seen in the city, and which was to be raffled at fifty cents a chance. Father, however, took occasion to tell us of the evil involved in raffles, and told brother James, that if he would try he could make a better engine himself. To us this appeared incredible. But he set to work under my father's direction, studying the construction in a book my father furnished him, and also by the examination of a city engine which was kept near our home. How eagerly did we younger ones watch his progress, step by step. How much pains our dear father took in aiding and directing. The air chamber, the pumps, the pistons were all at last finished; wheels were procured and finally we brought it home from father's shop for the first trial. Delightful sensation! We worked the handles a few strokes, the water rushed from the nozzle of the hose. We pumped

harder, as we had often seen the firemen do, the jet rose still higher, until at last, with glad hurrahs, we saw our engine throw water in a steady stream on the roof, and even over the top of the chimney. This engine was for years an untiring source of amusement.

"Under the same wise principle of parental government my mother, on one occasion, had boards, nails and tools furnished me, in answer to a longing wish to build a *real* house for sister's dolls. I hammered and sawed away at it for days, and finally completed a very creditable house. It was about four feet wide and six or seven feet long. It had a door and a window and was creditably floored. In it we could actually go, and shut the door and look out of the window, so this house was almost as much a means of childish happiness as was the fire engine. Thus we had little occasion or desire to roam over the city. We were on no pretext whatever allowed to play on the streets, amusement was furnished us at home, and we were glad to stay there. Having so much that was attractive about our home, we had many visitors, but if any boy was heard, or known to use profane or wicked language, my mother promptly led him to the gate and required him to leave. As she did this without fear or favor, we were taught a lesson of decision and courage in right

doing that was invaluable, besides early giving to us a hearty dislike for the companionship of those who used profane or wicked words.

"Another important change came to me about this time. Mrs. Bell called me to her on one occasion and told me that she could teach me no longer, as I was too mischievous. I listened to this charge in great astonishment, for I was sincerely unconscious of what she meant. She furthermore told me that she intended to advise my parents to send me to a *school-master* who could manage me."

And thus the chapter of his first school-days was rather abruptly closed. His mischievous propensities had gotten him into serious trouble, because his teacher did not understand him. The mischief which was superinduced by the mental workings of the boy mechinician, by a longing desire to experiment upon persons or things, just to see what would be the effect under certain conditions—she thought to be the unprincipled recklessness of the "bad boy," all of whose misdeeds are executed with malice afore thought.

When he was about five years of age he was afflicted with erysipelas of the face. This gave him great pain and resulted in an unnatural enlargement of the nose, and, very naturally superinduced an irritability of temper, to which

he gave vent by crying. He was conscientious and upright from early childhood, and was happy and playful, so long as matters suited him, but just as soon as anything went contrary to his feelings, it was sure to excite loud bawling.

CHAPTER III.

JACK FARLEY'S SCHOOL.

At the opening of the next session after his informal severance from Mrs. Bell's instruction, we find our young friend, in company with two of his elder brothers, "with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

He was on his way to a master who managed the boys. One of that kind of whom Carlyle says, "he knew syntax enough, and of the human soul thus much, that it had a faculty called memory, and could be acted upon, through the muscular integuments by the appliance of birch rods."

But birch rods were scarce in the city, so Mr. Farley provided himself with a strap. It was an inch wide, a quarter of an inch thick—if leather is ever that thick—and about eighteen inches long. From constant use it had become thoroughly flexible, and with how much force and effect he could apply this instrument of torture was often discussed and thoroughly understood by the Charleston boys of that day—

many of them being able to speak with feeling intelligence upon the subject.

Mr. Farley was a short stout man of great strength. He was of Irish parentage, and in his infancy being thrown upon public charity, he was received and brought up in the Charleston Orphan House, an institution of which the Charlestonians are justly proud, and upon which they spend large sums of money annually. From this establishment, under certain provisions made by the city, he was sent to the South Carolina College at Columbia. There, having taken a regular course, he graduated with distinction. He was educated under the Presidency of Dr. Cooper, and like most of the graduates from that institution at that day, he imbibed the skeptical views of that eminent man.

Thus we see the teacher, placed by public functionaries in charge of an important school; a strong man who looked with contempt upon weakness; a man who had known but little of a mother's love and tenderness; the gentler elements of whose nature had never been developed by the softening influences and associations of home; and finally, by reason of the unfortunate circumstances of his higher education, having the foundation of his faith in God and religion, effectually demolished. Yet he was esteemed worthy to train the ignorance and weakness of

boyhood, into all virtue and power and wisdom of maturer years.

His system was of such a character that neither the man nor his methods were ever forgotten by his young pupil. It does not often fail that our strongest recollections of early boyhood goes back to the school master, but in this instance, to fully appreciate how clearly he recalled every incident connected with "the dismal days of Jack Farley's school room" one should have heard him tell of the pedagogue, under the strokes of whose sceptre he first suffered.

The school-house was composed of two buildings rolled close together. The jointing had been poorly done, so that when it rained the roof leaked badly. His desk was near this part of the room, and over and near the openings in the floor which had rotted away from the frequent wettings. The ceiling had been canvassed and papered years before, but was now discolored with age and mildew and gaped in ugly openings overhead, around which dangled the ragged cloth and paper.

Mr. Farley sat at one end of the room, in an arm chair, on a throne about eight inches high. He was an inveterate chewer of tobacco, and constantly expelled from his mouth, in expertly directed streams, the accumulated amber. The

surroundings of his throne, therefore, were very much akin to the interior of a hog-pen,—indescribably nasty.

School opened at eight o'clock. When the scholars arrived at the school-house, they were allowed no privileges of a play ground, but each one was required to enter at once, deposit his books in the ante-room, and take his seat at his assigned desk. Studying in school, or at the school-house was a crime that could only be expiated for by a flogging.

It is the law of a child's nature to be active; then to expect a company of boys, without the presence of their preceptor, to gravely sit in silence for perhaps an hour, and do nothing,—was like expecting a miracle to be worked. This regulation was, therefore, looked on by the boys as a cunningly devised and wicked scheme to get them into trouble, for they recognized the living truth in the nursery hymn which says:

> "And Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Very frequently, they got into some mischief, and, consequently the opening exercise was a general and promiscuous castigation. The infatuation that took them to the school-room, before the time of opening, simply to brave the

dangers of a tremendous thrashing, we leave for psychologists to explain.

At the appointed moment Mr. Farley entered the school-room amid that profound silence which is superinduced by the palsy of fear. He turned to his right, unlocked and lifted the cover of a large desk, and drew forth a dark serpentine looking thing, coiled it about his finger, or laid it across his lap. This ominous thing is the strap—his sceptre of authority, and general assistant. As an instrument of torture it was used with great dexterity and power upon hands, shoulders, legs or seat, according to the magnitude of the crime or the humor of the tormentor.

When, as occasion demanded, the opening corrective exercise had been vigorously administered, before the groans, the tears, the sobs, the wringing of hands, the rubbing of legs, and the blowing of fingers and noses had subsided, in tones of awful authority that dreadful word rung out—*spelling!*

Obedient to this call, the entire school filed before him, and stood in their respective positions. Touching this ordeal, we will let him through his autobiography speak for himself:

"Carpenter's Spelling Book was used. How often have I seen a word pass down from boy to boy—each one as he missed receiving his merited

stripes. "From rank to rank the vollied thunder flew." Perhaps, far down the line, some fortunate fellow would make the happy guess and rise head, amid the groans and anguish of the crowd below. I recall one awful time in my history in connection with this spelling. I had been remorselessly thrashed for several days, for missing; when to my joy, among some old books and pamphlets, at home, I found a Carpenter's Spelling Book. Tearing out the leaf that contained my lesson, I put it in my pocket, as a certain talisman against Mr. Farley's strap. When called to the class, it was not long before a hard word came rolling down toward me, and blows and cries were coming in a torrent with it. I stealthily drew out my talisman, saw how the word was spelled, and triumphantly passed third to head. My unusual success, I doubt not, awakened suspicion, and drew to me the attention of my Argus. Another word went rolling down below me. The boys above me were twitching in nervous apprehension. I drew out my talisman. I glanced at it, partly turning my body to conceal the miserable cheat I was enacting. Quick retribution followed. "What is that you are hiding there Asbury Mood?" roared my lynx-eyed tormentor. "Nothing Sir," I tremblingly said, adding a lie to my other deceit. He called

me forth before the class, for he understood the whole case. He made me draw forth the fatal page—my adored talisman; he held it up, and its owner, to public scorn, and after heaping contumely upon me for the base deceit I had so poorly practiced, and completely stripping me of my peacock's feathers, in which I had strutted for a brief five minutes, he gave me a flogging, the memory of which will ever make my flesh creep. I was striped black and blue from neck to heels, and besides all this, was sent to languish in disgrace at the foot of the class. I need not say that this experiment upon "a royal road to learning," completely disgusted me. It always seemed a broad road leading to destruction.

He tells of the disadvantages under which the fine arts were cultivated in Mr. Farley's school.

"It was the third or fourth day after entering the school—in the afternoon—I had finished the "sum" set for me on the slate, and I went up to show it to Mr. Farley. Whenever more than one was ready at the same time, he fell into line and awaited his turn. About ten boys were ahead of me. About the time of which I am speaking, there was great excitement about the Indian War in Florida, a company from the city, having, a few days before, started for the seat of hostilities. Tired of awaiting my turn,

I carefully reversed my slate, and amused myself by drawing a picture of white men and Indians fighting. The picture was hardly finished when my turn came and I passed up my slate for examination. The sum was correctly done. Mr. Farley turned the slate over to set another sum. Horrors! What is it that so transfixes him? It is a picture, a picture drawn in cold blood in school time. He thundered at me, "Who did that?" I, all unconscious of any crime, yet conscious that great danger was impending, slowly answered, "I drew it, Sir." He laid down the slate, took up the strap, slowly reached out his hand, took me by the front of my jacket, and gave me about ten blows. I writhed in mortal agony, both at the pain of body and sense of mortification, for this was my first whipping at school.

"The first locomotives were at this time being run on the South Carolina Railroad, and all of the boy's heads were full of the new enterprise. Two of the boys who sat near me—Osgood Chrietzberg and James Copes, were especially interested in the matter. Chrietzberg had drawn a locomotive and train of cars and was explaining the picture to Copes. Absorbed in the picture they did not discover the stealthy approach of Mr. Farley, who, holding his strap over his shoulder, had slipped up behind the guilty pair.

Said Chrietzberg with enthusiasm. "This crank works so." Moving his arms like the lever of the engine. "*And this strap works so*," thundered Mr. Farley as he rained his strokes thick and fast upon the backs and shoulders of the unhappy engineers, who commenced instanter, a series of wonderful evolutions that would have done credit to any gymnast. Drawing did not develop under his regime, circumstances were unfavorable to it."

George Whitfield, the young and early friend of Francis Asbury Mood, with whom he had been so intimate while under the instruction of Mrs. Bell, feeling it to be a reproach to longer attend a girls' school, and being desirous of the congenial associations of Asbury and other boys of his age, in spite of kindly warnings, determined to brave the dangers of Jack Farley's fury. George was a guileless child, and having been solely under the care of an indulgent grandmother, he perhaps had never been whipped in his life, and therefore he could not appreciate the warnings of his friends.

On the second day after entering he missed his "spelling." The inevitable must come Mr. Farley sternly ordered him to hold out his hand. He did so, down came the awful strap almost cutting into the tender flesh. Poor George! He looked at his hand in speechless

agony and then in speechless terror looked at Mr. Farley, who was thundering in terrific tones "Hold out your hand sir!" He held it out again. Down came the strap with even more force than before. George could endure no more, but wringing his hands and bowing uneasily, he cried out at the top of his voice: "Oh Mr. Farley, Sir!"

"I beg your pardon, I grant you grace
I hope the cat may scratch your face."

This tender and poetic appeal, seemed to arouse all the lion in Mr. Farley's nature. He could not see that the boy was so terrified that he did not know what he was saying, but took his words literally as a personal insult, and he seized George by the collar of his jacket and gave him a tremendous trouncing for his supposed temerity. His grand-mother was never able to get him back to Mr. Farley's school. He quietly resumed his place in the girls' school, preferring to bear the opprobrium connected with such a position, in his boyish thoughts, rather than suffer, for a season, the pains and punishments, into which his ambition, and friendship had tempted him.

The two older brothers, James and William Mood, having become sufficiently advanced, were taken from Mr. Farley and sent to the High School. This was a classical High School, of

which Henry M. Bruns, L. L. D., was principal, and it was intended to be tributary to Charleston College. With the removal of these two brothers, along with a number of the larger boys, Mr. Farley's severity seemed to increase. He began to see that corporal punishment, alone, would not bring about the best results. So he commenced to study and experiment upon new methods of punishment, looking on punishment as the only key to an education. He concluded to introduce shame into his discipline. First he tried tall dunce caps of paper. Soon he had a small army thus arrayed. The boys enjoyed the change and looked with no feelings of shame upon that which was universal. He then found it necessary to modify this by combining shame with bodily punishment; so he put piles of books on the heads of the culprits, and made them pace the floor, whipping furiously any boy who was so unsteady as to drop any of the books.

At last his genius culminated into an altogether novel form of punishment. He began to make the boys who had offended get down on their all-fours and pace up and down the room. The advantage he gained by requiring them to assume this position was two-fold: First, there was the *shame* in being made to typify the donkey, a creature celebrated especially for his stupidity; and Mr. Farley constantly reminded

the boys of their resemblance to this long-eared beast. In the second place, the attitude assumed drew the pantaloons tight over the breech giving invitation, amplitude and scope for the play of the strap. He frequently had a herd of these quadrupeds on parade at once, and would delight to walk among them, and touch the laggards up with a blow that would send them bellowing and galloping to the farther end of the room.

Mr. Farley reported Asbury to his father, as "doing well." This was told to Asbury, who accepted the statement with gratitude, concluding that the miseries he endured were only the necessary agonies through which every school boy had to pass, as being the "undeveloped initiatives of good things to come." He, however was thoroughly miserable, as he was whipped for bad lessons, for talking or for mischief of one kind or another every day he passed in the school-room. This, however, was the common experience of his school-mates, for whatever were the defects of Mr. Farley's theories of discipline, he was rigidly honest and impartial in its administration.

Our young friend had been spared, as yet the miseries of going on all-fours; but he felt that he was gravitating towards it, as he had been seated cross-legged on the floor as a sort of cen-

ter-point around which a lot of the other boys were made to crawl.

At his home the children were not allowed to "tell tales out of school." His parents accepted Mr. Farley's report that he was doing well, and they were altogether ignorant of these cruel travesties on discipline.

On one occasion, when some of his schoolmates were spending a Saturday with him, they began discussing the case of one of their fellow sufferers, who during the week before had met a conspicuous visitation of "all-fours" with the strap accompaniment. His mother heard the conversation. She listened in surprise. She questioned them. She saw honesty and sincerity in their faces. The thing was true. Her motherly heart was aroused and she lost her usual caution. Looking full into the face of her son she exclaimed indignantly: "Mark ye, I do not send you to school to be taught such antics. The day Mr. Farley orders you on the floor do you come home." This was enough. He felt that his freedom was already in his grasp. He longed for the supreme moment to come, when under the banner of his mother's protection, he would defy Jack Farley's authority, and proudly march home. His minute recollection of the incident will show how deeply it was impressed upon his memory as well as how impressible he

was to particulars. He says of it—"On Monday morning I was early at school, I began talking to Jesse Bowles a tall boy several years my senior, who sat alongside the main entrance. I said to him, "If Mr. Farley ever puts me to crawl on the floor I am going home; my ma has told me to do so." The boy replied: "You won't dare to do it, Old Jack would catch you and blister you."

"You'll see whether I will or not."

"I, for the first time was anxious to be punished; nor was I slow in making the opportunity. About ten o'clock in the day, I missed outright. The lesson was on Oceanica, where, in Worcester's Geography there is a picture of an ourang outang in a bread fruit tree. Mr. Farley seized me, and after giving me a terrible castigation, threw me on the floor and told me to sit there. "The whipping had made me as limber as a wet rag, all my courage had fled, and bruised and sobbing there I sat. As the class was dismissed, my tall friend passed, and stooping hissed sneeringly in my ear: "I thought you were going home." I roused as from a dream. The coming of another class favored my purpose. I sprang up and darted for the door. With the singular conduct that marks many boys, for Jesse Bowles was my friend, he saw my movement, and as I reached

the door-sill, he stretched out his long legs over which I stumbled; down the steps I went, headlong to the ground. My terror was now complete. I thought I heard Mr. Farley behind me. Never did any poor fugitive, fleeing to a City of Refuge, with the avenger of blood close upon him, feel greater terror or make swifter flight.

I reached our parlor door. I turned the door knob, and fell prostrate in a fainting fit. Two lady visitors were in the parlor talking to my mother. When I came to myself I was upstairs on a bed and my mother and the ladies applying restoratives. As soon as I opened my eyes, my mother in pale affright cried, "What is the matter my son?" "Oh," I exclaimed, feeling as if I had done the most tragic and heroic action in the world—"I ran out of school."

This affair was carefully discussed by the older members of the family. Asbury, as a matter of prudence being allowed to hear but little of what was said.

It was finally agreed that he should continue at school, if the teacher would promise not to punish him for this act of rebellion. Under this promise, he returned the next morning. He studied harder than ever, both to say good lessons and to please his teacher. In a day or two, however, for some slight offense, he was again

whipped, and during the process of punishment, he was taunted with being a "runaway." This he reported to his mother, knowing that he had her sympathy, and that she was committed to his protection. This had its effect, for soon after, he was quietly transferred to the High School, thereby closing the chapter of miseries in his boyhood life.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

In the foundation of Francis Asbury Mood's life, as recounted in the preceding pages, that stone which was to become the "head of the corner" has neither been discussed, nor so much as touched upon. We have so far given the thoughts, incidents, and accidents, relating to this present life, up to the tenth year of his age.

We now propose to narrate the thoughts, impressions and experiences of the heart as they are related to the life to come. He ever enjoyed a bright religious experience, and it was his delight to dwell upon the particulars of his conversion, and bear witness of the power of grace, either in the class meeting, the love feast, or if occasion offered, in more restricted circles. No one could hear him, in the deep intonations of his rich modulated voice, relate any of the incidents of his conversion without feeling deeply impressed by it. Fortunately we are able to give his early religious impressions and experiences in his own words.

"Father, a pious minister, mother, a devoted Christian, they gave much attention to the relig-

ious training of their children. I cannot therefore recall the time, when I did not think seriously about future and eternal things; when I did not pray, or when I did not daily, night and morning, hear the Scriptures read, a verse or two of a hymn sung, and a father's prayer offered at the family altar. Blessed privilege! Blessed experience! How often have I in early life, foolishly envied the wealth and position held by boys and young men at school and at college, which were denied me. But oh, how foolish, ungrateful, and wicked were such thoughts. Now in the maturity of life, as I look back and review it all, I would not give the precious legacy of my father's prayers and example, and my mother's pious devotion and instruction for all the wealth, jewels, gold and fame that the world could offer me.

I recall vividly at this moment* an occasion of great solemnity and religious feeling that I experienced when I could not have been more than three or four years old. I dreamed that I had seen the lake of fire, where the wicked find eternal pain. I can recall with distinctness, the impressions it made upon me, and the feelings it awakened. Though it was the first impression of the kind that I remember, it remains with me as distinct at this hour, as the morning

*This paper was dated at Georgetown, Texas, Sept. 10th, 1875.

I awoke from the dream. Sometime after this, I did something sinful. I do not now recall the act, but I dreamed under my feelings of remorse, that I was lost. Another time I dreamed that I witnessed the terrors and solemnities of the judgment. At another time I dreamed that I was saved in heaven, and from that place of bliss, looked down rejoicing upon the sinful world below.

"Now these were only dreams, but I mention them because they indicate the current of my waking thoughts.

"I went regularly to Sunday-School, and to preaching, and I was taught hymns and the catechism, by my mother, at home; but I grieve to say, I took no pleasure in any of these matters. As I grew older my anxious thoughts and fears increased, and with them my dislike to religious things. When I was quite small, my parents commenced to tent regularly at the Charleston Camp Meetings. This they kept up until after I entered the ministry. To us, this annual occasion of worship was the great event of the year.

"At the time of which I now speak, the camp-meetings were held some twelve or fifteen miles up the Cooper river, at a place called Cain Hoy. We went thither in steamboats. The camp ground was circled by rustic plank

houses, of temporary construction, or interspersed by roomy cloth tents. To children shut up in a city, the preparation, the packing up, the trip on the steamer, the pitching of the tent, the rustic simplicity of the life, had great charms, and was a healthy and delightful recreation. I would have enjoyed it a great deal more, had I not been required to attend the religious services. But this requirement was never relaxed, except at night.

"At break of day, a trumpet was sounded around the circle of tents to awaken the tenters. An hour afterwards, three blasts of the trumpet from the preachers' tent, announced a call to family worship, in which each tenter was expected to engage. Breakfast followed immediately after prayers. At eight o'clock, three blasts of the trumpet from "the stand," called the people to the public worship. The worshipers gathered immediately and began singing. Then came the sermon, always followed by an exhortation, with a call for penitents to come forward for prayer and religious instruction. This service was repeated at eleven o'clock, at three o'clock and at twilight. At night, on many small stands, judiciously arranged over the grounds, fires of pine wood were built, and kept up until a late hour, to give light to the tenters and worshipers. Many incidents of

marked interest in my life, occurred at these annual gatherings.

"The preaching of the camp-meeting was all calculated to arouse, awaken, and call to action the religious sensibilities. Judgment, Hell, Heaven, Redemption, Conscience, the Shortness of Time, were the topics urged with great directness, earnestness and eloquence; and seldom an occasion of worship passed, that penitents were not seen at the altar invoking the prayers of God's people. Young as I was, I was conscious that I had sinned, and I always went forward for prayer, because I feared that if I did not, I would grieve God's Spirit. Generally the preacher said something to encourage me, but I am now impressed, whether correctly or not I cannot say, that my extreme youth, and my frequent attendance at the altar, led the preacher finally to conclude that I hardly knew what I was about. I recollect a conversation that I had with one of them,—or rather a catechism to which I was subjected by one of the older preachers, as to my feelings, desires, hopes, and expectations, which led me to cease going to the altar for some time. Although I could not explain my feelings, I knew I did not love God, and feared that he did not love me, and I wanted the peace of heart and the love of God, which in the love-feast, I had so frequently heard pro-

fessed by Christians, and which I had also heard many times, declared by preachers to be the privilege of God's believing children.

"I, with my father's family, went to Camp-meeting in April, 1839. I was in my ninth year. It was an occasion of great awakening. My mind was deeply exercised, and on my return home, I found courage to go to my mother, and ask her if I might join the Church. It was a bright spring day, and she was seated sewing in our little parlor. She talked with me very affectionately, and advised me, to my great disappointment, to wait until I understood matters a little better. She feared I was too young to comprehend the importance and solemnity of the step I wanted to take. This was one, perhaps, the only instance, I recall in life, in which I feel that my dear mother erred. It did not however result in anything disastrous, as I had her daily counsel, example and prayers. But had she died; had I been called to die, it might have been far otherwise. I felt as distinctly my religious needs *then, as I have ever felt them since.*

"During the year 1840, the buildings on the camp ground at Cain Hoy, were burned, and therefore instead of a Camp-meeting in the spring, as had been usual for years, a protracted meeting was held in Trinity Church, in April,

1841. Quite a number of young people joined the Church at that meeting. Without further consultation with my mother, on the afternoon of April 21st, 1841, in company with O. A. Chrietzberg, James T. Munds, and E. J. Penington, I went forward and gave my hand to Rev. James Stacy for membership in the church. All of my companions, like myself, became members of the South Carolina Conference, as itinerant preachers. James T. Munds died of consumption—a triumphant death, and E. J. Penington is now a superannuated preacher in the South Carolina Conference. The day after joining the church, we went to the parsonage, as was then customary, to have our distinctive position assigned us in the ranks of the church militant. Brother Stacy gave us our tickets of probation, and we were assigned to a class. I still have my ticket. I have for years kept it rolled up with other valuable papers, as a memento of the most important step I ever took in life; and for which I shall never cease to be grateful to the Blessed God, by whose Spirit I was prompted to take it. The ticket lies before me and reads:

"Francis A. Mood is admitted on probation, in the M. E. Church, April, 22, 1841.

[Signed], JAMES STACY.

Will meet in Class No. 21."

"Class No. 21 was the young men's class, of which my brother Henry was then the leader. During the week I was taken quite ill, so that I was unable on Thursday night to go to class. Meantime my mother at her own instance, spoke to the preacher, and had my name transferred to class No. 16, of which she was a member. I always esteemed this act as a wise and blessed one. Meeting in the same class with my precious mother, hearing her expressions of doubt, hope, faith, and joy, made a deep impression on my mind. The leader of this class, from henceforth my drill-master, was George Just, a sturdy, honest, earnest, godly German. He could not speak English plainly, but how well and plainly and successfully could he talk of the Divine life in the Soul! He watched over me with paternal care, and to his death, which it was my melancholy privilege to witness, I ceased not to love and revere him.

"After six months' trial, I was received into full connection. My marching orders were then given me in the shape of a printed ticket. This ticket also emphasized my class relationship. "Will meet in class No. 16!" That tells a great deal. Methodism was then a completely organized, thoroughly compacted salvation army. Every one had his position assigned him. No straggling was tolerated, for *three absences* from

roll-call brought reproof from the commander of that section.

"Three years had passed since that memorable day when I gave my hand to the minister and my name to the church records. Three years of legal obedience, three years of darkness, of struggle, of sadness. My good old class-leader expounded, encouraged, exhorted, but I found no relief. I read my Bible regularly, but abhorred the duty, for it was full of condemnation to me. I attended class regularly, but abhorred the duty, for its return brought only rebuke and suffering to my heart. I attended every service of the ministry, but abhorred the duty, for the sermons only chided me and did not interest me. Sunday was the darkest day of the week to me. The greetings of the Sabbath chimes—I wish some of our churches had chimes—that rang out gladness in their tones, rang out only sadness to my ears, because they reminded me, it was the Sabbath. You wonder at this perhaps. Well, in the light of reason it is a subject of wonder; but in the light of simple evangelic teachings there is nothing to wonder at. I had the training, the doctrinal belief, the church membership, but I lacked that which only faith could claim and the Holy Spirit impart.

"There was a camp-ground on the line of the

South Carolina railroad, thirty-one miles from the city, which was proffered to the city Methodists for use, until they could rebuild the houses of their own camp-ground, which had been destroyed by fire. This offer was accepted, and the committee arranged for the meetings to be held at the Cypress camp-ground, in April 1844.

"I went with the family to this camp-ground. I was present at the four services each day, only to suffer four times self-condemnation. Learned, eloquent, powerful sermons succeeded each other, preached to multitudes. Many were stricken to the heart. Numbers of the youth and young men of my acquaintance yielded to these appeals, "went up to be prayed for and were happily converted." Some of them had been profane and otherwise wicked; they were happily reconciled through faith in the atoning blood, but I could find no peace. My burden grew heavier. It was Saturday night of the meeting. The services at the stand had been dismissed. I walked forth into the darkness, and wandered around the circle of tents in abject sorrow and wretchedness of soul. Passing one of the tents I heard singing within. I paused and recognized the voices of some of the young converts. They were engaged in a prayer meeting. I entered. It was dark, for they were within an inner room. The intense darkness of

the room seemed to typify the intense darkness that filled my soul, and my agony became intolerable. I went forward reaching for the inner door. My strength utterly failed me. I fell to the ground prostrate, crying from the great depths of my soul. "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me." A moment afterwards I felt that I could *trust Jesus as my Savior then.* At once my burden was lifted, my sorrow had fled, a light supernal beamed into my soul, and I was filled with gladness. It seemed to me that my whole frame would melt into thankfulness, and I remained sobbing on the ground. As the young men within arose from prayer, in an interval of silence, they heard the sobs of some one outside. "Billy" Capers opened the partition door to see what it meant, and found me lying at the threshold. He lifted me up—my heart filled with rapture and tears of gladness choking my utterance. My friends recognized me; they saw in my countenance the joy and peace I felt within, and rejoiced with me.

"But how shall I describe the great change that my inward consciousness told me had passed upon me? I went to our tent, all had retired, I drew out my little box, and got out my red-covered Bible that my mother had given me; for the first time in my life I felt eager to read it. Before, I had only found condemna-

tion in its pages, now I found them filled with blessed consolations and promises. I lingered upon passage after passage, and after offering a prayer and thanksgiving, with a fervor, and earnestness I had never before known, at a late hour, I retired for sleep.

"The blare of the morning trumpet awoke me at day-light, and now a fresh wonder filled my soul. For the first time in my recollection I was glad to welcome God's holy Sabbath. I listened eagerly for the trumpet to sound the opportunity of worship. I was *glad*, when they said unto me, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." The venerable Reddick Pierce was in the pulpit, a profound, but until then, to me profoundly uninteresting preacher. He preached on Prayer, St. Luke XVIII ch., 1 verse. How delightful the sermon was! Every word, every sentence, every illustration, exactly right. I had no thought of criticism. Ah! the fact in the case was, I was thirsting for the word, and how that disarms objections!

"How clearly did my own experience prove to me, "that by the deeds of the law there shall be no flesh justified." That by no processes of education can the power and the joy of a religious life be imparted, that "Except ye be converted, and become as little children,"—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom

of God." From that hour religion was a reality and a blessed experience. I walked carefully before the Lord, and though in the years that have intervened, I have, too often, been negligent and unfaithful, and too often wilfully departed from the path of duty, I thank God that I have never doubted the reality of the change of heart experienced on that memorable occasion, and I doubt not but, that Saturday night of 1844, will be a point of time, which I will look back upon through all the rolling ages of the coming glory,

> "The happy day
> When Jesus washed my sins away."

"How long ye simple ones will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?" How long ye guilty ones will ye pursue guilty pleasure-seeking happiness, and ye unbelieving ones contend with conscience and with God? Oh come to this fountain of living waters which will be "in you a well of water springing up into eternal life." Oh fly to Jesus. "Go to his bleeding feet and learn how *freely* Jesus *can* forgive."

"From the hour of my conversion, so long as I bravely and persistently did my whole duty as it was revealed to me in the Word of God, and by the promptings of his Spirit, I have never ceased to enjoy the same blessed comfort

that I knew "when first I saw the Lord." I have found the path of duty, not only the path of safety, but "the ways of pleasantness" and the paths of peace.

"A young men's prayer meeting had been in operation in the city, meeting on every Saturday night in a room near Bethel Church. After the Cypress camp-meeting I was invited to attend. We moved our place of meeting, shortly afterwards to the basement room of the parsonage on Calhoun street.

We used to have gracious seasons at these meetings. Souls were converted on nearly every occasion of our coming together; we were zealous for God, and were accustomed to persuade our unconverted or ungodly companions to go with us to the meetings.

Quite a number of preachers went out from this prayer-meeting. Among them I can name O. A. Chrietzberg, E. J. Penington, U. S. Bird, J. A. Mood, W. W. Mood, Peter M. Ryborn, W. Capers, O. A. Darby and others. God met with our little assembly, and we sang and prayed and rejoiced together.

I had been in regular attendance on these meetings for some months, when on one occasion, kneeling in the southwest corner of the room, engaged in earnest prayer, an impression was suddenly and vividly made on mind that I

would find it my duty to preach the Gospel.

The thought came suddenly, unexpectedly and greatly startled me. I tried to banish it, but it hung about my heart like a great weight. During the prayers that followed, I struggled to shake off the impression; I tried to pray and could not, and at last getting down on my knees, in obedience to a call to pray, I said in a whisper audible to myself, "Yes Lord, if it is thy will, I will preach the Gospel."

I was at this time about fourteen years of age. I said nothing about my impression or my promise, but from that time forth I "drew all my cares and studies that way" and made every arrangement, and entered upon every engagement in life, feeling that it was my duty to preach the Gospel. This purpose, as soon as it was fixed, seemed to bring to my mind, that "peace which passeth understanding."

CHAPTER V.

THE CHARLESTON BOY.

The transfer of Asbury Mood from the blind, though perhaps well-intended, tyranny of Mr. Farley, to the mild, intelligent discipline of the high school, was a bright transition to him, and it was fraught with the best results. He, at this time, was ten years of age; and was assigned to a course of study looking to a preparation for college. Owing to the ill-health of the assistant teacher who had charge of the lower departments, Asbury came, at once, under the direct supervision and instruction of the principal, Henry M. Bruns, LL. D., that veteran educator who laid the foundation for the varied attainments and accomplishments of so many Charlestonians, who afterwards held high places in either the learned professions or the walks of literature.

Dr. Bruns, by his gentleness coupled with firmness, his winning ways and his deep sympathies, soon won the unbounded admiration of his young pupil; and instead of being haltingly driven to his studies, by fear or the lash, he put forth his best endeavors, both by good behavior

and close attention to his books, to merit the good opinion of his teacher.

Stimulated, first, to diligence in study, by the hope of receiving the approbation of his instructor, he soon became interested in his text-books and began to love learning for its own sake. He spent several years under the instruction of Dr. Bruns when his preparation for college was completed.

Here we find him a model student, punctually and promptly in his place, always tractable, and ever prepared when the hour for recitation came; thereby in all the years of his high school life he never received a word of reproof, or ever a rebuking look, from his teacher.

He was, however, at this time, in the midst of temptations to listen to, and imitate the words and acts, of wicked boys. He had already, while at Mr. Farley's school, in some degree, been subjected to these evil influences, and from which no doubt he had suffered, for no one during the susceptible age of childhood, can be brought constantly into contact with wickedness without being deeply affected by the association. In spite of these surroundings at the high school, as he looked back from the maturity of manhood, he felt that he had reason to thank God, that after his conversion sufficient grace was given him to enable him to take a decided

position, which largely relieved him from these influences. This position was so early, and so well taken, that after his death his oldest brother thus wrote of him: "He was conscientious and upright from early childhood, as well as during manhood, and if ever guilty of an immoral act it never came to my knowledge, or the knowledge of his parents. A scrupulous integrity marked his life. He never took a chew of tobacco, indulged in a cigar, played cards, attended the circus or theatre, took a drink of liquor, swore an oath, or told an unchaste anecdote."

A single incident will serve to show how he took and maintained his position among his fellows. On one occasion, when his class had been allowed the freedom of the passage-way for study, two of the boys beginning an immoral conversation, he arose to leave. They, suspecting the cause, began to laugh to scorn this action. He at once bravely turned and faced them, and told them that he was a member of the church, and was trying to save his soul, therefore he could not afford to remain and hear their words. Shortly afterwards, in the presence of several of his class, he was sneered at by a rude sort of a bully among them, as being a "great Christian." He calmly said in reply, "I am no great Christian, but I am a member of

the church trying to live right, so that I will be saved when I die." To the surprise of his fellows tears gathered in the ruffiian's eyes, and turning, he said, "I wish, Mood, I was a good Christian." Ever afterwards this boy was his defender and friend, true and respectful. Such prompt declarations of his decided positions, taken and maintained in childhood, was a marked characteristic of the man. Among his school-fellows, the traits of a brave boy, as developed by such trials, always demanded respect for his presence and professions, thereby preventing him from being subjected to but few annoyances and temptations from his thoughtless class-mates, as well as causing him to wield a wholesome influence for good, among all his friends.

He had been in attendance at the high school for only a few months, when his father met with a great reverse in business. Rev. John Mood, in partnership with his brother, was struggling along against the financial troubles that oppressed the country from 1837 to 1840, when one of their employees, by a well-planned robbery brought on the catastrophe. This man arranged for a champagne supper, to begin on Saturday night, to which all of the clerks and employees were invited. He succeeded in getting the head clerk so completely under the

influence of liquor, that he extracted the keys from his pocket; with them he entered the store. He then packed two large trunks with watches, jewelry, and plate to the value of several thousand dollars, and fled west. Taking the cars on Sunday morning, and the robbery not being discovered until Monday, he had two days the start of his pursuers, who followed him to the borders of Texas, where he eluded them.

By a strange coincidence, Dr. Mood, after a lapse of thirty years, found out from parties in the state that the man never came to Texas at all, as his father who pursued him, had supposed; but being closely pressed he left the highways in Louisiana, and while hiding there he soon sickened and died.

Having failed in business, and having surrendered everything to his creditors, but his tools, Rev. John Mood at once moved back into King Street, and bravely began life anew, with no capital, but an honest name, a skillful hand, and an abiding trust in God.

While these business troubles were yet pressing heavily upon the family, they were also afflicted by sickness and death. First, Miss Silena Smith, that godly woman, whose early life was a ministry to pioneer Methodist preachers, and whose latter years came as a benediction to the family in which she resided,

was smitten with apoplexy, and after lingering for some time passed peacefully away. She was carried to her grave in a storm of rain and wind, and laid to rest during the warring of the elements. This occasion clothed death, with an awful majesty, in the eyes of the child.

Shortly after this, his baby brother, Andrew, a sweet boy, two years of age, died next, during the absence of his mother, who had been summoned to the death-bed of his grand-mother, in Oxford, Ga., he was taken sick, and though carefully nursed, he suffered all the forlornness of a motherless boy. While his mother was away, his baby sister, who was with her died. As if this were not enough, during the next summer cholera prevailed as an epidemic in Charleston, with its fatal results, Asbury himself came near dying with the disease.

The financial troubles, the sickness, the suffering and death had a marked effect upon his mind. They awakened his serious thoughts, softened his nature, and withal gave an impress of sadness to this stage of his life, which lingered about it for several years.

Soon after his father resumed work on King Street, it became necessary to take him from school. His other brothers had been entered into various employments, and Asbury was

taken into the shop with his father, to learn the trade of watchmaker and jeweler.

Here he learned rapidly, for he possessed naturally a mechanical turn, and all of his life he had been a great deal among the tools and workmen, frequently having seen and studied the processes of melting, refining, milling, hammering, and other ways of working the precious metals.

After acquiring this trade, he obtained business as clerk in the office of the harbor master and port warden. Here he received good wages. This chapter of his life was a novel one. His employees were all old sea-captains, who had seen much of the world and who loved to discourse of their voyages. From them he learned much of other nations and countries; and by his associations and surroundings obtaining quite an insight into sea-life, he imbibed a strong desire to voyage the ocean—a taste not abated up to the hour of his death.

It was his business to board every vessel that arrived from a foreign port, and ascertain its tonnage, and number of passengers or emigrants aboard. He also kept the record of what was called the *protest* of ships injured by leaks or storms, and requiring a *survey* or examination by the Board of Port Wardens.

There was but little for him to do, in this

office, during the dull months of summer, but his energy would not allow him to spend the time in idleness.

He had imbibed a deep love for learning, and he did the most profitable thing that he could have done at this time,—he took his books to the office, and by utilizing his leisure moments, he kept up his knowledge of Latin, Greek and mathematics. This desire to learn grew upon him with these efforts, and despite the difficulties that at this time seemed to interpose, he determined to secure a complete collegiate education. With his parents' approbation, he began hoarding all his wages for the furtherance of this end. This purpose was fully settled with him on February 22d, 1842, the occasion of the Charleston College commencement, at which his oldest brother, Henry, graduated, having won his way through college by his own efforts. By this example Asbury saw that he might acquire a collegiate education by his own labors, the prize lay before him, he determined to emulate his brother in the struggle putting forth every energy until he had gained it.

His brother had secured the means of defraying his college expenses by his labors in, at the time, rather a neglected field. He had been sent to Cokesbury to school, but upon his father finding that he was unable longer to assist him,

and his own labors as gunsmith not supporting him he returned to Charleston. Despondent in reference to the future, while feeling it his duty to preach, he was at a loss what to do. He felt the need of an education to fit him for his high calling. He went to his father with his troubles, and that good man said to him, "If God has called you to preach, follow the leadings of his Providence and your way will be opened." Soon after this, in a most unexpected manner, a way was opened, not only for him, but a way by which each one of his four brothers, in turn, was enabled to solve the financial problem of an education, and even to leave college with a respectable cash balance on hand.

Belonging to the Methodist Church in Charleston, was a large membership of free colored people. Some of them were persons of means and character. They realized the advantages of an education and desired such for their children; but owing to the prejudice of the times, they had found it difficult to employ any capable or proper person as a teacher. A proposition was made to Henry Mood to organize a school for their benefit, to be taught in the afternoon, thereby allowing him to attend college in the morning. He agreed to make the trial. A Board of Trustees was organized by the leading colored men of the city, headed by William and

Samuel Weston. They rented a house, a school was opened, and Henry Mood entered the College of Charleston. This school, under his instruction grew rapidly in numbers. It paid him four hundred dollars the first year, and was soon so enlarged that the second son, John, on seeing the opportunity for an education abandoned the study of dentistry, upon which he had entered, became assistant in the school and entered the college also.

When Henry Mood graduated, John Mood became principal, and James Mood assistant.

During the year 1844, while Asbury Mood was yet in the harbor master's and the port warden's office, the excitement in the Methodist Church incident to the attempt made in the General Conference which met in New York, to suspend Bishop Andrew from the Bishopric without form of trial, and which resulted in the division of the church, proved very interesting to this Charleston boy. Bishop Andrew was his uncle, and was frequently at his father's house. Some of the negroes who caused the conscience agonies of the Northern brethren were family negroes, and he knew them well. He heard the matter frequently discussed at his home, so he read with great interest the General Conference proceedings, and when the Bishop reached Charleston on his way home, he listened

with eagerness to the conversation of the delegates who visited the Bishop at his father's house, the Bishop himself saying but little on the subject. As a boy he thus became interested in church polity and history, which in later years led to great familiarity upon these subjects.

On Tuesday, March 25, 1845, James Mood and John Mood graduated from the College of Charleston. James Mood at once began the study of medicine, the place of assistant thus being vacated, at the suggestion of John Mood, who remained as principal, Asbury, though not yet fifteen years of age, supplied that position, and at the same time re-entered the high school. This was a glad opportunity to him, for he saw that he had in his reach the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire. This, however, was a very laborious period of his life, and a less determined boy would have tired of the labor and failed in the effort.

The school for the colored youth was taught in a large, comfortable room, that could be well ventilated in summer and well warmed in winter. The trustees looked after the matter of tuition as well as incidental expenses, relieving the teachers from these details and guaranteeing to them a *per capita* for each pupil enrolled and in attendance. Pupils were not admitted into

regular connection with the school until they could read and write. The most elementary class studied arithmetic, geography, history, and elementary philosophy. The most advanced classes pursued the studies of the senior year of the College of Charleston, including the Latin and Greek Tacitus and the Odyssey of Homer. A debating society existed, composed of the members of the advanced classes, organized and directed by the teachers. The society possessed an excellent nucleus of a library in which many volumes of standard works could be found. The school also had its regular public anniversary occasions, which partook very much of the style of the white schools in the city. Nothing was neglected, which in the opinions of the teachers would tend to the mental or spiritual improvement and elevation of the pupils. These things show that this labor was not for financial considerations only.

During the existence of this school, and that of a flourishing branch—the outgrowth of it, it has been estimated that at least twelve hundred children, at one time and another, came under its care and influence. There these young teachers did good and successful work, of which they were never afterwards ashamed; but on the other hand, it was ever a great pleasure to know, that by their labors in this neglected, and at this

time despised field of toil, their family contributed so much to the intellectual and religious welfare of the colored people of Charleston.

Prior to these secular labors, and probably leading to them, Rev. John Mood, as early as 1832, organized a Sunday-school for the colored children, which he maintained for years by his solitary efforts. As his sons grew up they were required to assist him. There Asbury taught the catechism to the little blacks, in Cumberland Church basement, when he was so young as scarcely to be able to read well himself. Thus he early learned not to despise the colored race as unworthy religious and intellectual instruction.

The double role, which he had assumed, of student and teacher, demanded that all his time must be economized, and used with utmost diligence and method. His duties required him to be at the high school at half past eight o'clock in the morning, and there to remain until half past one. He must then eat dinner and be ready to enter upon his work as teacher promptly at two o'clock. There he labored until half past five in the afternoon. Here, by this severe training, he acquired habits of punctuality and diligence, and fixed them so deeply that in after life it was frequently said of him, "he is never unemployed, and never triflingly employed."

Upon his return to the high school, he found himself far behind the class with which he had been associated. Dr. Bruns, however, gave him permission to try, by extra recitations and study, to overtake this class, and if successful, promised to allow him to enter college with it. How well he succeeded in these efforts, which added to his tasks already assumed, and made his labors herculean,—may be learned from his school report of March, 1846,—the month which closed his preparation for college. At the close of this month, he had not only overtaken his class, but in that class he was awarded *first honor*. Upon leaving the high school for college, this honor was announced by Dr. Bruns, who appointed him to the distinction of delivering an original valedictory to the teachers and school, in behalf of his class-mates. This being done, the class filed off to college, where henceforth they were to enter upon the higher role of men.

CHAPTER VI.

IN COLLEGE.

The formative period of the life that is engaging us has largely passed. Asbury Mood early aligned himself in the course of his future action; but in the employments, surroundings and college associations, new forces, whether by direct application or unconscious interaction, were to give direction to his thoughts, and thereby tend to the development of his character.

Charleston College is an unassuming institution. It is one of the oldest educational foundations in the South, having been incorporated by act of assembly in 1785. It is directly under the patronage and support of the City Council, who by annual appropriations supplement the otherwise meager income, and it claims to be independent of political influence and sectarian patronage. The faculty at this time was composed of six highly cultured gentlemen, presided over by Wm. P. Finley, LL. D., buton the whole the system of administration and instruction was old-fashioned and non-progressive, running in the same grooves that had been cut years and years before. The recitation was cold and

formal. The professors seemed to feel that their duty was fully discharged by their efforts in the lecture room. There was not that personal contact which induces personal sympathy and encouragement between the faculty and the students, except in individual cases, where either from relationship or social status they saw fit to cultivate it. Asbury Mood felt the effect of this course deeply. He was in college four years. During all that time the entire corps of professors and trustees never spoke twenty words to him outside of the recitation room, nor did they speak as many words to his parents as to the progress of their son in college, although these trustees and professors passed his father's house and place of business almost daily. This was a striking illustration of the social barriers set up even in the literary and learned circles of the state, for there were students who held daily intercourse with these same professors and trustees, both at their homes and elsewhere, while those who had not the "guinea's stamp" were invariably among the neglected, and they felt that the distinction was not accidental.

At the time he entered college Henry Mood was on a visit home, and on the day before entering the institution, this brother gave him some advice that was to be a blessing to him throughout his college course. The young

preacher invited Asbury out for a walk, and then said in substance: "You are about entering college. I have been all along where you are about to travel, and I know something of its trials and perils. I think I can help you, and to do so, I want you to promise me four things. You *can* do them, you *ought* to do them, and take my word for it, if you carry out your promises you will never regret this proposal."

Having great confidence in his brother, he did not hesitate to assert his willingness to make the promises.

Then said his brother: "You are a professor of religion, and a member of the Methodist Church. You are going where irreligion and scorn of piety are in the ascendant; now I want you to promise me that you will take the first opportunity offered you, to avow your Methodism and discipleship with Christ, instead of waiting for some opposing influence to draw it from you as a confession "

The fulfilment of this promise would necessitate the exercise of Christian courage, but Asbury promised.

"Now," continued he, "it is the impression of your friends that you expect to preach, and I want you to promise me that you will join one of the debating societies as soon after entering college as possible."

This he gladly promised.

"And now I want you to promise me, that you will make an effort to take part in the debates at the very first opportunity given you."

Not knowing how much this involved, he nevertheless made the promise.

"Finally, I want you to promise me, to accept, and discharge to the best of your ability, any and every duty imposed upon you by your society or fellow students, that you can perform in good conscience."

This was also promised.

His brother then explained to him the advantages that would accrue if he would follow out these lines to which he was pledged. Henry Mood knew the surroundings and the boy. It was unnecessary to speak of the course of study for that was laid down; it was unnecessary to admonish him to be studious, for Asbury felt the worth of an education by knowing what it was costing him, even if his good sense and energy would let him be otherwise; it was unnecessary to warn him of bad habits, for if he avowed his church relationship, that would be the best shield from temptation, and the best protection for his religious life and character. The promises were exacted, and his brother knew that they would be fulfilled.

After passing the formalities of the entrance

examination, the class were gravely informed that they had been admitted, and their names would be enrolled on the college register. The college regulations were explained, lessons assigned, and they were dismissed with the orders to be promptly on hand, at a given hour, the next morning.

The first recitation was to be made to Professor Miles, who occupied the chair of mathematics. After prayers had been conducted in the chapel, the class solemnly filed into the recitation-room. With austere dignity the professor drew out his little book, and with studied deliberation called the roll, emphasizing the *mister* which he placed before each name. The class were awe-stricken by hearing themselves for the first time addressed as men, as well as by the novelty of the surroundings, and the demeanor of the professor.

W. K. Bachman, whose name appeared first on the roll, had been prepared for college by a teacher having the reputation for considerable severity, and who was quite deaf. His pupils, in all their recitations were required to speak in a loud tone. Prof. Miles called, "Mr. Bachman," and then asked in his slow, measured way: "Mr. Bachman, what is a straight line?" Bachman, by this time thoroughly excited, gave way to his habit and bawled at the top of

his voice, "The shortest distance between two points!"

All present were astounded, Prof. Miles's look of amazement, as much as anything else, made it irresistable to the class, which broke out into laughter. Prof. Miles was now convinced that it was a pre-arranged joke, and thoroughly exasperated, he jumped to his feet, and peremptorily ordered the class from the room. The class was now terror-stricken; the prospect of being hurled out of college as soon as they had entered greatly alarmed the young students. Several of them hastened to explain, as did Bachman to apologize. The professor finally was pacified and proceeded with the recitation.

Immediately, upon entering college, our young friend made application for membership in the Cliosophic Society. He was regularly elected and notified to be present, for initiation, at the next meeting. Thus he fulfilled one of the promises made to his brother. The time arrived; he was duly initiated. The debate was opened; the question for discussion was: "Is ridicule a greater power for good, or for evil?" The dialectic seniors had wrangled over the different points for several hours; Asbury Mood sat listening to the first regular debate he had ever heard. There was a pause when, to his astonishment, the president turned to him and

said, "Will not the new member, Mr. Mood, favor the society with his views on the question?" The words of the president were followed by loud cries over the hall, "Mood!" "Mood!" This was the cruel custom of having fun at the expense of a new member, who generally made himself ridiculous either by his frightened looks, his awkward manner, or his clumsy excuses. But Asbury looked on it as the opportunity to fulfill one of the promises made to his brother, and he determined to make the effort. Surely "the spirit helpeth our infirmities" whenever we essay to do our full duty, for no sooner had his mind been made up to meet the conditions of the third promise, than the first promise flashed across his mind with the whisper, "now is the time to avow your Methodism and discipleship." Then, to the surprise of the society, and with every eye bent upon him, he arose, and in the course of his attempted speech said in substance: "Mr. President, I am a member of the Methodist Church, and am trying to serve God. When I joined the church, quite a number of young persons of my age joined with me. Now, sir, as I look around in that church, I miss from among the members, a number who were then warm in the love of God, but who no longer are counted with his people. Where are they now? Gone

back to the world. Why so? Many of them through fear of ridicule, and like Peter, they have denied their Lord. I therefore conclude from my experience, that ridicule is more powerful for evil than for good."

This speech was only a boy's argument, yet we see in it the foundation of the coming man. He had by this one act accomplished that which would be invaluable to him in coming years; for he had kept sacred, promises difficult to fulfil. He had made a brave beginning in the matter of debate, and thereby was committed to an active and positive membership in the society. This resulted in his being elected, the same night, as the next "monthly orator," which under the fourth promise he was compelled to accept. And then most important of all he had made public avowal of church affiliations and religious purposes—from how much temptation did this act deliver him! During his four years at college, no fellow student ever asked him to drink, to play a game of cards, or to engage in anything unbecoming the character of a professed Christian. He may have incurred ridicule, or sarcasm, but with a single exception, and that early in the course, never a deliberate invitation to do a knowingly wrong act. It was assumed by his class-mates, that having made such a declaration, and at such a time, it would

be useless to propose to him any line of conduct, in violation of it.

The occasion alluded to, on which he was solicited to join in a wrong act, was in the latter part of the freshman year. One day, as Mood was hurrying out to get his dinner in order to be on time for his duties at the colored school, one of his class-mates notified him that the class wished to confer with him, at once, upon urgent business. When he reached the tree on the campus under which they were assembled, he found them organized, one of their number acting as chairman, and another as secretary. It appears that the class had a great fit of mischief-making upon them. They had been in college for several months, and they would soon be dismissed for vacation. They had done no "deed of daring" that they could brag of to their companions not in college,—and in after years they could not do as they had heard their seniors do, —relate *tricks* played by them when in college.

After Mood had been duly enrolled as present, the chairman informed him that the class had determined to come to the college that night, dismantle the bell, upset the benches in the chapel, then force their way into the laboratory and there destroy certain designated pieces of apparatus,—to all of which his co-operation was demanded. He, however, emphatically declined

to have anything to do with the matter, and promptly denounced the whole proceedings.

"That is precisely what we expected," said the chairman, unintentionally complimenting him. "Now we intend to go forward in this affair. Of course the class will be suspected, and summoned before the faculty,—when you are asked 'what you know of the matter;' what do you expect to say?

"I expect to answer that I had nothing whatever to do with it."

"Well," said the chairman, "do you not see that if every one in the class answers accordingly, those who did have something to do with it will be detected?"

"I see it so," was the answer.

"And furthermore," continued the chairman rising to his feet in indignation, "You are willing to act Benedict Arnold after this fashion, and betray your class-mates? Sir, we anticipated this, and I am directed to say in behalf of the class that when this shall have occurred, they will *expel* you, sir!"

That being a new and unprecedented turn to give matters, Asbury Mood asked what was meant by the class *expelling* him

"It means, sir," was the reply, "that we will hold no intercourse with you, that we will not so much as speak to you, and regard you as

no fit associate for any member of the class."

To this, Asbury Mood replied, with perhaps more force and emphasis than was necessary to maintain a Christian character, as follows:

"Gentlemen, I am poor and struggling to secure an education. Now it would be madness for me to help destroy the apparatus through which I expect to be taught; furthermore, I have reached the present point in life without aid, or with very little countenance from any of you, and I think I can still get along in life without your friendship or countenance; so go ahead with your mischief and your expulsion." Having thus delivered himself he left them. The mischief was not perpetrated and the matter was never discussed afterwards.

Dr. Mood regretted in after life that he so often chose brusque and decided methods of maintaining his views while in college, instead of taking more pains to propitiate the prejudices of his associates, thereby showing his true character in an unamiable and unnatural light. He interpreted many things then in connection with his teachers, as well as his fellow students to have been prompted by his poverty or connection with a colored school, which afterwards considering them in the clearer judgment of manhood, he felt persuaded was, in part, or altogether, imaginary.

In the meantime, John Mood, the principal in the colored school was arranging to give up his position, and the gratifying fact was developed that William Mood felt called to preach the Gospel, and preparatory to that work wished to enter college. Then, almost, by natural succession, Asbury Mood took his brother John's place as principal, and William succeeded Asbury as assistant. He entered college as the class rose sophomore. From that time on, through college the lives of these two brothers were closly interwoven, the younger always felt under great indebtedness, for the anxious care, supervision, assistance, and encouragement as extended by the elder brother.

Taking the more prominent position in secular affairs, he was now frequently called on to conduct the young men's prayer meeting, which was still in active operation. He was also occasionally called on to pray in public, in the prayer meetings of the church. It seemed to be taken for granted that he would preach, and so not long after he had passed the mid-term examination of the sophomore class, just after the Christmas holidays, and at the begining of a new year, his father, without his solicitation, handed him a paper reading as follows:—

"The Leaders Meeting of Cumberland Charge in Charleston, S. C., having recommended F.

Asbury Mood, and I, believing him properly qualified, do hereby give him license to exhort.

[Signed],

Jan. 4, 1848. A. M. FORSTER.

He at once entered upon his duties, with the determination to magnify the office. To this end he arranged for regular appointments at the marine hospital, at the alms house, and at the jail. His early efforts were, no doubt, very imperfect, but they were delivered without notes in deep sincerity, and after as thorough preparation as his other duties would allow.

His college life was marked with but few incidents or interruptions. A schism in the literary society, a warm discussion on the campus, a pointed argument in the military company, is the catalogue of occurrences out of the regular routine of work and study.

Paul H. Hayne, the southern poet of celebrity, was his class-mate, and he has kindly given us the following reminiscences of him at this time:—

"It was not until late in the second year of the course, that I became really acquainted with Mood's sterling character. Previous to this I knew him as a conscientious and fairly advanced student, holding an honorable, though not brilliant position in his class; and as an amiable companion, with a certain gift of quaint *humor!*

But an incident occurred about this period, at one of the meetings of our "college society," which foreshadowed what must afterwards have been a marked trait of his; (viz), his quiet tact, and power of influence over others by the exercise of strong common sense, sharpened by irony.

Our literary society, like the constituency of Eatonsville in the "Pickwick Papers," had become divided upon the question of a choice of president; and like these Eatonsville voters, the crisis was too momentous in their view to be settled quietly. Each party swore by its candidate!

A turmoil ensued, which almost resulted in a serious *fracas;* but in the nick of time, Mood leaped upon his chair, and with an instinctive comprehension of the situation, made one of the most pungent addresses ever delivered *impromptu* by a sophomore; an address so compounded of seriousness and humor, of good sense and a specious of rallying sarcasm, that the more violent became rather ashamed of themselves, and the storm was allayed.

"There is more in that man," said I, *sotto voce*, "than I have hitherto imagined."

From that day we became in many respects intimate. I learned to appreciate his quiet independence of character, his high views of life,

his simple, undeviating conscientiousness; his loyal, affectionate nature and noble heart; and also the scope of an intellect, which never condescended to mere showy display, because it was buttressed upon the rock of solid power, made the more effective by attainments as solid.

"Searching the remote past, somewhat sadly and painfully, one other circumstance associated with our college life occurs to me. It is significant eno' in its way.

A party of students were seated under the trees of the campus, and discussing the character of the professors.

The opinions generally expressed were the reverse of charitable. Indeed if one was to accept the verdict of these young moral iconoclasts the faculty must have been in a terribly bad way! At length, the abuse becoming outrageous, Mood, who was present, but thus far silent, could hold his peace no longer. "Well gentlemen," said he, very dryly, "bad as these persons are, according to *your* account, there is one thing at least you should remember."

"What is that?"

"Why that these unfortunate criminals are at all events *our fellow-creatures!*" Three years after I chanced to be reading a novel, just published, by an English writer, in which there is a scene that represents certain young officers of

the English "Guards," smoking and drinking after dinner, and lavishly abusing, each one, his own father, for docking the "supplies."

"Whereupon, one of them makes precisely the same observation with which our friend had rebuked his companions upon the college campus.

"The coincidence struck me as singular and interesting."

Soon after entering upon his senior year, he made application for license to preach, and after passing the usual examination on christian experience, doctrine and discipline, by a unanimous vote of the Quarterly Conference, he was regularly licensed on September 11, 1849—then in his twentieth year.

In speaking of his first efforts in the pulpit he says:—

"Soon after getting my license to preach, by invitation of Rev. A. G. Stacy, the pastor, I preached my first sermon at St. James Chapel, subsequently known as Spring Street Church. My effort, of course, was attended by all the excitement and trepidation likely to accompany such an event. I took for my text:—"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of

them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." Math. XI ch., 28, 29, 30 vs. I preached extemporaneously, although greatly tempted to write and memorize or read my sermon. Not long after this, by invitation of the pastor I preached at Bethel on Sunday afternoon. This time I got along much better so far as my own comfort was involved. The third time I preached was at Trinity. There I held my membership. I was greatly alarmed and lost my self-possession almost completely. After the sermon, I walked home in company with my father; said he, "Mr. ——, was present, did you see him?"

"No Sir."

After a while he mentioned another, and another, with the same reply from me; at last he exclaimed! "Why my son, whom did you see?"

"Nobody sir, but some black people in the front gallery."

"This reply seemed to amuse him very much.

"Connected with the orphan asylum of the city was a tasty chapel in which the Protestant clergy of the city preached by turns, on Sunday afternoons. I received a polite note from the Superintendent asking me to officiate on a given Sabbath. This was to be my fourth attempt.

Meeting the commissioners in the main building, I was escorted in great form to the chapel. The organ—an addendum, of which Methodist churches were then innocent—played a voluntary as we entered. My appointment, as was customary, had been announced in the city papers. When I arose, before me sat several of the faculty, and a number of the college students. I lost my self-possession entirely, and I have never recalled, to this hour, what I then said. As soon as I had finished my sermon, I fled home, disconcerted and distressed.

"Another trial awaited me. I was again invited to preach at Bethel. When I arose to read my text, just before me sat Bishop Capers, but the good Lord aided me, and I got through with less mortification.

"Now as I look back, I feel very grateful, that despite my many occasions of failure, I never took to manuscript, determined as I was to make an extemporaneous preacher if possible. I had no fluency in my early ministry, I was often at a loss for a word, and I hesitated and stammered so much, that on one occasion I remember being asked, 'Whether my impediment in speech was natural or a disease."

And so, the close of his college course was drawing on apace. His school and college life certainly had been abundant in labors. Every

hour had to be redeemed. The vacations, the time of relaxation for other students, must by him be devoted to study; for he must prepare in advance, some of the studies for the following term, so as to be able to continue his labors, and maintain his position in his class. During these years the only occasion of relaxation was the week at the camp-meeting, held every April.

Is it to be wondered at then, that this young man looked forward, with glad anticipations to the hour of his graduation? That he longed for the coming occasion at which he would see the fond hope, for which he had so diligently labored, at last fully realized? The day came, February 26th, 1850, was the fourth great occasion of his life. With music and banners, and marshals and batons, the class escorted by the mayor, aldermen and college officials, was marched to the great Hibernian Hall. A crowded audience arose to greet them. The salutatory, the orations, interspersed with music, the baccalaureate address, the diplomas, and then the valedictory, were in turn delivered. Asbury Mood graduated with honor in a class of thirteen, which numbered among its members such men as Paul H. Hayne, Prof. John McCrady of Sawanee College of Tenn., and Hon. W. K. Bachman, of Columbia, S. C. The subject of his oration was: "Christianity an Organ

of Political Movements." It was well received by the large audience, and a few moments after he reached home, he was waited upon by the editor of a literary magazine who entreated him to write for its pages.

Thus the goal of his early life was reached. He was no longer under tutors and govenors, but a man:

> "The world before him, where to choose
> And Providence his guide."

CHAPTER VII.

RETROSPECT, TEMPTATIONS.—THE DECISION.

A reaction generally follows the excitement of graduation. A college education is not an end. Happy is the youth who maps out a life-plan upon entering college, and whose hands are tingling to begin his chosen vocation when he receives his diploma. It is too often the case, that not until this moment does the young man fully realize that there is an outer world. That in it he must assume a responsibility,—must bear a part; and then the question that has been pressing for some time on the parental mind now presses upon his own, "what shall he do?" A difficult question to be answered, for an education, received without a purpose, is but a fine and polished blade fashioned without design. It is true that the sword may be "beaten into a plow-share," but this is not the best way for making plow-shares.

Asbury Mood had years and years before consecrated himself to a life-work. Education was striven for, as a means. With him it is a sharp and cunning *tool*, full of purpose; and held in the firm grip of character. Fully equipped he

stands upon the threshold of a useful manhood, and from this eminence, can complacently look back upon his past life. He had been exceptionally fortunate in his surroundings. The principal features and influences which tended to the development of his character were just such as were necessary to prepare him for the work in which he would engage.

He was inestimably blessed in the example, instruction, and training of his pious, loving parents, as well as the elevating influences of all his home associations. Every member of the family, early became members of the church and grew up exemplary Christians.

From his cradle he was a regular attendant upon public worship. He enjoyed in the city of Charleston, the constant ministrations of the ablest preachers in the connection. This, as an item of education, was invaluable to him. There he had the advantages of the best of pulpit instruction in sound Methodist, or rather Scriptural doctrine, and in the history, customs, and peculiarities of that church, on whose altars he had consecrated his life and labors. He early discovered that the sermons of the preacher were full of instruction to any boy who would listen. He listened—"the seed fell in good ground, sprang up, and bore abundant harvests."

He had the training of the class-meetings,

and met in the same class with his mother. He heard her relate weekly. her experience; and with his knowledge of her daily 'walk and conversation', her anxieties, trials and crosses, it gave him a view of the inner christian life, thereby causing him to place a high value upon things that otherwise he may have greatly undervalued; besides this, it early gave to him a lofty ideal of this Christian life, and increased his longings after that holiness without which no man can see the Lord.

The shop and the office developed his mechanical skill and the practical turn of his mind, which proved invaluable to him in his subsequent labors. He could handle tools successfully, even using with dexterity that little instrument which the other sex claim is theirs exclusively to ply. He graduated wearing a corded standing shirt collar, of a new style, which with five others he had made during the week before.

In his college life and the school days prepatory to it, much was forced upon him that induced self-reliance, and independence of character, which disregarded public sentiment so long as his conscience approved. Though his father dealt in precious stones and jewelry, the family grew up with a distaste, almost amounting to a contempt, for the personal use of such things.

They seemed naturally to seek the plain and simple in their attire, and to avoid "The putting on of gold and costly apparel."

Reared in a city, his manners and perceptions were polished and quickened by contact with the activities, refinements and enlightening influences of city life.

His poverty, also, was to him a discipline, may we say an advantage? One of the presidents of the United States said: "Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink, or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving." By his labors he learned the value of money, and by his close economies how difficult it is to keep it. The consciousness had grown upon him that everything he hoped for in this world must be won by his own unaided force and industry. He had acquired thrifty habits, self-helpfullness, self-trust. These are decided advantages, and poverty had given them to him. The industrious, methodical habits, habits of patient exactness, thus acquired, were the great secrets of his untiring labors, and explained how it was that he still accomplished so much in his latter days, when enfeebled by disease. With such bless-

ings, trainings, and advantages; with profession chosen and purposes fixed, the little school was for a short time to claim the entire attention of himself and his brother William, until it had brought them sufficient means for the purchase of a ministerial equipment, and enable them to enter upon the life of the itineracy with a moderate degree of comfort and independence.

They at once changed the hour of recitation from the evening to the morning—and devoting their time more exclusively to the work, they had such large accessions as to require them to secure enlarged accommodations, to re-classify their school, and employ an assistant. W. W. Wilbur, who wished to enter the ministry, but being somewhat in debt, did not feel free to do so, took the position.

The income now from the school was considerable, so that at the close of the year the two brothers had been able to lay by enough to purchase a buggy with a good horse and harness, besides a very good sum of money, which they loaned to their father, thereby aiding him to purchase a comfortable home and business stand.

William Mood obtained license to preach immediately after graduation. The two brothers were full of zeal in the ministry of the Gospel, and finding some leisure at their disposal, they

arranged to fill regular preaching appointments at a number of places near the city. In their labors they did not forget the colored children under their charge, and as fruits of their efforts in the school, a powerful work of grace was developed, causing a large number of the most advanced pupils to be converted and join the church,—some of these turned out to be leading men—men of prominence and influence among their people, and important trusts in both church and state were afterwards filled by them.

When the colored school closed for the summer holidays, Asbury Mood, for the first time in years found that there was no urgent demand upon his time. He really had a vacation, and he determined to take a trip into the country both for recreation and entertainment. The tour extended through the upper part of South Carolina and a portion of Georgia, and was made almost altogether by means of private conveyance. During the trip he attended a number of camp-meetings, and enjoyed the exceptional advantages of accompanying the venerable William J. Parks, at that time a presiding elder in the Georgia Conference, on a considerable portion of a *round* on his district. He saw a good deal of country life that was new to him, and was initiated into many interesting items of itinerant life. It was on this jaunt that he, for

the first time saw and heard Rev. James Danelly, about whom so many rich anecdotes are related, and though struck with his peculiarities and eccentricities yet some of the sermons of this stalwart old preacher affected and impressed him deeply.

After his return to Charleston and to his school labors, and just as the year was drawing to a close and with it the appointed time for the annual conference was approaching, a great temptation arose.

The trustees of the colored school knowing that the teachers had accepted and used their offices mainly as a means for obtaining an education, and that this object had been accomplished, they were informed that the young men intended entering the ranks of the traveling ministry at an early day; they determined, however not to give up these teachers without an effort to retain them, for they were very anxious that the free colored youth of the city should continue under the instruction that had proved so acceptable and beneficial to them; they therefore, in an interview with Asbury Mood and his co-laborers, besought them to continue to teach. They argued that teaching was a work to which ministers were often appointed; that great good had already resulted from their labors, showing that the Lord approved their

work and that it was clearly their duty to remain. Upon the young men showing some hesitancy, the trustees changed their tactics and solemnly warned them to look well to it that *pride* was not influencing their action and decision in the matter. Then they grew gracious and proposed to build a larger and more completely furnished school-room, which would induce larger patronage and increased pay.

The young men felt the force of these arguments. The temptation to remain at home with a liberal and certain income was very strong to Asbury Mood. The school paid one thousand dollars a year, and he would enjoy the associations of home and the comforts of city life. If he entered the conference, the disciplinary allowance for a single man was one hundred dollars, if it was collected; then it was probable that he would be placed upon a hard and distant circuit. The matter of money was not the strong argument with our young preacher, it was the dread of the circuit work, the constant preaching, the contact with strangers, and above all, the long and lonesome rides between appointments. He was used to the city, the school-room, to his peculiar work and so the temptation to remain in it, grew stronger and stronger day by day.

The trustees pressed the matter, plans were submitted and proposals for the new school-house

were sought and carefully considered, but the peace of mind of Asbury Mood began to be interrupted. He looked into his own heart, and saw and felt that the argument for doing good was not really the one that was weighing the heaviest with him, but it was the love of home and ease, and the associations so dear to him, that were prompting his action and decision. So he tore away the frail fabric of selfish logic, and determined to execute that solemn vow made on his knees at that memorable prayer meeting, eight years before. Wilbur yielded to the snare. He determined to remain, teaching the colored children, as he argued, in a missionary capacity—and he never entered upon the regular work. He married, and after a tremendous struggle with his convictions, gave up his license to preach, left the church, finally lost his reason and became an inmate of the South Carolina lunatic asylum.

Bishop Andrew had advised that as the South Carolina conference was comparatively small in numbers, and, as he expressed it, he "expected all of the brothers to do well" that all four of them should not join that body, because, in some respects, they might be in each other's way.

About this time, the interest of the church in the China mission was being awakened, and As-

bury Mood, in the highest spirit of consecration, and after carefully and prayerfully considering the matter offered himself for that work.

At the reception of a favorable answer from the Board of Missions, he began at once to make preparations for leaving home, for the long journey, and for entering upon the life work in that heathen land. He was deeply in earnest, he had offered himself, he had been accepted and he meant to "*go.*"

Bishop Andrew's annual visit to his home, however, changed his plans. The Bishop took him aside and told him, that although he was not aware it, if he carried out his intention of going to China, it would take his mother's life. He was the youngest son, he had special claims upon her, and he had better abandon the step. The Bishop then took the matter in hand himself, and stopped the China movement. He then urged the claims of Texas upon the brothers, but advised that they wait a few years before going into that field, evidently thinking that their mother would not live long.

Shortly after this an urgent call was made for missionaries to California. After talking the matter over it was finally arranged that John and William were to remain in South Carolina, and Henry and Asbury were to go to California. Bishop Paine, who had charge of the work, was

at once written to, and the offer made. The brothers were promptly accepted and ordered to hold themselves in readiness to start at a given date. They soon had their trunks packed —trunks by the way of their own manufacture, and which did good service for years afterwards —and were awaiting the order to move, when a letter came from the Bishop stating that there were numerous volunteers for California, and in the western conferences there was some dissatisfaction because South Carolina seemed to be preferred in apportioning missionary work. He then asked that the two brothers give way for two western men named in his letter. Of course they could not do otherwise.

Rev. Leo Rosser, just at this time was on a tour in South Carolina, raising funds for a church in Alexandria, Va. He eloquently persuaded the brothers that Virginia was the place where they were most needed, William and Asbury at once concluded to enter the Virginia conference. Once more Bishop Andrew interposed advising them to join their own Conference and then transfer to Texas. So after all William and Asbury applied for and secured recommendations to the South Carolina conference that was to meet in Wadesboro, North Carolina, in December, 1850. A short time before conference, Dr. T. O. Summers, then editor of the

Southern Christian Advocate, invited the two young men to take tea with him. They had spent a pleasant hour with Mrs. Summers when the doctor came in.

"Well," said he, "boys I am glad to see you, and am sorry I have been so long detained at the Advocate office. I have a question to ask you, and as Billy is the younger I will ask him first."

"Beg pardon sir," interrupted William, "I am not the younger."

"Oh yes, you are."

"No sir, I am not, Asbury is the youngest of the five sons."

"Well, well, I have always understood that you were the youngest. I suppose I have always thought so because you were the littlest. Well Asbury, answer me: are you a goose or a swan?

His wife interposed: "Mr. Summers, I would not ask these young gentlemen a question like that."

"Why not?"

"It sounds to me rude, and you may hurt their feelings."

"Hurt their feelings, hurt their feelings," he repeated, "I know wife, who I am talking to, and they know me. Come, Asbury, answer me, are you a goose or a swan?"

Asbury was confused, but finally said: "I know, doctor, you are going to give me a box about my ears—on what side it is to hit me I don't know; but I don't know *what* I am."

Then looking at William full in the face, he asked: "Billy, are you a goose or a swan?"

Like Asbury, he said, he could not tell.

"Well now," said the doctor, "you have both been recommended to the South Carolina Conference, and when Bishop Paine calls for applicants for admission, Brother Betts will reply, "I have two from Charleston District, Wm. W. Mood, and F. Asbury Mood." He will tell the Conference your ages; he'll speak of your health, of your early piety, of your educational advantages; he will tell the Conference that your father was once a member of the Conference; that your grandmother McFarlane used annually to make Bishop Asbury's suit of black cloth, etc. etc. He'll say a good many things about you, but remember you are out of doors, you don't hear any of it. But some smarty—for there are always some smarties to be found—will say, "Why is that all Brother Betts is going to say about those Mood boys? A great deal more ought to be said," and he'll say his say. Then some other smarty remembers, on looking around, that you have not heard all these nice things, and he'll slip out and tell you

all—*and you'll listen to him.* Then you'll come into the Conference room, and throw out your feathers, and strut, thinking you are swans—but I tell you, you are only ordinary geese."

Young preachers, at this time, were not required to be present on the occasion of their admission on trial. William Mood attended Conference, Asbury was taken quite ill just before the time for starting, and he had to remain at home. Traveling in that day was mostly done by private conveyance, so it required several days after Conference adjourned for the news of its action to reach Charleston. The absent brother was anxiously watched for. In due time he returned and joyfully informed Asbury that their application for membership was favorably considered, and that they were admitted on trial, and assigned to adjoining circuits, Asbury to Cypress circuit, and he to Orangeburgh circuit.

A day or two after the arrival of the news from Conference, Bishop Paine arrived in Charleston, and while there sent word to the young itinerant to come to see him. He found the Bishop clothed in all the dignity of his position, but kind and sympathetic as a father. "I have sent you to Cypress circuit to be near your parents," said the Bishop. "You are the youngest son, the baby; it pains your mother to

give you up; you must therefore come down and see her often. Spend your rest days with her. If anybody objects to your doing so, tell them the Bishop required you to do it." Then followed some excellent advice. This was kind and thoughtful in Bishop Paine. Asbury Mood was not yet twenty-one years old—slight in person, beardless and boyish-looking, and he had no reason to expect this display of confidence in his discretion. But if the Bishop did not know the boy, he knew the mother. He felt that under her supervision and encouragements the son could not go far wrong. So he put him near his mother, not only for this supervision, but also because he felt, that to a mother who had furnished four sons to the ministry some concessions should be made to her mother's heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER. CYPRESS CIRCUIT.

The day soon arrived when he must start for his work. A snug buggy and a claybank horse had been purchased. He had nothing to do in the transaction, except pay the bills, for he knew very little about either a horse or a buggy, and really did not understand how to hitch the two together. His oldest brother's route to his own circuit lay some twenty-five miles on the same road that he was to travel. It was therefore arranged that they should start together.

The tearful good-byes, and the parting benedictions of father and mother were soon over, and with a heavy heart and a heavily loaded buggy, he turned his back upon the stir and bustle of Charleston, and was soon amid the silence and sand of the low country. The cheerful conversation of his brother kept up his spirits pretty well until late in the evening, when it began to grow dark. They were expecting to spend the night at the house of a good Methodist lady, who lived within the bounds of Cypress circuit and whose husband had been one of the early missionaries to the blacks in South

Carolina—but they lost their way, so that it was rather late when they reached the house; here, however, a bright fire and a hearty welcome soon dispelled the gloom that had clouded his spirits.

He parted with his brother the next morning, with a heavy heart filled with gloomy forebodings, for he thereby severed the last link to his home, and set himself adrift in the life of the itinerancy. He took an early start, for a long and lonesome road lay before him; he had forty miles to go through dismal piney woods. It was a gloomy winter's morning, and as he rode on, greatly depressed by his thoughts, the solemn moan of the wind through the lofty pine tree-tops, sounded like the dirge of all his earthly hopes.

Mr. Benjamin Crook, "*the plan*" stated was class-leader at Ebenezer, the churches on Cypress circuit had orthodox Scriptural names. His first appointment was at this church, the next day at eleven o'clock. Mr. Crook's house, then, was the first point to be reached. He knew the number of miles to this place and he had been given the directions. But he did not know how to correctly measure distances. He had no just conceptions of miles nor the time consumed in traversing them. He had not yet learned how to follow out given directions, and the experi-

ence that he and his brother had the night before, in missing the road and getting astray, imparted to him a tormenting fear lest he should turn out of the right road and get *lost*. He had not gotten over the childish dread of being lost in the woods.

About midday he reached a neat farm house with out-houses, garden and orchard, suggestive of industry and thrift. As he rode up he saw standing near the front gate a well-fed and substantial looking farmer dressed in brown homespun. He formally bowed and timidly asked his way to Ben Crooks. The old gentlemen squared himself for a good talk,—while the young preacher, in terror lest he should get lost and not reach his destination before night-fall, grudged every moment of time,—leaning back the old man commenced very deliberately.

"Ben Crook?—there are two Ben Crooks. Old Ben Crook, he lives right on this road, and then theres his son, young Ben Crook, he lives some two or three miles off of the road."

The old man must be the class-leader thought Asbury Mood, so he replied:

"I am hunting old Ben Crook."

"Oh well you can't miss it; he lives about twenty miles beyond here right on the big road, —you have plenty of time. What's the news in the city?"

Rejoiced to know he had come so far on his days journey, and anxious to complete it, he hastily replied, "No news," and whipping up his horse he pressed on. Little did he then know the impression he made on the old farmer, which, a few months afterwards he found to be anything but favorable.

"Old Ben Crook's" was reached in safety and in good time. There he found a plain, unlettered, but fatherly and pious old man, who with his wife gave the young preacher a hearty welcome. He could hardly realize his position. It was new and strange to him to be no longer treated as a subordinate, but to have accorded to him all the courtesy due a minister of the gospel. After supper the interests of the church and circuit were gravely discussed, Mr. Mood feeling deeply his ignorance and inexperience in such matters.

The next day, in company with the two old people, he went to Ebenezer Church. It was a cold, bleak, and dreary winter's day, but a small congregation had assembled, and he opened his itinerant pulpit labors from I Cor., X. 12: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The sermon was delivered under much embarrassment, and it seemed to him that this first effort fell on the hearers, as cold as the winter's mist that was falling and freezing out-

side. As he came out of the pulpit, his heart full of misgivings, a pleasant faced, square built man, came up with a smile, and shaking his hand warmly, invited the preacher home with him. They were soon at a snug farm house, with a bright fire on the hearth, and warm hearts to cheer and encourage him. That night at David Connor's left an impression in his heart that was fresh through all his life.

The next day he preached at Shiloh, which he reached in due time, although he had to cross Buck's swamp, where at one place the water was so deep that it flowed into the foot of his buggy, and wet the many things that he had stored away under the seat.

On Sunday he was to preach at a large and important appointment. It was called Jericho. He was carefully directed so that he reached it safely and in time. The day was bright and pleasant, and a full congregation greeted the new preacher. Here he met his senior, Rev. John W. Kelly, an old acquaintance and friend of the family. This fact, with the surrounding circumstances cheered him very much, so that he preached with more satisfaction to himself than he had ever before done.

After preaching at Jericho on that memorable Sunday morning, he took dinner with one of the

brethren, and then went over to Jerusalem where he preached that afternoon.

On the next day he met Mr. Kelly, and the stewards at the parsonage, and the arrangements for the support of the preachers were made. He, however, was not called to be present at the meeting, so he loitered around, while this business was being completed. In that day the junior had very little to do with money matters. If the entire quarterage was collected, then the junior got his full pay, if not, he shared with the senior in proportion to their salaries.

No one thought of suggesting anything in connection with the junior. His stipend was fixed by the book of discipline, and there was an end of it. To tell the truth, Asbury Mood never gave the matter a thought. The *money* was the last factor in his estimate of an itinerant preacher's life. To escape the "woe" that hung about him, "if he preached not the Gospel," was what impelled him in the labors of his first year's ministry.

It is needless to further pursue the details of the year's work. He had twenty-five appointments, and it kept him in labors abundant to meet the demands upon him.

A memorable event in his life occurred as he made the first round of his circuit. After filling one of his appointments, he staid with the class-

leader, who was something of a blacksmith. His friend, while examining his buggy, discovered that the bolt to the singletree was bent. He proposed to straighten it, and taking it out, without heating it he hammered it straight, probably cracking it. The next day, Sunday, Mr. Mood had filled his morning appointment, and was on his way to the place where he was to preach that afternoon. He was closely wrapped, the weather being cold and rainy, and he had just left a narrow road, winding among the pines, and passed into the big "Old Orangeburgh Road" when the bolt snapped, and the singletree fell with a sharp blow against the heels of his horse. The startled animal dashed furiously off, jerking the reins from the hands of the driver and dragging the buggy after him, to which he was yet fastened by the new and strong breeching-straps. Rushing wildly on, he attempted to turn out of the road, when one of the fore wheels struck a stump, the young preacher was thrown out headlong, receiving several cuts and contusions about his face and body; the vehicle was a complete wreck, and his books and baggage were scattered all about him. How miserable and forsaken he felt while picking himself up from the ground and viewing the surroundings. It was a favorable opportunity and the Tempter came into his heart

and took possession. "Now," he whispered to a doubting heart, "you ran before you were sent. God has cut your career short by a solemn warning, so you had better pick up your pieces, go home, and stay there."

In the mean time a friend had caught his horse and come to his assistance. He was helped to a house near by, kindly cared for for that night, but the Devil still had possession of him; so the next morning he went to the nearest railroad station and boarded the cars for Charleston. He had been from home only about three weeks, but it seemed, under his labors, trials and anxieties, that he had been away for years, and had grown aged in the work.

Surprised at seeing him, his mother rushed to meet him, and noticing that he was lame and bruised, she exclaimed: "Why, what is the matter?"

"The Lord has put a stop to my preaching," he said, very solemnly, and then told of the accident. She and his father reasoned and advised with him. By their help he became reassured. The old saddle bags, with which his father had just twenty years before traveled the same circuit, were drawn out from their long resting place, the mould and dust were carefully wiped from them, and he was told to take them and resume work. After spending two or three

days at home, and gaining new strength from the rest and the counsel of his parents, he returned to his labors better prepared than ever to meet the coming trials of life.

The most harassing feature of his first year's labors was the dread and reality of being lost as he threaded the labyrinthine intricacies of the "timber roads" in reaching some of his out-of-the-way appointments. These are roads used for hauling logs for the purpose of rafting to Charleston. They run in every conceivable direction through the piney woods, but an experienced traveler has but little difficulty in distinguishing them from the public wagon roads. The young itinerant, however, was not sufficiently versed in the mysteries of traveling, to discriminate between them. To him a road was a road. Neither did he know the freedom of country life, nor how to approach strangers and enquire the way. He feared to intrude, and this fact was greatly in the way of his comfort, and also of his usefulness, for this retiring modesty was thought by the plain country-folk to be the result of city hauteur.

He did not take kindly to the saddle bags, so after his mishap he resumed his travels on his circuit in a borrowed buggy. His next appointment was Bethlehem Church. In order to reach it he was directed to go up the state road

until he reached a large white dwelling on the right, then he was to turn to the right and take the "plain straight-forward road," which would take him to Bethlehem. He started early. He found the large white house as described, turned into the road as directed, and followed it for about a mile, when he found that the plain road turned short off to the left, while "straight-forward" was a dim, untraveled road leading into the woods. He was in a quandary. He stopped and balanced chances for some time. While puzzling over this problem of probabilities, he heard the distant sound of an axe. He alighted, taking his horse from the buggy he hitched him carefully, and guided by the sound, he found a negro splitting rails at some distance in the woods. Upon asking if the narrow, straight-forward road was the way to Bethlehem Church, he received the answer in true negro style and emphasis: "Yes sah, you keep dat straight-forrud road, and when you git clear out heay, you will beat about some fences until you come to a house, and dare dey will give you de rest of de way."

He urged his horse forward and "beat about fences" all day, until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when worn out with fatigue, hunger and anxiety, he came up to a gate before a small

log cabin; a young mother with an infant in her arms stood in the door-way.

"Can you direct me to Bethlehem Church?" he anxiously inquired.

"Why sir, have you come all the way out here to find Bethlehem Church? Sir, you are just on the edge of Santee swamp. Then beginning to give directions she said: "Go through our yard, and take that road yonder, about a mile from here you will come to a road going that away" moving her hand to explain the direction, "and one going that away, you must not take them, you must take the other road going this away."

He drove through the yard, and at the place found a labyrinth of roads out of which he could make nothing. He drove back to the house and begged the woman to let him take her to the place where she could point out the road, and then he would return her to the house. She would not consent, but with her babe in her arms she walked ahead of his horse, put him in the road and directed him to a house where he could get farther directions. He now urged his jaded horse on, and at about nine o'clock at night he found Mr. Warnock's, the place near the church to which he had been directed. Mr. Warnock's mother, who was known as mother Warnock, was a celebrity of Methodism in this section. As soon as the young preacher got

into the house mother Warnock turned loose upon him in a severe tirade for missing his appointment. He, however, soon appeased her by relating his troubles of the day.

On this round he failed to find Railroad Chapel, and having an appointment for the next day, he could not stop to hunt it. This gave him much trouble of mind. On his second round he made a great and earnest effort to find this church. He started early and traveled hard. At about ten o'clock he found himself at the back of a large farm, and he halloed to a man he saw working in the field, the man came to him laughing, and to his surprise he found it was his host of the previous night. There he had been traveling hard for several hours to reach Railroad Chapel, and had returned almost to the place from which he had started. Missing this appointment a second time was a source of added mortification, which was embittered by several messages conveyed to him from the neighborhood, to the effect that, "If he wanted to find the church he could have found it," and that, "his father always found the churches on Cypress circuit, and he could do the same thing if he would try." He went on suffering keenly, but learning valuable lessons from his sufferings and his mistakes.

On his third round he determined to be at

fault in no particular. He got directions more specific than before and carefully mapped them out on paper. He took a sun-rise start, and pushed forward with more than ordinary speed, but soon he was hopelessly entangled in the intricacies of tun-timber roads. He determined to find a house and get farther directions. He soon reached a neat dwelling before which was a negro man at work.

"Who lives here?" he asked.

"The widow W——."

"Is there a gentlemen in the house?"—knowing how women give directions.

"No sir, nobody but the ladies."

"Can you direct me to Railroad Chapel?"

He forthwith began in negro style a long rambling set of directions, out of which the young itinerant could make but little. But following the directions as best he could he tried to pursue the given courses. He urged his horse to his utmost. He was due at the church at eleven o'clock. He traveled on until twelve o'clock, when he suddenly emerged into the "old Orangeburgh road," from which he had turned out of hours before. Utter despondency seized him. He turned his horse's head towards Charleston. He knew he could find *that*, and he wanted to quit his work finally and forever. But the recollection of the return of a circuit

rider several years before from his appointed work, under similar circumstances, and the impressions made and left by the act, deterred him.

What was he to do? The question was too great for the young preacher, and his feelings got the mastery. Throwing the reins on the dash-board he buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. Absorbed by his trouble, and in this attitude of grief he did not hear the approaching footsteps of a horse. Suddenly near him, a coarse voice rang out. "Why Mr. Mood what is the matter?"

Quickly straightening up he replied hastily, "Nothing, sir." There sat on a horse before him, a tall gaunt looking man, whom he was not conscious of ever having seen before.

"Nothing! Why now that is very remarkable, that you are here in the high road crying like your heart would break and tell me nothing is the matter."

"Nothing that you would appreciate or understand."

"Oh" said the stranger "I know more about you than you think. You are Mr. Mood, the young preacher in the circuit, I heard you preach over here at Murray's Church last Sunday. Now tell me what is the matter."

Mr. Mood then explained the whole trouble.

After hearing him through, the stranger on horseback said: "Why, where have you been traveling all day?"

"Oh, everywhere."

"But tell me, whose plantations or houses have you passed?"

"My dear sir, I do not know—oh, yes, I did stop at the house of a widow W—— to enquire the way."

"Ah ha!" said the old man, laughing uproariously, "I understand it all now. You stopped at the widow's, had a fine time with the girls; and now here you are crying fit to break your heart because you can't reach your appointment."

Mr. Mood began to remonstrate, but he would not listen. "Don't tell me anything about it," he persisted. "I know you young Methodist preachers too well. I am not a member of the church, but I have been with the preachers enough to know all about them."

He then said that he was Major Gavin, and ceasing his bantering, he offered to guide the itinerant to his next appointment, which was kindly done, and when the class-leader's house was reached, his tall, gaunt-looking and facetious old friend bid him adieu.

It is but fair to the young preacher to say that he succeeded in reaching Railroad Chapel

at his fourth trial, by paying a negro a dollar to take him there, and never missed it afterwards; and that he not only redeemed himself in their estimation, but before the close of the year he had won the hearts of the people.

On his first round he had made the acquaintance of a number of persons who remembered his father as the circuit rider of twenty years before, and who honored the son for the father's sake. Among the number was Mr. Fralick, the class-leader of Jerusalem Church. While he gave to the young preacher a warm welcome to his house, he also gave him a long and warning lecture about the degeneracy of the modern circuit rider, in traveling in a buggy instead of going on horseback as did his father. The old gentleman presented two objections to the buggy: first, he was too far away from the horse's head to hear him blow; secondly, having a vacant seat beside him he would be always carrying the girls around with him.

The first objection may have been well taken, for horseflesh no doubt suffered in his anxious hunt for churches on his first rounds; but he disappointed the predictions of his old friend on the second point, for although it was more than once arranged that he should take a young lady in his buggy, to or from church, yet he al-

ways rendered a sound reason why he would necessarily be deprived of that pleasure.

His horse and buggy, from the beginning, were a source of much anxious care. While in attendance upon one of the churches from which he proposed to go to Charleston to spend one of his rest days, he placed corn and hay in the foot of the buggy and tied the horse to one of the wheels that he might eat at his leisure while the services were being conducted. He ascended the pulpit and began the sermon. The buggy and horse chanced to be in full sight of the preacher, and when he had reached about the middle of his sermon, the horse having finished his meal laid down to roll. With no thought save that the buggy would be broken, he cried in the midst of an unfinished sentence: "Whoa!" "Whoa!" and rushed down the steps of the pulpit, and out of the church to the horse, declaring afterwards that he never thought of the ludicrousness of the act until he had reached the buggy. After securing the animal to a tree near by, he returned to the church and completed his discourse.

It was a source of great pleasure and comfort to him, to visit Cypress Church regularly on his rounds. This chureh stood in the midst of the camp-ground. It was here that the memorable camp-meeting of his life was held. He hunted

out the old tent where six years before God for Christ's sake had removed the burden of his sins. He reviewed the period passed over, and renewed his vows to try to live for God, and through his assisting grace to meet all the claims of duty which the ministry would impose upon him.

Late in the spring he visited his brother William at Orangeburgh, where he made the acquaintance of Rev. William Crook, the senior preacher on the circuit. This acquaintance with him and his family afterwards ripened into a warm and lasting friendship.

In the fall he attended Indian Fields camp-meeting. On Sunday afternoon he preached the Missionary sermon. This was a notable occasion to him, being the first sermon he had attempted to preach on that subject, and the first time in his ministry that he was appointed to meet a set occasion. How well he succeeded, in the lapse of time had been lost sight of. He did not fail, and many a time since he has battled earnestly, valiantly, successfully for this cause that ever lay so near his heart, and to which on more than one occasion he offered his life and labors.

It was at this camp-meeting that he met the old farmer, of whom he had asked directions to Ben Crook's, when on his way to his circuit. He was about to be introduced to him by Rev. Mr.

Kelly, when the old gentleman broke out: "Oh I know him, and a nice fine proud city sprig he is. He passed my house last winter enquiring the way to Ben Crooks, and I told him as well as I could; but when I politely asked him what was the news in the city he just sung out, "No news," popped his whip and away he went. Why I knew his father when he preached on this circuit twenty years ago. If instead of acting that way he had just said, "my name is Mood, son of old John Mood, I am the preacher on the circuit," I would have been glad to have given him a hot dinner, but I had no idea he was a *preacher*, fixed up as he was, and the way he treated me. I thought he was a collector for some big merchant in Charleston, and I was considerably puzzled to know what in the world a collector wanted with old Ben Crook."

It required many protestations to propitiate the old farmer; however, before the camp-meeting closed, he had to acknowledge that the young preacher had won him over completely.

The last services held on the circuit were those of the Cypress camp-meeting. He preached the last sermon of the meeting, and the next morning he returned, in his buggy, to Charleston, on his way to Georgetown, the seat of the annual Conference.

The two great pleasures and encouragements

in this year of trial were his sojourn at the parsonage of the senior preacher at the upper end of his circuit, and his visits home when he came down near Charleston. He was at the beginning of the year, a slave to duty. The long and fatiguing rides, the trials and annoyances to which his inexperience subjected him, especially his inability to follow roads, and therefore his being continually *lost*, made his work peculiarly onerous, and his burden of spirit was so great that he was depressed nearly all the time. Yet in passing through these trials and troubles he learned a great deal. He had much of the stiffness and formality of his city life knocked off. He had become acquainted with country life, and had learned how to adapt himself to its habits. He had also acquired some skill in following directions, finding roads and reaching remote appointments. And above all, the precepts and examples of the untiring, devoted and zealous J. W. Kelly had given him an acquaintance with the duties and labors of an itinerant preacher's life, that years of association with some men would have failed to impart. His senior preacher of this year's labors was ever held in grateful remembrance. This kindly feeling was mutual, for Mr. Kelly, a few weeks after Dr. Mood's death thus wrote of him: "I was favored with his help as my junior

on the great old Cypress circuit, then stretching over most of the ground from the city up to the vicinity of Orangeburgh, a circuit of twenty-five churches; a kind of break-wagon on which to train the young itinerant. I found him a very valuable helper. He was bidable, would do as I wanted him to do, yet was remarkable for independence of thought and action even then, and I found it advantageous to consult him upon the gravest and most delicate interests of the work. He was utterly unselfish, full of brotherly kindness and unremittingly devoted to study and to pastoral work."

His college training enabled him to master the first year's course with ease, and then the constant preaching compelled him to apply his knowledge as soon as learned, thereby fixing it practically and deeply in his mind. In after years, when he had made education a special study, had looked into the workings of many seminaries in the land, and had subjected the various systems to that severe but unfailing test—"by their fruits:" in speaking of his first year's ministry he said: "To this day I am convinced that it is the best theological training, for an active and successful ministry, known to the church."

CHAPTER IX.

ARNWELL CIRCUIT.

With a number of preachers, Rev. F. A. Mood, and his brother William, embarked in a steamer for Georgetown. They had a pleasant trip, and upon their arrival appeared before the Committee of Examination, who tested their proficiency in the books of the first year's course.

His class was a large and intelligent one, and consisted of John Wesley Miller, Thomas Rayser, Charles O. Lamotte, William E. Boone, George W. Ivey, Joseph W. Faulkner, Daniel May, William A. Clark, James T. Kilgo, William W. Mood, F. A. Mood, eleven in all. Of the eleven, who on that December 8, 1851, met as the class of the first year, three have passed safely to the other shore; two remain active in the South Carolina Conference; two transferred to the North Carolina Conference with the transfer of territory to that Conference; two have located and one withdrew from the Conference and the Church.

The class passed the ordeal and were continued on trial.

Bishop Andrew presided, and Rev. P. A. M. Williams was secretary. The Conference proceeded rapidly and pleasantly. The people of Georgetown were most hospitable in their entertainment of the preachers; and the magnificence of the dinners, with the frequency and profuseness of the oyster suppers impressed our young friend deeply, being in such great contrast with the simplicity of his own home, and the plain and often rough fare of his circuit life.

"Where will I go next year?" was the great question that was constantly coming into his thoughts. He had not yet learned to regard the impending appointment, which was to close the Conference and open a new year of labor to him, with a proper degree of resignation, or even with a philosophical calmness. The thought of, for another twelve month, puzzling and perplexing over the mazes of piney woods' roads, almost terrified him, and reinvested his heart with the gloom that had hung about it through the entire year.

When the appointments were read out, he found that his fears were groundless. He was sent to Barnwell circuit with Rev. Robert W. Crook as his senior. Rev. J. W. Kelly was announced as transferred to California. Of the brothers, Henry was sent to Graniteville, John

to Society Hill Mission, and William to Sumpter circuit.

His old friend and school fellow, Osgood A. Darby had entered the itinerant work and he succeeded William Mood as junior on the Orangeburg circuit.

As Barnwell and Orangeburg circuits lay in the same direction from Charleston, these two friends, Asbury Mood, and Osgood Darby, after bidding friends adieu started together for their year's work. Going some thirty miles the first day they stopped for the night at a house to which they had been directed. Darby was a green city boy, as his companion had been twelve months before. Riding up to the gate, it was late dusk, Asbury Mood hallooed in true country fashion. At this nothing could exceed the astonishment and mortification of Darby. "Why Asbury," he exclaimed, "What are you about, to act that way?" He would have dismounted and politely rattled at the front gate. Asbury Mood had done exactly that, to his mortification, the year before, and had learned a better way. Darby was greatly relieved when he saw how cordially they were received. This was Dr. Darby's first lesson in practical itinerancy.

Darby was left at Orangeburg, and Asbury Mood continued his solitary way to Barnwell

circuit. He preached to a small company at Jenning's Church. As there were no Methodists at Barnwell Court House, he was directed to go to Col. Brown's for entertainment. This gentleman, whom he afterwards discovered was a deacon in the Baptist Church, welcomed him most heartily, and so effectively advertised the appointment of the new circuit rider, that a good audience greeted him at the Masonic Hall.

His next Sabbath's appointment was at Blackville, where he was referred to Dr. Fishbarne, whom he found to be a genial, intelligent, and cultured Christian gentleman; and here with his family, for he had three charming daughters, the young preacher found a pleasant and lasting friendship. On Sunday morning he preached with marked liberty and acceptability to his hearers.

His spirits already were much more cheerful than they had been the year before. He found his way to the different churches without difficulty. Rev. William Crook, with his lovely wife and family proved to be devoted, kind and sympathizing friends. At the upper end of his circuit by a divergence of a few miles he could enjoy the singular pleasure of visiting his brother Henry, at each round. In company with his brother he spent his rest days, and they were days of both rest and encouragement. Altogether

he found much more pleasure in this work than in that of the year before.

On this circuit was a commodious building, erected by ex-Governor James H. Hammond, who deeded it to the Methodist church, on the one condition, that regular preaching should be maintained there for the benefit of his blacks, as his plantation with a large number of slaves was near at hand. The governor insisted on the preachers staying at his house, on their rounds, where the most lavish hospitality and kindest attentions awaited them. Mr. Mood, at first felt awed by the majestic intellect, and splendid attainments of this man, he found him so simple and unassuming in his manners that he was soon at ease in his presence, where he was ever treated with all the grave consideration of an equal. Though an irreligious man, he never, except on one occasion, manifested it in an open way in the presence of this young preacher. This was at his first visit. He preached under some embarrassment owing to the presence of Governor Hammond, the fame of whose learning and eloquence was national. At the close of the services the governor hastened to the pulpit, introducing himself he complimented the sermon and claimed the preacher for his guest. At the dinner table however, he used a profane expression. The young preacher was in an awkward

position. Here was a great man,—a United States Senator, and he his guest—a boy in years and incomparable in attainments, position, or reputation; but he was a preacher and would necessarily be thrown often into the society of this man who had the reputation of being very profane. If he allowed this instance to pass unreproved he would probably in future be frequently subjected to like mortification. Then the dignity of the ministry was in his keeping and must be maintained. Besides this, the force of his mother's example and training was upon him—to rebuke wrong, wherever found, without fear or favor,—so he could but meet the emergency and he, at once, protested against the use of such language. This was sufficient. The Governor promptly apologized in the most ample manner, and this was the single occasion of its occurrence. Indeed at the last visit of that year, upon the overseer's using profane language in Mr. Mood's presence the Governor promptly and indignantly silenced him.

During the spring of that year, he attended the Charleston camp-meeting, memorable as being the last held—the buildings shortly afterwards being destroyed by fire—as well as from the fact that two of the great lights of the M. E. Church South; Rev. Dr. Lovick Pierce, and Rev. Dr. H. B. Bascom, assisted in the services

—Bishop Capers, Rev. Dr. W. M. Wightman, Rev. Dr. Whitefoord Smith were also present and preached. It was a feast indeed. Dr. Pierce preached from Colos., 2 ch., 19 vers. "And not holding the Head, etc." Dr. Bascom on Friday from Matt. 28 ch., 7 ver., "He is risen," and on Sunday from II Cor., 8 ch., 9 ver., "Though rich, he, etc." Still with all the eloquence and ability present not a conversion was reported, a signal proof that it is not always where the greatest minds are gathered that the greatest results follow.

Late in the spring a gracious revival of religion was developed at Blackville; a large number of young persons joined the church, professing conversion. The Sunday-school interests here were greatly quickened and enlarged. During the fall Mr. Mood attended two camp-meetings where he preached with so much ability that he was at once marked as a rising young man in the conference.

In writing of the close of this year's labors he relates the following interesting incident:

"My last appointment on the circuit was at Elizabeth Church, near ex-Governor Hammond's. He had only a short time previously lost his son Charles, a promising boy of fourteen. He and his wife were very sad. On Sunday evening, while seated with him and his

wife, in his library, he asked me to sing. I got a hymn book and sang: "I would not live alway."

"Getting up from his seat the Governor paced the floor, and when I ceased singing he stood before me and looking me in the eye, he said: 'Mr. Mood, do you know if Rev. Mr. ——, had done his duty to me I would have been a Methodist preacher to-day.'

"I was surprised and asked him in what Mr. ——, had neglected his duty?"

"Sir, said he, "I was a student at the college at Columbia. He was the eloquent and admired pastor of the Methodist Church there. I was impressed, convicted you would say, by his ministry. But although I was always present to hear him, he never spoke to me privately. A word from him would have decided me. A camp-meeting came on at Fort Granby, below Columbia, I determined with my room-mates to go. They went and were converted and joined the church. I was taken sick the day before they started and never got there—and it all passed off from my mind."

"I defended the preacher on the ground that the Governor was then young and spirited, and the preacher likely hesitated to speak to him from fear of driving him away from his ministry,

well knowing how sensitive some young men are on the subject of religion.

"Yes, yes," said he, "Sometimes I am tempted to believe in predestination, a doctrine I abhor. I fear it was decreed that I should never be religious."

"I was deeply moved forgetting entirely the disparity of years, learning and position between us, I began an earnest exhortation to him: "Oh" said I, "Say not so, there is no decree against you. God invites. He loves you still. It is now a day of salvation."

Turning suddenly and sternly to me he said: "Don't talk that way, sir, to me. Look around you, sir, see this great plantation; see my wealth; see the claims of the public upon me Sir, it is too late. I have no time to give attention to religious matters. Let us drop the subject."

CHAPTER X.

STATION PREACHER.

The Conference for 1852 met at Sumpter. Rev. F. A. Mood with his three brothers and Dr. Summers were assigned to the same house. To this company was added the delightful presence of his father who came up, late in the session to witness the ordination of Asbury and William to the order of deacons. The session passed delightfully, the weather was propitious, the attendance of preachers was full, and perfect harmony prevailed.

Rev. F. A. Mood, by appointment, preached on Thursday afternoon. His text was from II Timothy, 1 ch., 10 ver. The sermon was peculiarly fitted to his hearers and the occasion; and he preached it with much power and effect. His brethren in the ministry listened with deep interest to the young probationer, and at once accorded to him, a high position in their body as a preacher.

On Sunday he was ordained deacon by Bishop Capers. The appointments were to be announced on Tuesday—the last day of the session. An immense audience gathered on this final occasion.

After the usual address the Bishop proceeded to read the appointments. When he reached the town of Sumpter on the list, he paused,—pushing his spectacles up on his forehead he looked with his lovely and benevolent smile over the silent assembly and said:

"Doubtless, my friends, you are curious now to know whom I have sent you. Well, when you see him, some of you may exclaim, "Bishop, you have sent us a boy." "To such I will say, as Bishop McKendree said years ago to a committee sent out from Nashville to remonstrate against the appointment of a young preacher the Bishop had sent to them. "Why," said one of the committee, "Bishop you have sent us a boy!" Said Bishop McKendree, emphatically, "Our boys are men!"

Lowering his spectacles and taking up his paper he read: "Sumpter Station—F. Asbury Mood."

The young man was astonished and very much embarrassed, for many in the audience were peering about to find out the "boy" that the Bishop had pronounced "a man."

A handsome little lady in black with a very pretty daughter near her, had pointed out to her the new preacher. Taking a good look at him, she exclaimed, "He is a boy indeed! What good can Bishop Capers expect a child like him

to accomplish in this town?" This lady had known Bishop Capers from his boyhood, he having studied law in her father's office, and for this reason she no doubt felt free to criticize his action. But we will have occasion to speak of her hereafter, where it will be seen how much this appointment affected her subsequent life.

As soon as Conference adjourned, the young station preacher received a message from the Bishop, requesting him not to leave Sumpter with the body of the preachers the next day, but to come to his room as soon as convenient, as he wished to talk to him about an important matter. Accordingly he called the next day where the Bishop was stopping. Taking him by the hand and leading him into the parlor, the Bishop carefully closed the door, and then proceeded to disclose some astonishing facts. He said that the church of Sumpter was on the eve of a deadly and fatal schism. That it was not in the power of man to avert it. A venerable member of the church had been charged with a flagrant crime, conviction of which might hang him. This man was one of the pillars of the church, indeed he was the oldest, wealthiest, and most influential member of the body. His near relatives constituted about one-half of the membership. If tried by the church they had declared their intention to withdraw their names

from the register. If not tried, another large portion had declared their intention to withdraw.

Said the Bishop: "My son, keep your own counsel, be careful of what you say, or how you express opinions. Pray a great deal, and when the rent occurs, heal the torn edges to the best of your ability." Bishop Capers knew something of the judgment, tact, and piety of this young man, and with this advice, acting under the guidance of Providence, as subsequent events developed, he left Sumpter Station in charge of F. A. Mood.

The first step was to call the Board of Stewards together to arrange a place of board and settle other business matters, before going to Charleston to dispose of his buggy and horse.

At this meeting, called the Thursday following the adjournment of Conference, the state of feeling in the church became painfully manifest. Mr. ———, the cause of the threatened schism, a steward, class-leader, trustee, superintendent of the Sunday School, and chorister, arose and said, "Brother Mood is already at my home. It will be pleasant to have him remain with us. It shall cost the church nothing, and I place at his disposal my carriage and horses, and a pony with which to visit his flock in the country." Unwilling to have their preacher

domiciled with a man, who was suspected of crime, another, and another, and another of the board made substantially the same offer. By his decision in the case he felt that he would in a measure be aligned with one faction or the other. If he left it to the board, which was about equally divided, there might be an unseemly wrangle without a decision, for each side seemed jealous of the other in even the smallest matters. He did the only thing he could do in the premise; he prayed to God for aid and direction, and at once light flashed into his mind. When the last steward had spoken, he arose and thanked them for there generosity, deploring his inability to live with them all at once, which he looked upon as a great misfortune. He then said that he would remain with Mr. ——— the first quarter, the second quarter he would spend with another member, from there he would go to Col. Lorings, and finally to Mr. Dingles, which being near the railroad station he could make a quick retreat, as he thought that by that time they would prefer his room to his company.

This suggestion, given with a touch of humor, solved the problem, and allayed all jealousies. The board readily arrived at a conclusion and adjourned with no unpleasant thoughts to brood over.

The week following the preacher entered upon his new, arduous and responsible work. This proved to be one of the remarkable, as it was one of the delightful, years of his life. Of indomitable energy, he was always ready for every good word and work. Of sound piety, yet irrepressible in spirits; of quick perceptions; a close student of books and of men, he at once arose equal to every demand upon him, and proved a growing preacher and a model pastor.

Gaining the confidence and affection of Mr. ——— he induced him to resign his offices. This greatly allayed the excitement in the church. When the next session of court came on the criminator asked for further time. In the interval the Bishop had forbidden Mr. Mood to attempt a church trial until the civil suit was ended, for by that means he would be put in possession of all the facts in the case.

During the summer, however, an extraordinary work of grace was developed in the congregation, Beginning with the pupils of the Sunday School—for in this cause he was ever especially zealous—it extended gradually among the adults, and then to heads of families, until largely over a hundred professed conversion and joined the church. In the midst of this gracious revival of religion, the fall term of court came on. The counsel for the prosecution

asked leave to withdraw the case, this was accepted generally as evidence of the falsity of the charge, and the thunder-cloud which had threatened to burst suddenly over the church, causing disruption and disaster, rolled quietly and peacefully away.

Just previous to the series of meetings incident to the revival, while visiting at the house of one his members, he met Mrs. S. W. A. Logan, a small lady, highly cultured and intelligent, having a keen black eye, and a very attractive face. She was the same lady who, on the day that he was appointed to Sumpter Station, had pronounced him "a boy indeed." The young pastor must have impressed her favorably, for the following Sunday morning she was at the Methodist Church on the front bench, and the next Sunday, and the next. The protracted meetings began. She was present. At the first call for mourners, among the young persons gathered around the altar was her beautiful daughter, who at a subsequent meeting professed conversion, and with a number of others joined the church on the following Sunday morning.

On the next day Mrs. Logan, accompanied by her daughter, called on Mr. Mood. She introduced her daughter as Miss Sue Logan. In a private interview she asked him to persuade her

daughter to remove her membership from the Methodist to the Episcopal Church, which was her own church. This, of course, he could not do, and he so stated it. Then with tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, you have got the light of my eyes in your church. If she does not come to my church I must go to hers, I cannot be separated from her." Against this step he remonstrated, advising her not to change her church relationship. But on the Sunday morning following, Mrs. Logan came forward to be enrolled as a member of the Methodist Church, and by that body was received into full connection.

There is one remarkable incident connected with this meeting that is worthy of note. A Mr. Alston, who was known to be a skeptic in religious matters, indulgently brought his two daughters to the Methodist meeting, the young ladies being actuated by no higher motive than that of spectators. A chance expression caught their attention. They listened further, and under the power of the preaching and the wooings of the Spirit, both came forward for prayer and both joyfully professed to have obtained the pearl of great price. Rejoicing in their new found treasure, they went, at once, to their father who was seated in the lower part of the church. Against their entreaties, added to the

promptings of his own heart, he could hold out no longer. Conviction seized him deeply. Pale and staggering, and supported by a daughter on each hand, he came to the front of the altar, and with solemn emphasis exclaimed, "Reverend Sir, pray for me. I am the greatest sinner on the face of earth!" The congregation was called to prayer. Many and fervent were the petitions that went up to the Throne of Grace in his behalf. On the next night he was powerfully converted, and for the first time during the meeting there was the noise of rejoicing. He shouted, clapped his hands, and sang aloud. This conversion made a great impression upon the town, and gave a marked impulse to the work, especially among the middle-aged.

This year the preacher was happy, and his cup of joy was constantly overflowing. He was associated with a highly cultured, refined, wealthy and pious people. His brother William, who was on the Sumpter circuit, which lay around the town, was frequently with him, cheering him by his presence and assisting him in his protracted labors. He was honored with large audiences. The class meetings and the prayer meetings were well attended. And above all, God had vouchsafed his blessings to the labors of his hands, and constantly and graciously, in mercy, visited his heart.

His acquaintance with Mrs. Logan, and her charming and beautiful young daughter, had ripened into a warm friendship. She became a zealous and devoted Methodist, and at the close of the year she was induced to attend the annual conference which met at Newberry.

Bishop Paine presided over the Conference. Mr. Mood passed an approved examination in the studies of the third year, and was returned to Sumpter. His brother William, however, having been two years on the Sumpter circuit, was sent to Wadesboro.

Another happy year to the preacher was spent at Sumpter. There was no marked religious movement, but the church was in a healthy spiritual condition, all the means of grace being well attended. During the year the Sunday-school was greatly enlarged, and a well selected and valuable library was added to its advantages. An eligible lot near the church was purchased and on it a substantial parsonage was built and comfortably furnished.

In the fall Mrs. Logan with her daughter Sue, moved to Columbia, where she expected to make her future home.

Just before conference Mr. Mood was hastily summoned to visit his brother William, who was dangerously sick with typhoid fever. When he reached the bedside of his brother he found

that the crisis had passed in his favor. With a brother's devotion he nursed him back to health. As soon as his brother was able to travel he took him to Sumpter, where he preached his last sermon, from Jer., VIII, 20, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved."

He left this people, so dear to him, with a heavy heart, almost borderir g onto despondency. Here he had been very happy—had formed many special and delightful friendships. But now, as hé had served the limit of his time, he must sever his associations and seek other fields of labor. Here is one of the crosses as it is one of the powers of the Methodist itinerancy. Could he ever expect to be so pleasantly circumstanced again? Ah! that was not the question. His was to preach the Gospel. This necessity was laid upon him, and he must go as he is sent.

Conference met in Columbia; Bishop George F. Pierce presided. Bishop Capers was present also—sometimes presiding. Rev. F. A. Mood passed his final examination creditably, and after a sermon by Bishop Capers from Acts. XX, 28, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves and to all the flock, etc.," he was solemnly ordained an Elder in the Church of God by Bishop Pierce, and the laying on of the hands of the Elders.

When the appointments were read, F. A.

Mood was assigned to Marion Street Church, Columbia. William Crook, his old friend and senior on the Barnwell circuit was his presiding elder, and William A. Gamewell, one of the weightiest men of the church, was his coadjutor at the church on Washington Street. Mrs. Logan and her daughter, connecting themselves with Marion Street Church, was an added pleasure to his new work.

While on his annual visit home, just after the adjournment of Conference, he chanced, in company with his brother James to be passing Old Bethel Church; noticing the door was open it was suggested they go in and again look at the interior of the old house. While walking through the aisles, recalling and conversing about the former days as they were connected with Old Bethel, a small door was noticed, which opened into the basement of the lofty pulpit. Upon entering this place, they found quite a number of books which proved to be the earlier records of the Methodist Church in Charleston. Dr. James Mood suggested to his brother that from these records, and other sources, an interesting narrative of the events connected with the establishment and progress of the church in Charleston might be written. As the church was known to have been established in the face of opposition; to have out-lived many persecu-

tions, and to have survived two great schisms it was clear that the narrative need not be confined to the bare register of statistical facts. Dr. James Mood then urged his brother to undertake the preparation of this narrative.

He secured the consent of the trustees to remove the books to Columbia, and there commenced the work in a series of articles written to the *Southern Christian Advocate.* This series continued through most of the year. Subsequently the book editor, Dr. T. O. Summers, asked the author to revise the letters and arrange them in chapters, so that the work might be printed in a book for one of the Sunday-school series. This book, called Methodism in Charleston, is a valuable contribution to the history of the Church. It shows great care, painstaking, and research. Commencing with the visits of John and Charles Wesley to Charleston in the summer of 1736, it gives a succinct and circumstantial history of the introduction and progress of Methodism in that city down to 1856, and tells much of the trials, the methods, the labors, the persecutions, and the necessary economies of the early Methodists.

This little book was not without its fruits. There was quite a spirit of historical inquiry awakened by the letters. At the following annual conference, which met at Marion, the

author drew up a paper inviting the members of the conference to unite in a Historical Society. Most of the preachers presented their names for membership, the society was organized, and has been from that day an active institution of the South Carolina Conference.

Mr. Mood was returned to Marion Street Church, Columbia. This year was accompanied by nothing remarkable. Large congregations attended upon his preaching, and the spiritual state of the church was good.

The hard work and excessive study that he had undergone for some years began to tell on him. During his first year in Columbia it was noticed that his health was failing somewhat, and in this second year, 1856, it became very poor. The malady developed into dyspepsia, and towards the close of the year he grew so feeble and emaciated as scarcely to be able to stand. The physicians urged upon him the absolute necessity of resting, at least a year, from the active ministry. Upon communicating this fact to Bishop Andrew, who was to preside at the ensuing session of the conference, he was pressed by the Bishop to follow the advice of the physicians, and spend the year in traveling abroad. Accordingly he began to make preparations for visiting Europe, as he intended to

spend the following year in seeing many of the countries of the Old World.

The conference granted him a supernumerary relation with permission to travel, and Bishop Andrew gave him a letter setting forth the facts and commending him to the kindness and fellowship of the brethren abroad. The money laid by while teaching the colored school, and which he had loaned to his father, to assist him in purchasing a home, his father was able to return, the new location having greatly improved his business and general comfort. This sum amounted to one thousand dollars, and he felt sure that by judicious economy it would enable him to spend a pleasant and profitable year in European travel.

The partings with his loved ones before entering upon this long journey, and protracted absence, were tender and affecting; but that with his mother was peculiarly touching, because she insisted, in spite of all remonstrance, often embracing her son and hanging upon his neck, that she would never see him again on earth. How prophetic did her words prove to be; for among the first letters received from America was one announcing her triumphant departure from the sorrows and toils of earth to the joys of the Christian Heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

Of the year's travels, Dr. Mood left abundant records. He kept up a regular correspondence with two of the leading papers in South Carolina, and furnished them with such a number of long, readable letters, that if collected together they would form no mean volume. He saw what was to be seen, and knew how to tell it. He was a close observer and drew remarkably accurate conclusions from his observations.

These letters are necessarily hurried sketches, yet they are full of instruction and sparkle with interest.

It is not our purpose to do more than follow him afar off in these travels, and briefly jot down an impression, an opinion, or an incident as may be culled here or there from the records left of his journeyings.

A bitter, cold morning, early in December, he clambered up the side of the packet, Emily St. Pierre, bound for Liverpool. After a brief attack of sea sickness, his health began to improve, and from the fourth day of that voyage he never again knew the sufferings of

dyspepsia. The passage was rough and wintry, though uneventful. He landed in Liverpool Saturday night, January 10, 1857. Early the next morning we see him seeking a Methodist Chapel—"For somehow or other," says he, "I like for my first hours abroad to be spent there; I wonder if it is bigotry?"

While in Liverpool he fraternized with the Wesleyans, formed acquaintances among them that ripened into life-long friendships, met with them in social worship, and preached for them. Leaving Liverpool, he visited in succession Leeds, Bristol and London. In this great metropolis, he writes: "The place of most interest to a Methodist preacher is City Road Chapel. This house was built by John Wesley and recommended by him as the model building for Wesleyan Chapels throughout the kingdom. Near it was the "Old Foundry" at which Mr. Wesley began his operations in London, and when, by the expiration of the lease, he could hold that no longer, he laid the foundation of this house in a building adjoining, which he made his home, as far as he had a home, and in which he died. The room where he breathed his last has been kept unchanged in its arrangement and furniture since his death. His tomb is just back of the chapel, where lie also the remains of Dr. Adam Clarke the commentator,

and Dr. Richard Watson, the theologian of Methodism."

Of the Wesleyans he says: "An acquaintance thus far, with their ministers has impressed me most favorably. They seem to be a grave but cheerful and pious set of men. They always conclude their visits among the families where they go, after the Wesleyan rule; that is with prayer. They commonly in their conversation introduce religious topics, which throws a delightful odor of sanctity around their social intercourse. They appear to cultivate learning, and their libraries, that I have seen, are filled with the most solid and massive literature."

Of one piece of their church furniture he remarks: "I do not know what our preachers who have such a horror of tall pulpits would do over here. The height of Old Trinity, or Bethel pulpit in Charleston diminishes before these. The galleries, to an American eye, appear very high; yet the preacher stands almost, if not quite upon a level with the front seat of the gallery. Interested and affected as I was under the first discourse that I heard, I voluntarily measured the height of the preacher from the floor when he exclaimed, "They build too low, who build beneath the skies."

After spending some three months in England he set sail for France. His introduction proper

to Paris was on Sunday morning, and he thus speaks of the scenes that met his gaze while hunting for a house of worship:

"The whole city was out before me, the shops were in their gayest dress, and so were all the people, some riding, some walking, and all apparently happy. Pressing through the crowd and turning into the Champs Elyssees, a bewildering scene of gayety, thoughtlessness and beauty met my gaze. The Tuileries, its beautiful avenues and spacious gardens, the Place la Concorde with its statues, obelisk and fountains, and then the long avenue of Elysian fields ending in the splendid triumphal arch, were all before me. And promenading, riding, and dancing and playing in every direction were thousands of men, women and children. Soldiers were marching, bands were playing, balloons going up, while all seemed as gay and happy as thoughtless hearts and splendid earthly scenes could make them. I cannot say whether surprise, grief or alarm was uppermost in this walk. Surprise at the splendor and beauty of the scene, grief at the entire forgetfulness of God, or alarm for the future of a nation which so universally ignored the Sabbath. But the place of worship was reached, and though it proved not to be a Methodist Chapel the services

both morning and night were of gracious influence to me.

"Early the next week I sallied out determined if there was a Methodist in Paris I would find him. What was my surprise in stepping out on the street to see immediately opposite, over a chapel door, in large letters, *Wesleyan Chapel.* I cannot imagine how it had missed my gaze before. But language fails to describe the blessedness, the sweetness and sacredness of the following Sabbath to my heart. The day before, intelligence had reached me of the saddest bereavement I had ever felt, and in the wonderful goodness of God, the whole service was exactly adapted to one in distress. It is a large chapel and was crowded; a handsome, intelligent young man was in the pulpit, who, after reading the Litany and other prayers, announced the text, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." It was a plain, earnest, heart consoling discourse, and at the close, all members of orthodox churches were invited to unite in the sacrament. After service I presented a letter of introduction to Rev. Mr. Cook, kindly given to me in England, by whom I was introduced to Mr. Greeves, the minister who had preached, and Rev. James Hocart, the preacher in charge, in Paris. I would look back

with pleasure always to my trip, if it were only to recall the inspiring feelings that passed over me when my hand was cordially grasped by these self-denying Methodist preachers of Paris.

"You will preach for us to-night, won't you?"

"Oh yes, 'Labor is rest,' sometimes."

"Ah that is from Wesley."

At night the chapel was again filled, I suited my text to my own feelings, thinking it would suit others. My heart was full—full of sadness for a dear one lost—full of gratitude for God's love. God's Spirit was with us. My tears flowed—*our* tears flowed; yes, in the very heart of wicked Paris, we sat "together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." At the close of services regular appointments were arranged for me during my stay, and I felt at home again, for I was once more a circuit preacher."

After some two months spent in Paris, he was borne by railroads, steamers and *diligence*,—in company with a gentleman and two ladies, Americans, whom he had met in the French metropolis,—through France, over the Mediterranean into the heart of Italy,—on to the eternal city. He was peculiarly fortunate in meeting with these Americans, whose delightful companionship added a decided interest and pleasure to the tour, and effectually robbed it of

that *ennui* or irksomness, so apt to attend a solitary traveler in foreign countries.

A beautiful incident of the last night's sail on the Mediterranean is related by one of this party. The full orbed moon rose over the waters of this bluest sea on earth, just after they had passed Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, where with a glass, in the dying sunlight, they caught a glimpse of St. Peter's Dome. The weather was soft and balmy. All had collected on deck. Two trained vocalists were among the passengers. They seemed to be very gay and frivolous. One, an Italian, sprang to his feet and sang some dramatic airs with much gusto; the Frenchman followed in the same spirit with some national melodies. Then all called upon the Americans for an American song. His companions looked to him and said, "Mr. Mood is our singer," pressing him to respond to the challenge. He sat quiet, not answering a word, and seemed to be in silent prayer. After a few moments he folded his arms, and looking upwards commenced singing, —"I would not live alway." The effect was electrical. One was melted to tears; all were deeply moved, and each one finally slipped away to his beth without wishing the usual good night. The wonderful impression made that beautiful night by the sweet singer of sacred

song could never be forgotten. It really seemed that the presence of the Holy Spirit was there. After visiting Naples, clambering up the rocky sides of Vesuvius, and going down into the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum he reached Rome just in time to witness the illumination of St. Peter's. This was but the beginning of shows, pageants and processions, which he witnessed while there. Everything bespeaks papacy. He says: "The cross that should be the glory and elevating influence to redeem the land, is really the badge of its servitude and helpless dependence. Three hundred and seventy churches are to be seen in Rome. The meanest of them surpass in splendor and costliness, the finest of American houses of worship. The cross is not only seen towering above their summits, but above the custom houses, the barracks and the forts, above every portal leading into the city, and with anamolous appearance above every ruin and heathen temple in and near the city; though this cross towers at every point, and shrines to the Virgin confront you at every corner, the hallowing influence of religion seems not to be known. The Holy Father is despised for his pretensions, and ten thousand French bayonets are required to stand as a cordon of safety, to support his throne; the Sabbath is a day of frolic, and profanity, idleness and

beggary are so rife as to appal the stranger."

In speaking of the idolatry that he witnessed in this city, he says: "This worship of brass, and wood, and stone, and bones, is most painfully evident in St. Peter's Church,—the very heart and centre of Romanism. The bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus which is seated there, and called St. Peter, has ever before it an adoring multitude. The toe is worn away from the constant pressure of lips to which it is subjected. Last Sabbath afternoon we spent more than an hour before the statue, watching its worship. Priests in robes of scarlet, purple, white and black, in passing, bowed and knelt towards it, and then, with cold dignity, pressed their lips and foreheads to the bronze. Old men, tottering with age, bent their knees, and after its adoration, with palsied hands embraced it, and then they kissed it. Old women clutched it eagerly after a hasty adulation, as though eagerly embracing a long-lost child, or friend, and where we sat we could hear the eager kisses repeated a score of times. Often these old eager souls were so enraptured in their embrace of the cold brass as to detain the waiting crowd, who angrily pushed them away, in order to more quickly have their turn. Simpering young maidens in silks and satins, after carefully rubbing and polishing the brass with their linen

cambric handkerchiefs, to take away what might be unpalatable to their lips, touched the bronze lightly with fastidious mouths, and then lightly tripped away. Matrons, all gay in Italian costume, with haughty self-possession, knelt before it, and with impatience waited on the sluggard crowd, who pressed toward the statue; and nurses brought the children, who often resisted the command to kiss the foot, while others, with innocent looks, with tiny hands embraced and kissed it."

After spending something more than a month in Rome, he went with his friends, by *diligence*, to Florence, thence by rail to Venice, and on to Milan, across Switzerland to Heidelberg, down the Rhine to Cologne. From Cologne he went by rail to Bremen, and there embarked in a steamer and crossed the tempestuous waters of the North Sea to England.

Another week was spent in London, and on this last Sabbath he went to Surry Gardens to hear the far-famed Spurgeon preach. A few days after, he pushed over to Liverpool, where he engaged passage to the city of New York. Upon reaching Liverpool he found the Wesleyan Conference in session. None are admitted to their deliberations, except by tickets from the president. A Mr. Harvard, who had been the traveling companion of Dr. Coke—an aged and

lonely christian, insisted on asking for a ticket for Mr. Mood's admission. The president, however, not feeling authorized to issue a ticket by virtue of his own authority, submitted the matter to a vote of the conference. It was voted down almost unanimously. The only reason given for this act was that Mr. Mood belonged to a conference in a slave state. Such was the extreme to which fanaticism drove these good men. He had never owned a slave and his church had never been formally committed to slavery, but was only subservient to state authority. So, although he was an intelligent, amiable, christian, minister, the misfortune of having been born in South Carolina, where slavery was a political institution, sufficed to vote him unworthy of recognition by a Wesleyan annual conference. The Wesleyans considered this occurrence as a precious morsel, and flaunted it to the English public as a proof of their orthodoxy on the question of slavery. The newspapers took it up, and during the few days that he remained in Liverpool he was sought out and rather lionized by some of the best citizens.

In twelve days after setting sail for America, he landed in New York. There he was met by his father, who came thus far to welcome him, and bear him company home.

Only a few years before his death, when speaking of this European tour, he said: "While traveling I found a thousand prejudices and bigotries of a national and social and religious character melting away. Some of them were quite dear to me, but I endeavored in vain to maintain them—they passed away and I have never been able to reinstate them. This tour, too, has been a life-long pleasure. It has implanted an interest of a personal nature, in the authors, soldiers and statesmen of the countries I visited, and in the countries themselves. This has given a zest to my reading, and an interest in the human family at large, I would never otherwise have experienced."

CHAPTER XII.

GREENVILLE STATION.

The Annual Conference of 1857 met at Charlotte, North Carolina, this town then being within the bounds of the South Carolina Conference. Bishop Paine presided. Rev. P. A. M. Williams was elected Secretary, and Rev. F. A. Mood was chosen as his assistant. Mr. Mood was stationed this year at Greenville. This is a beautiful town in the north-west part of South Carolina, and is the seat of Furman University, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and also of a female college under the patronage of that church. But here, Methodism was very weak, the membership of the church, at that time, numbered between thirty and forty, only five or six of whom were adult male members. The church building—that index of life, and spiritual condition was small and dilapidated. The people, the year before had not so much as paid the board of the pastor who served them. The out-look for the Methodist preacher was anything but favorable. The stewards, at the first meeting of the Board were very low-spirited, and offered but little encouragement;

but Mr. Mood was full of hope and full of energy. He was fresh from his travels. He had learned much and he was anxious to apply his knowledge. He entered earnestly and vigorously upon his work. His sermons were fresh, warm, and spiritual. Early in April, it pleased God, in a very gracious manner, to visit the little church. The meetings resulted in a powerful revival, during which the membership was more than doubled, and the spirituality of the church greatly quickened. From this time, all went well, the little church was crowded every Sunday, and the members seemed to advance from "strength to strength in union." Thus passed away another year of hard study and abundant labors.

Conference convened in Charleston, and Bishop Andrew presided. Rev. P. A. M. Williams asked to be released from further duty as secretary, in which office he had so long and faithfully served his Conference, and Francis Asbury Mood was elected to this honorable position. F. M. Kennedy and O. A. Darby were appointed assistants. For ten years successively, with great satisfaction to the church, they held these positions. Toiling together laboriously they cemented a friendship that was never afterwards jarred.

Rev. F. A. Mood made a good secretary. He

was a success at anything that required laborious painstaking. At the close of the session he had the satisfaction of receiving from Bishop Andrew, warm commendations and congratulations, as being "A fine secretary."

He was reappointed to Greenville Station, and the conference slow of heart to believe in the great improvement of the church affairs at Greenville, by a small majority, determined to hold their following session at that point.

He at once returned to Greenville and made arrangements for his living as a married man, and then hurried down to Columbia where on December 28th, 1858, he was married to Miss Sue Logan. So, after an intimate acquaintance of nearly four years, he claimed as his own this fond love of his life. Theirs was a perennial love. She proved to be a woman of nerve, energy and wonderful resources, ever equal to the many trials of war, fire, and the poverty which followed in their wake—through which in a few years they were called to pass. She stood by him strengthening him through it all, so that when he had reached the highest point of his life,—when his great work,—the founding of South-western University was an accomplished fact,—and he could look back upon the past, as upon a toilsome, rugged road, safely ascended—in one of the closing pages of an

address, written to his children, he says: "Should the University grow hereafter to the dimensions, and attain the importance, that some of its friends confidently predict, and should you live to see your mamma and papa laid away in the grave, I wish you to say to the Directors of this great interest, that I here put on record the opinion that the alumni and friends of South-western University should erect a monument over your dear mamma as the real founder of the institution. It is she that has borne the burden and heat of the day,—who has had to plan day and night so that our limited means should make us appear before the public with proper respectability, and who by a thousand little methods, known only to a devoted wife and loving mother, has sustained and encouraged papa while he has ministered to your pleasure and comfort. How little did I anticipate in wedding my little blue-eyed Sue, how much of heroism, of patient toil, of wise administration, and of pious devotion would, in her, be thrown around my house."

The year following was one of great happiness. His ministerial labors were abundant in fruits. Through these years his pen was not idle, for he was a regular contributor to more than one literary journal.

The conference was to meet at Greenville, so

he exerted himself for their entertainment. He found that the citizens of all classes and denominations were generous in their hospitality, and the preachers and visitors were handsomely cared for.

The opinion of the Baptist brethren, was expressed on the third day of the session by one of their deacons who said to Mr. Mood: "Parson, your stock has gone up to par." But on Monday, after the preaching, ordination, and other services of Sunday, the same brother came forward and said: "Parson, your stock has gone up a *leetle* above par." By which he must have meant that his church was beaten a "*leetle*" in some things.

Bishop John Early presided, with his usual independence, and at the close of the session secured a compliment to Mr. Mood by insisting upon the insertion of the name of the secretary, along with his, in the resolution of thanks that was passed complimentary to himself.

To his great astonishment, when the appointments were announced, Rev. F. A. Mood was read out as Presiding Elder on the Lincolnton District, which included within its bounds most of the territory of the South Carolina Conference situated in North Carolina.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRESIDING ELDER.

Lincolnton and Orangeburgh Districts.

His appointment as presiding elder of Lincolnton district was a great cross to him. It was his desire, expressed to his presiding elder, to be sent on the negro missions around Bloom Hill—Mrs. Logan's homestead—or any work convenient to that point, so that his wife might remain with her mother, who was extremely ill, until after her death, which all thought to be pending. For some reason this request was not considered and he was sent to the farthest limits of his conference—the parsonage at Shelby being forty miles from Charlotte, the nearest railroad point.

But at the beginning of his ministry he had resolved never to refuse or hesitate to perform any service laid on him by the church. He consulted with the Bishop, and was told by him to live in Charlotte, and to inform the stewards that it was by Bishop Early's direction and request that he did so. This settled the matter. He hastened down to Bloom Hill, as soon as his duties, as conference secretary would allow, and

found Mrs. Logan much better. He at once went to North Carolina to make his arrangements for entering upon his new duties as well as for the removal to his new home. After near a month's absence, he returned to Bloom Hill and had the joy of welcoming his first born son. The child was baptized on the 24th of January 1860, and on that occasion was named Francis Asbury.

The work of Lincolnton district was extensive. There were thirteen charges to be visited on each round. Camp meetings were numerous. From May until November the Quarterly Conferences were held at these meetings. The presiding elder, therefore, lived in the woods most of the year, and indeed closed his labors on the district at a camp-meeting, in the midst of a snow storm.

In his reminiscences of this year's labors he says:—

"My association with the preachers was delightful. The industrious John Finger, the diminutive Daniel Ogburn, impulsive Osgood A. Chrietzberg, the holy and conscientious John Wesley Miller, the independent William W. Jones, zealous Daniel May, the earnest Abram P. Avant, the modest and timid Wesley W. Graham, the venerable John Watts, the lively and cheerful William H. Hemingway, the face-

tious, tender-hearted Scotchman Allan McCorquodale, the ardent Louis A. Johnson and the steady-going E. A. Price constituted my staff of preachers."

Rev. Henry Mood was at this time President of the Davenport Female College, in the upper part of the district, so that he had the great pleasure of frequent associations with this brother during the year.

His labors on his first district were not gratifying to him. He was under a great strain, for he constantly felt that he had not the strength of body or lungs to meet the physical demands of the case. The mountaineers expected forcible preaching, in the physical sense, and they were not easily satisfied with any other kind. His predecessor was Rev. J. W. Kelly, who had returned from California and re-entered his old conference. He was six feet four inches tall, large in proportion, and possessed a voice of immense compass. Coming as the successor of such a man he was viewed somewhat askance, at first, by his new people. One good sister jocularly exclaimed, when introduced to Mr. Mood, after looking down upon him with rather a significant glance, "Well, I reckon presiding elder timber is getting scarce in the South Carolina Conference—surely." He however filled all his appointments, met every Quarterly Con-

ference, and closed his year not as one without much fruits.

The fall of this year was marked by the great political excitement that culminated in the late civil war. After Mr. Lincoln was declared elected, and the state convention was called; when the question of secession was placed before the people, Mr. Mood, as a faithful son of the Palmetto state went all the way to Charleston where he was recognized as a citizen and where he cast his ballot for secession.

Conference met in Columbia, December 13, 1860, under the presidency of Bishop Paine. Being a presiding elder, he was a member of the Bishop's cabinet; and as it was his first experience in this body, he observed very closely. He left the following account of his impressions and the methods of working in the cabinet.

"The Bishop was agreeable, cheerful, kind, and thoughtful; exhibiting the greatest care and anxiety for the preachers and their families as well as for the interests of the work. After prayer at our first meeting, he gave us a brief address, telling us that each had been put in charge of a district, for its careful supervision. He expected therefore that each one of us would be watchful for the best interests of his own district,—an exhortation I subsequently discovered the Bishop need not have given. He

went on to say, that in every conference there were three classes of preachers; first, a small number who from their eminent talents and popular ministry everybody wanted. These, said he, are difficult to station. Then there is a second class, a small number, who from their sloth, inability and inefficiency, *nobody* wanted. These are very difficult to station, and they are known in our councils as "wet-logs." Then there is a large third-class, who are faithful, reliable, industrious, and successful; these everybody is willing to receive, and they are easily stationed.

I soon discovered that some of these grave presiding elders around me, were grave tacticians. The Bishop's staff that year consisted of William P. Mouzon, James Stacy, A. M. Chrietzberg, W. A. Gamewell, W. A. McSwain, S. H. Browne, H. A. C. Walker and myself. James Stacy and A. M. Chrietzberg were eminently the tacticians of the staff. Brother Stacy declaimed against our having our strongest men in our colleges—and dwelt upon the great importance of certain portions of his work, and after detaining us by long pleadings, nominated Dr. Whitefoord Smith, then professor in Wofford College, for some little circuit on his district. Of course none of us would listen to it. He reluctantly receded and made another similar

nomination, and so on, until worn out with the delay, we unanimously yielded to a nomination that under other circumstances we would not have listened to.

Brother Chrietzberg, seemingly, wanted to man his district on the strength of Georgetown, his principal station. He dolorously, and at great length, urged the claims of Georgetown, as singularly peculiar and important—delayed and declaimed, but when urged to nominate, postponed it for the present, and nominated some one for some part of his district, to which we gladly assented, in order to make progress. After our second or third session, at which these supposed tactics were continued, I arose, expressed my suspicions to the Bishop, and called on him to spike Brother Chrietzberg's gun by manning Georgetown forthwith; and Brother Stacy's by forbidding the further discussion of the great importance of his district. The good Bishop laughed heartily and exclaimed: "You are finding them out, are you?"

"Could I have foreseen what would take place subsequently, I likely would have been more patient with Brother Stacy, and, without dissent allowed him to man his district as he chose, for when the appointments were announced, I was transferred to the Orangeburgh district as his successor.

"The Bishop was accustomed, after we had toiled awhile, successfully arranging the appointments, to get up, walk to the fire, rub his hands in a cheerful way and say, "Come now brethren, let us all lay hold and lift a wet log." Then he would announce some poor fellow's name that "nobody wanted." When we differed long and decidedly the Bishop put the case to a vote, and the preachers destiny was fixed by the majority of voices, the Bishop confirming this opinion."

Immediately after conference he moved to Orangeburgh. The actual labor proved to be less than that of the preceding year; and as nearly all of the appointments were reached by railroad, the work was much more pleasant.

Nothing worthy of special mention occurred in connection with the church interests, during the year. The association with the preachers was delightful, indeed he felt this to be the redeeming feature of the responsible and laborious office of presiding elder.

How well Rev. James Stacy succeeded as a tactician will be recognized by any who might have been familiar with the membership of the South Carolina Conference, at that time, for A. B. Stevens, R. B. Tarrant, D. W. Seale, C. McLeod, A. H. Wells, G. W. Moore, J. L. Dixon, W. Hutto, W. G. Conner, E. A. Pierce, W. W. Graham, E. F. Thwing, M. A. Mc-

Kibben, E. J. Pennington and J. B. Massebean manned the district. He for the first time had occasion to inspect, personally, the plan of operations adopted by the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in connection with the negro missions; and he expressed the opinion that, "The missionaries had a heroic task to perform, and they are indeed the servants of servants, for Christ's sake."

Early in this year the dogs of war were let loose, and their rapacious jaws were not to be satisfied until the material wealth of this fair and prosperous land, together with the flower of southern chivalry should be devoured or wantonly destroyed.

Despite the excited political condition the regular work of the church was kept up, and even the camp-meetings were held as usual. The North, warned as they were that an attempt to reinforce Fort Sumpter must result in war, persisted in the enterprise, and the bombardment and capture of the Fort was the result. Mr. Mood was present at this opening event. He was awakened about daylight on that memorable day that ushered in actual hostilities, by one of his servants who came to his room and told him that he thought fighting had commenced in Charleston as he had heard something like thunder since about four o'clock. He thereupon

boarded the first train for the city. Upon reaching the depot, a certain stillness, broken only by a roar like distant thunder, told the portentous events that were passing. He found the stores closed and the streets deserted. Hurrying down to the sea front of the city, known as the Battery and White Point Garden, from whence the grim fortress, and the circle of attacking batteries could be seen, he there found the population gathered, and the wharves and shipping in the harbor, and every cupola and steeple in the city were crowded with anxious spectators of the great drama. In solemn silence the multitude looked on. The curling white smoke hung above the angry pieces of friend and foe, and the jarring boom rolled at regular intervals on the anxious ear. The atmosphere was charged with the smell of villainous saltpetre, and, as if in sympathy with the melancholy scene the sky was covered with heavy clouds and everything wore a sombre aspect.

"I shall never forget," he says, "my mingled feelings of anxiety and distress when about noon, Saturday, April 13, 1861, Fort Sumpter flamed up like a volcano, the interior having caught fire; and it seemed as if the garrison must speedily, either be consumed or torn to pieces by the explosion of her large magazines of powder. Amidst the rising flames and smoke

we could see by the help of our glasses a signal that many present watched with the most intense interest. It was the Mason's appeal for help. Instantly a small boat, with a single passenger was seen to shoot out from Cummings point, and in the direction of the fort. It was Senator Wigfall, of Texas, then Aid to the Commanding General, who as a brother Mason answered Major Anderson's appeal, and amid flying shot and shell reached the fort and crept in through one of the port holes. We were told subsequently that he found Major Anderson and his men lying prostrate on their faces, to prevent suffocation, and that the senator, a highly impulsive and chivalric man, rushed forward and embraced Major Anderson, exclaiming, "Major, you have done all that a brave man could do; this is not a matter of Masonry, but a national conflict. If you cannot hold the fort, haul down your flag."

A few moments after the senator had crawled in at the port hole, which I saw quite distinctly, the stars and stripes began to descend upon the staff, and in a few moments more a man could be seen with a white flag walking around the ramparts. The firing of the confederate batteries ceased, and the immense concourse of citizens dispersed in silence."

"I preached at Cumberland Church next

morning. One may imagine the seeming awkwardness of the attempt, when such deep and intense exitement filled the minds of the people. As I emerged from the church door, two of the official members asked me if I would accompany them in a boat to Fort Sumpter, as the evacuation was to take place about that hour. I consented to go, but, I confess, not without twinges of conscience as to the propriety of spending a portion of the Sabbath in that manner. Three of us, in a small sail-boat sped across the bay, and anchored within about fifty yards of the fort along with a number of similar craft. The Harriet Lane, a large steamer belonging to the Federal Government was anchored not very far off. Soon the stars and stripes were run up the staff, and the guns on the rampart of the fort bellowed their salute. A man at one of the guns near us was killed by a premature discharge during this salute,—the only death that occurred during this curious preface to the civil war. Immediately after the salute, a young man sprang forward and lowered the flag, and amid the cheers of the Confederate soldiers, drew up the ensign of the Confederate Government. A few moments elapsed, then the sound of drum and fife was heard, and emerging from the fort to the tune of Yankee Doodle, was the small band, seventy-eight men, who had held

the fort during the thirty-six hours bombardment. They were conveyed to the Harriet Lane, which steamed out to sea, and in a few hours was lost to view."

The civil war was now fully upon the nation, and all matters were affected by the conflict that was raging.

Conference met this year in Chester, on December 12th. Bishop Andrew presided. Mr. Mood found him quite unlike Bishop Paine in his methods in the cabinet. "Bishop Andrew," says he, "was more reserved, sterner, but not less sympathetic with the preachers and their families. He put nothing to vote in his council. He heard and weighed carefully the points presented, then decided the question, and we all felt that there was an end of it."

The war was now beginning to seriously affect all church operations. The attention of the people was turned more to the support of the army than to that of the ministry. The missions to the blacks were being broken up by the invasions of the federal army along the coast. The cordon of war was being drawn around the city of Charleston. Perpetual anxiety about husbands, sons, and brothers, kept the mind of the people engaged in the direction of the battlefield. The apprehension of invasion necessitating the erection of forts and fortifications, oc-

cupied the labors of multitudes of the blacks. Many more had been moved from their homes, and were employed in the manufacture of those necessaries of life, which heretofore had come from abroad, the importation of which being now impossible, or at least extremely hazardous, as the entrance to all the ports were held by blockading fleets.

The social and religious standard was sadly lowered, and the reports of the preachers at this conference were by no means encouraging.

Another change awaited Mr. Mood when the roll of appointments was read, he was announced as presiding elder of Charleston district, and W. G. Connor was appointed to succeed him on the Orangeburgh district.

After this Conference Bishop Andrew accompanied Mr. Mood to Orangeburgh and spent several days with him at his home. Here he gave to his nephew much wise counsel as to the probable exigencies of the work in view of the war,—particularly the missions to the blacks, in which he was deeply interested.

A few months after this, after passing through deep afflictions, in a letter to his brother William he wrote: "For nearly three years now I have filled an office, which from its being principally of an executive character, and from the scattered nature of my work, prevents me from seeing the

fruits of my ministry. I am far from thinking that I am best suited by constitution and temperament for the position. I am comforted, however, in the consolations of grace. I have never felt stronger desires after holiness or more ardent aspirations for conformity to the divine image.

"After thy lovely likeness Lord
Oh when shall I appear? "

is the continual cry of my heart. My late afflictions I trust have not been without their advantage in leading me to greater submission to the divine will. But still I have to say,

"And yet how *far* from thee I lie
Oh Jesus raise me higher."

CHAPTER XIV.

BESIEGED IN CHARLESTON.

The Charleston district was composed numerically of seventeen charges; four stations, four circuits and nine missions. Three of the missions, however, had been broken up by invasion, and the six remaining had been seriously threatened. Late in the previous year a fire had desolated some of the fairest portions of the city of Charleston; several of the leading church buildings had been destroyed, and Cumberland, the oldest Methodist organization in the state, had its building burned. This was the condition of the district at the beginning of 1862. Mr. Mood moved to the city and at once entered upon the duties connected with his office. By his removal into the district parsonage, his mind was awakened to action, for many memories connected with events of his life were crowded within the narrow space of this building. It was in a corner of the basement room that at a prayer-meeting many years before, he had made his vows of consecration in answer to a divine call to enter upon the work of the ministry. This fact impressed him deeply and led him to

carefully review the past and to enter upon the earnest purpose of being more faithful to God in the future.

About a month after moving to the city his first daughter, Kitty, was born, this was a great joy to the family. In a short while after entering upon his duties he found that the preachers on the district and on the work generally were beginning to suffer from the operations and demands of the war. The entire work was in a state of anxiety, confusion and alarm, and several more of the missions had succumbed to invasion.

Rev. C. McLeod appointed in charge of Cumberland Church, had secured the use of a large cotton-shed not far from the site of the burned building, where he undertook to conduct regular services; but the congregation of whites from whom he was to obtain support rapidly diminished. The same thing occurred with the other city churches, so that Revs. C. McLeod, J. W. Humbert, and later Rev. A. M. Chrietzberg, being deserted by their congregations retired to the country.

The siege had been regularly established. Many of the inhabitants had withdrawn from the city. The presiding elder found himself pressed for means upon which to support his family as the receipts in the way of rents were

cut off from property which he possessed, and there was no income from the church worth mentioning. He could not get his consent to desert his post so long as he felt that duty held him to it; yet if he remained in Charleston he saw that he must provide some means of maintaining himself and family. His father had been induced to take a large government contract for making bits, spurs, and other cavalry equipments. In this emergency, he arranged with his father to have regular factory operations organized; and Mr. Mood worked daily along with his employees, and from that time on, he was by this means, enabled to secure a comfortable support even in the most distressing period of the siege. These operations were soon so thoroughly organized by him, that but little more than a general supervision was required at his hands, which could be done without any serious draft upon his time. Under this arrangement he was able to discharge all the duties connected with his ministerial office. He visited the work outside the city regularly, though there was but meagre encouragement for him to do so, owing to the little that was being accomplished in church matters. In the summer his father went to the country and from that time forward left the control of the factory entirely to him. Bishop Andrew visited the city during

the year, and applauded this pluck of his nephew at going back to his trade rather than deserting his work or hazarding going into debt. In the condition of the city churches, their pastors nearly all being absent, he had abundant use every Sunday for all his preaching strength and talent. He doubtless overtaxed his strength, as the demands were so many, upon him, for in the latter part of the summer he was taken down with typhoid fever. The fever held on with alarming tenacity, and for weeks he languished with but little pain, yet with a steady decline of strength. Finally the crisis passed and all were looking for his rapid convalescence when one morning, little Frank was brought down stairs from his grandma's room and laid on his father's bed for the doctor to examine when he made his morning call. The bright little fellow seemed very languid and sick. The doctor sent medicine for him in the afternoon; he continued very sick the next day, and the night following he died, with the most violent symptoms of yellow fever. This was September 27, 1862. Mr. Mood was extremely weak, and the shock at losing his first born, a bright boy at a most interesting and lovable age, was so great that a relapse followed. He had known bereavement, but never before had he suffered such a pang. He was so weak that he

could not rally against it. It seemed that he must succumb to the relapse, but it pleased God to turn again the tide of life and health, and after a long convalescence he once more entered upon the regular role of duty.

Conference convened at Spartanburg this year, on December 11. Bishop Early was president. The Bishop, as on his former visit was extremely cordial to Mr. Mood, who indeed was playfully twitted by the preachers as being the Bishop's favorite. He was returned as presiding elder on the Charleston district, and the congregations of Trinity and Cumberland were united under one pastorate, as were also Bethel and Spring Street.

The clangor of war grew louder, accompanied with increased excitements, anxieties and terrors. Rev. James Stacy, who had been appointed to the joint pastorate of Bethel and Spring Street Churches, notified the Bishop and Mr. Mood that for special reasons he would not take the work. The duty at once devolved upon the presiding elder, of supplying his place. He was able to do this promptly and efficiently. Rev. E. J. Meynardie, then a chaplain in the army, and stationed on Sullivan's Island consented to resign his chaplaincy and serve as pastor.

Mr. Mood served the district faithfully; kept

the work together and did as much good as the irregularities of the times permitted. He also served his country through his factory of cavalry equipments, and from this source he drew his support.

It was now that the greatest war alarm came. He had gone out as presiding elder on the district to attend a Quarterly Conference, when the city was summoned to surrender. Upon refusal, the citizens were notified by Gen. Beauregard to leave the city, as the Federal Commander threatened to shell it. Sure enough, though their nearest battery was about four miles distant, one night about midnight, while a terrible thunder-storm was prevailing, the Federals opened fire and reached the city with their shells. The citizens whose houses were in range of the guns, fled from their houses in terror. Hundreds of women and children, many of them in their night clothes, and with naked feet, could be seen tramping along through the rain and mud, fleeing to places beyond the reach of the deadly missiles. The presiding elder returned to the city to see marked changes in the number and feelings of the citizens. A large number had left the city prior to this time, but with this incident, the exodus received a new impulse, as may be imagined. The oft repeated statements of the prisoners lately captured, that

the Federals were intending to show no quarter when Charleston was taken affrighted numbers; and with each newspaper issue there was something to awaken fresh alarm in the minds of those who had resolutely determined to remain to the end.

Trinity Church was soon compassed by shells, and the pastor left the city. The church building was struck at several places and greatly injured. The panic in reference to bomb-shells subsided rapidly. It is astonishing to observe what the human mind can become reconciled to. Soon the inhabitants who could not leave the city settled down to composure, to hear hourly around them, the explosion of these dreadful messengers, followed by the crash of houses, falling from the tremendous concussion. Mr. Mood's family had been sent to friends at Orangeburgh at the first shelling of the city; but Mrs. Mood, brave and faithful, soon returned to share the dangers and privations of the siege with her noble husband.

A bill had been introduced in the Confederate Congress, looking to a conscription of every man, including ministers and physicians, for service in the army. He, thinking it best to enter the army as a minister, if forced to enter, applied for the chaplaincy of the military hospitals at Charleston, this office having recently

become vacant. After waiting some six weeks, and hearing nothing from his application, the matter had about passed out of his mind, when unexpectedly the appointment came.

In a letter to Rev. W. W. Mood, under date of September 15, 1863, among other things, he tells of it as follows:

"On Saturday last I went to the post office, and had handed me a large envelope stamped "official business," and upon opening it, to my great surprise it was a commission from the President, making me chaplain to the hospitals of Charleston, and requiring me to report for duty immediately to General Beauregard. So that I am no longer a free man, but under orders, having reported myself to the General's office yesterday and received orders to enter upon my duties immediately. It will allow me to attend to the remnant of my district, and the pay being about double of a regimental chaplain, I will be able to support my family very comfortably upon it; so that you must join me in thanksgiving in this fresh manifestation of providential goodness. It allows me too, to do something directly for the army, which I have felt so anxious to do, and then, it delivers me from this regular care of making my support, which has been such a weight upon my heart ever since I had to engage in it. I am rapidly

winding up all our affairs here. I will ship the last of our government work in a day or two—as soon as I can get it packed, and hope to be able to apply myself diligently to my new calling.

So we see him just now occupying the triune position of presiding elder, post chaplain and army contractor. A few weeks later he wrote: "I have received a long nice letter from uncle—[Bishop] Andrew, congratulating me on my appointment to a "very honorable and useful position." He sees great cause for rejoicing and hope, in the gracious revivals that are spreading over the army. We have had a series of gracious meetings, for the soldiers at Trinity. A goodly number have joined the different churches, giving in their names at Trinity. I was at the fourth Quarterly Conference at Bamberg yesterday and day before, and expected to beg a good deal for hospitals, but it rained so on Saturday, and was so disagreeable yesterday I could not do much."

With his hands full of his double work the year drew on to a close. Conference convened at Sumpter, December 10th, 1863, under the presidency of Bishop Pierce. The closing of Trinity, the burning of Cumberland, and the closing of Spring Street Church, had reduced the Methodists to one congregation, and one church building in Charleston.

At the beginning of the war there were 3,088 colored members enrolled in these three churches, besides 1,235 enrolled at Bethel, making a total colored membership of 4,323. Many of these were yet in the city, and they could not be neglected; so at the suggestion of Mr. Mood, the colored people were thrown together as one charge, to be called the "City Colored Mission," and Lion Church, a very large building, which was thought to be beyond the range of shells, was secured free of rent for their use. The Bishop placed Mr. Mood in charge of this mission. The Missionary Society was able to pay but little; he therefore looked mainly to the chaplaincy for his support.

Gradually the shells encroached upon the limits of the city, each new gun that was mounted seemed to throw the missiles a little farther than any that had before been in service. Finally, Calhoun Street, on which the parsonage was situated, was reached. He relates one experience:

"One evening I was delivering a soldier some testaments in the basement room of the parsonage when we heard the sound of a shell. His practised ear caught the direction, quicker than mine He exclaimed: "It is coming here," and threw himself prostrate on the floor; less nimble than he, I had not gotten upon my knees before

it struck and exploded about twenty or thirty feet from where we were, just outside the building. It shook the house to its foundations and shook our nerves in proportion. While that particular gun operated, it was of course poor sleeping. This shell was the only one that came so dangerously near the parsonage, several, however, exploded on the premises just across the street."

Besides the horrors of the siege, heavy family afflictions visited him this year. His father died early in the spring. He was sick only a few days. The last hours of this good man are aptly described by his son, in a letter written to Rev. W. W. Mood, the only member of the family not present at the time of the death and burial. His death was a fitting end to an upright Christian life. We give the letter below:

CHARLESTON, S. C.,
Monday Morning, 9 o'clock.
FEB'Y. 29th, 1864.

Dear Brother William:—While I write, father lies near me engaged in the last mortal strife. He has been a great sufferer throughout his sickness. As I wrote you in my last, his disease being complicated, it was difficult to know what remedies had best be used. Throughout the long struggle with suffering he has displayed all patience, and entire and cheerful submission to

the will of God. A while back he seemed to be enduring extraordinary suffering; he called to me and asked me what could be done. I told him nothing could now be done, but to cast himself entirely upon God. "Yes, yes, yes," was his reply; then he added, "Oh prove faithful—work, work, work—be up and doing. Be diligent to make your calling and election sure." 11 o'clock. I turn dear brother again from the bed-side of our dying father to add a few more lines knowing that every particular will be treasured by you, prevented as you are from being near him.

His feet now stand in the midst of the icy flood, for he is cold to his knees—but his spirit still struggles with the clay.

In one of his dreadful paroxysms just now he exclaimed, "Oh pray for me that my faith fail not." Then afterwards he said, "Yes, I claim heaven my portion at last." While Brother Henry prayed, he answered "Amen" to every petition, and then asked us to sing. We then sang "And let this feeble body fail," he tried to follow the words, saying every now and then, "Yes! Yes!"

Half past four A. M., March 1st.—"The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken." Our dear father has stepped across the flood only a moment ago, and is now exchanging greetings

with the dear ones who have gone before. It was a long and painful struggle—he was sensible to the last, and "the best of all was, God was with him." Not long before departing I said to him—"You are almost across the flood, pass a few more billows and you will be safely landed, and then you will forget all the pains and sorrows of the journey." He replied "yes, yes." Dear Brother let us renew our efforts to follow God closely.

Yours affectionately,

ASBURY."

At this time the labors of Rev. F. A. Mood were unusually heavy. He preached regularly as Missionary, conducting the Love Feasts and sacramental services of the blacks, and labored continually in the hospitals. Besides all this, yellow fever was epidemic in the city during the latter part of the summer—there were but few ministers who had remained in Charleston, so that added to his other duties, there were numerous calls to visit the houses of sick citizens, or to perform the offices of burial.

The soldiers in the hospitals were suffering from the want of the simplest delicacies—and he occasionally sought these in the country. While on one of these excursions, he received a telegram stating that Mrs. Logan was dead. She died August 27th, 1864.

He had a singular premonition during this epidemic that he would take the fever and die, yet he was not willing to leave his post. He called upon his family physician, and got full directions as to how to proceed in case of an attack. About ten days after this he was severely smitten. His symptoms were of the worst type and he sank rapidly. On the third day of the attack, the attending physician told Mrs. Mood that her husband could not recover. This was on Saturday. The next morning she sent a request to all of the churches in which services were conducted, for the prayers of God's people in his behalf. Dr. Mood felt that it was in answer to these prayers that suddenly the disease seemed to relax its hold upon him—and he began to grow better. His work had not been done. God had great things in reserve for his hand.

Conference came on while he was yet convalescing, convening at Newberry, November 16, 1864. Bishop Pierce presided. In spite of his feeble condition Mr. Mood attended conference, his will and energy would not permit him to refuse the secretary's duties, and he managed to get through them even in his feebleness, in a satisfactory manner. He was returned as missionary and chaplain, but on re-entering

upon his duties he found himself too feeble to perform them.

In the meanwhile General Sherman had reached Savannah in his "March to the Sea," and Charleston was supposed to be in imminent danger of being assailed. Many of the citizens who had thus far braved the dangers of the siege began to fly, and everything indicated an evacuation of the city by the Confederate troops. In this emergency, as every one believed that Charleston was a doomed city, but Columbia safe, he took his wife and two little children, Kitty and Asbury—the latter being an infant of only a few months old, and yet in long dresses—up to Columbia, and placed them under the charge of his brother Henry, who was, at that time, president of the well known Female College in that city. After returning to threatened and beleaguered Charleston, he recognized the fact that in his feeble condition he could not endure the fatigues of an army retreat, neither ought he to remain in the city, for thereby he would fall into the hands of the Federal army; and judging from their action in the case of other chaplains, this would mean imprisonment; which from the well known horrors of Northern prisons to one in his health must result in death. What was he to do? In this extremity there were but few courses of action to choose

between. He was not long in deciding what he would do. In a letter to one of his brothers he gives the plans he had decided upon. The letter is as follows:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 2, 1865.

Dear Brother William:—

What I will tell you hereafter in this letter will serve in some measure to explain my long silence. I was in Columbia some time after conference, then came to Charleston, preached two Sabbaths and was used up. I went to Fitch and Mood; they required me to desist forthwith from all public ministrations for several months and advised me to go before the Medical Examining Board, who confirmed the decision of these doctors. This left me blue enough. My voice is very weak and I suffer all the time with my breast. The doctors say I preached too soon after getting up from yellow fever. Well, what think you I have done? Having to be idle so long was intolerable to me, so I determined to try to go to England and spend my time there begging for missions, etc. The doctors thought a trip on the sea the very thing I needed, so I will tell you how far I have gotten along in my project. I have obtained the Medical Directors' and General Hardee's approval of an application for leave of absence. I have Governor Magratte's hearty endorsement

of an application for a passport, both of which will be on their way to Richmond this afternoon. I have had two bales of cotton sent to Nassau for me free of charge. I have a free passage given me over to Nassau. So that as things look so favorably to my going, I venture now to write about it. In addition to all this, Providence seems to invite my going by giving such a snug place to my family. What do you think of the project? I will take Quash, the negro barber with me, as my servant, and he will exhort for me if necessary. * * *

Your affectionate brother,

ASBURY."

This step was singular and unaccountable even to himself in after years. He had been released on account of his health from all obligations to follow the army and knowing the tender devotion with which he regarded his family it is only with surprise that we can contemplate how he got his consent to leave them in the midst of such vicissitudes. Yet these very vicissitudes, the calamities and excitements of war tended to confound judgment and reason, and he was led, not only to leave his country at this critical time, but he assumed the great hazard of passing directly under the frowning guns of the blockading fleet. Perhaps his ways were providentially ordered and it required this voyage to give

him a new lease on life, the tenure of which would run for another twenty years. His mind always worked rapidly, it had been made up to this step upon the shortest notice, and now as was his habit, it was not long before he had put his purpose into action.

CHAPTER XV.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

During the last few months struggle of the expiring Confederacy the port of Charleston was so completely blockaded by the Federal fleet, that it was exceedingly difficult and dangerous for vessels to pass in or out at that harbor. But Mr. Mood's purposes were fixed. Friends interested in blockade-running, had already sent a number of bales of cotton to Nassau, on one of the Bahama Islands, subject to his disposal, and by the sale of which he expected to realize a sufficient amount to meet his expenses while he was away from home. Thus far his way seemed clear, for Confederate money and Confederate credit was worth but little at home, and nothing abroad; cotton, however, could readily be converted into specie, in any foreign port. The passage that had been proffered him had been accepted, and he had been notified to be ready to sail on an appointed night. The necessary arrangements were speedily made, and he was promptly on board at the stated time. The vessel was painted white and the crew and passengers were all required to dress in white as

their design was to elude the vigilance of the blockaders, and experience had proved that white was more favorable for this purpose than any color or combination of colors they could select. For convenience all on board wore long white robes or gowns reaching to their feet, with white caps covering their heads. These phantom ships with their ghostly crew must have been weird sights as they skurried along through the mist and darkness.

Rev. W. W. Bennett, D.D., of Virginia, also an army chaplain was to be his fellow passenger. He had been sent out by the Confederate Bible Society for the purpose of procuring a supply of bibles for the Confederate soldiers.

After safely reaching his home, Mr. Mood wrote a series of articles for a newspaper which he edited for a few months, giving many of his trials and experiences while on the blockade runner and in the city of Nassau. We give a few quotations from these articles.

He says: "The first attempt we made to run the blockade, which, however, proved a failure, was exciting enough. The jaunty little "Fox" lay saucily spouting steam from the escape pipe while we made our supper. Suddenly the order was peremptorily passed into the cabin, "put out the lights." The wheels revolved, and off we started on our hazardous attempt. No lights

were permitted in the harbor so we were verily groping our way in the dark. We had just gotten abreast of Fort Sumter, and the mysterious flashes of the signal lights were multiplying along the Sullivan's Island shore, and we were all peering with anxious eyes into the profound darkness, when suddenly there loomed up a large black monster on the larboard quarter. "Hard up your helm" shouted the Captain and Pilot in one breath. "Back! back!" was cried to the engineer; scarcely had the order passed their lips when with an awful crash the boats collided and we were nearly thrown on our faces. We all rushed forward instinctively to learn our fate, and there gaped a hideous opening down to the waters verge. The picket steamer had run into us. With many mutterings of anger and disappointment, we turned back on our track, and soon our little "Fox" was snugly moored at the Savannah Railroad wharf.

"It was rather a calm night to venture out in the face of the blockading fleet, and about an hour after we had landed, the revolutions of paddle-wheels were heard rapidly nearing us, and directly the sharp outlines of a blockade runner were seen. "What steamer is that?" we called out. "The Little Hattie," was the reply. Upon boarding her we found that at just the

other side of the famous break-water that juts out from Sullivan's Island, the Little Hattie had been attacked by barges, but she had escaped with a hole through her wheel and pilot-house, the ball taking off the right arm of the man at the wheel.

"Our fourth was our last and successful attempt. Our steamer had been repaired, but the weather had remained provokingly calm, the sky clear, and the phosphorescent light of the sea unusual. Thursday night, however, was as the captain expressed it, "perfectly beautiful for running the blockade." It was dark as Erebus, soot overhead, and ink beneath. The wind howled dolefully through the rigging, throwing up a sea, that while as the captain said "Ample to drown the sound of the wheels" seemed to us to threaten to drown a good deal besides, for a misty rain that shut out all objects a few yards distant invited all sorts of accidents.

"It was very amusing to see us, before leaving the wharf, choosing the safe positions in the event of our being discovered and fired upon. The cabin had been carefully fortified with cotton bales, and it was not unnatural for us to suppose that a safe place. But our theories were exploded by officers, when at the table, through remarks like these: "What! Stay in the *cabin* to have your brains knocked out by

splinters?" Said another emphatically, "You know splinters are much more dangerous than shells." A third added, "And if the ship is struck and begins to settle, a pretty piece of business it would be to be shut up in this caboose." So we went out on deck. My friend B—— gave the whole subject deep thought and the entire deck careful examination. With most ingenious thoughtfulness he selected an opening among the cotton bales just abaft the boiler. This arrangement gave him the boiler on one side, which protected him from the keen cold air, and cotton bales around him on the other three, which would protect him from cannon balls on the rear and flanks. But he promptly evacuated his comfortable hiding-place, upon being reminded that if a cannon ball should strike the boiler he would suddenly find himself in "hot water." The writer was run out of his hole near the mast by the warning cry, "Look out for splinters!" Finally, at the suggestion of our brave young friend F——, who had charged on many a battle-field, and who had lost an arm in fight and who had a right to advise in such matters, it was resolved that in the event of attack we would "lie supinely upon our backs and wait until the enemy" had done his worst.

But steam is up, the anchor is weighed, and

we are under way, anxiety for safety and success weighing heavily on our minds. Our lily-colored steamer plunged along upon an inky sea into impenetrable darkness.

"Fort Ripley had been passed, and the gloomy fortress of Sumter towering on our starboard, and the surreptitious flashes, like fire-fly lights glancing along the shore, being answered from our steamer, when presently an ominous roaring thunders just ahead. The officers stand in silence, scanning the darkness, and we can hear in a low tone, but with startling distinctness, "A wreck dead ahead, sir, back her, sir, back her, sir." We peer into the darkness, and there on either hand rolls in white folds the angry surf over the breakwater and the skeletons of a dozen wrecks.

It is dangerous navigation at this point in times of peace, when beacon-lights and light-houses mark out a pathway, but it looked like rushing into the jaws of fate to venture there a stormy night, when these friendly guides were not flashing their rays across the waters. We turned around, backed, went forward, backed and turned with anxious caution and again plunged forward. The sea roared in white anger on us upon either side as we finally rushed between this Scylla and Charybdis; but we passed in safety. Our success here, only intro-

duced us to greater perils beyond, for just outside the breakwater the barges of the enemy were usually lying in wait. It was too stormy however for the barges to ride the waves, and so our little steamer danced her polka over the water, until the long, steady, heaving motion of the waves notified us that we were upon the ocean's bosom.

But what is that we see on our starboard? Hush! keep silence all! is whispered along the deck, for their is the cordon of blockaders, their lights betraying their lurking-places. Their black hulls loom up out of the water like huge spiders, ready to spring upon their prey. "Look!" said an old salt to me, "Look! we are near enough to fling a biscuit aboard of her." But you must remember what sort of a biscuit he meant. It was "hard tack," an article of which I once heard that it might be shot out of a cannon through a two-inch board without breaking. But the darkness that had been against us now favored us, and these dangers too were soon passed safely through.

"The blockade runner was a lonely voyager. She dreaded to see or to be seen by any other craft. All day while voyaging, a man dressed in white was drawn by a tackle to the mast-head and reported every sail, for the discovery of which he received special compensation. As

soon as "a sail ho!" was cried, and the answer given to "where away?" the vessel darted in an opposite direction. And so for days we were playing hide and seek among the ocean's waves. We had beautiful weather the latter part of the voyage, and our little steamer sped along over a calm sea and under a bright sky. Those who had suffered with sea-sickness during the rough weather revived, and were able to sit on deck and enjoy the balmy southern breezes, which were already wafted to us from the Antilles.

"Sunday was a lovely day, already the air was like May in Carolina though it was now in the middle of January. Soft summer breezes wafted to us tropical perfumes and all nature seemed to invite to gratitude and worship. As we sat upon the deck in the beautiful sunshine, our hearts went back to friends and loved ones. "Little Mary Lee," said my friend B——, looking at his watch, while all of a father's tender affection arose to his eyes. "I wonder what she is doing?" and while he proceeded to divine the childish diversions of the hour, my own heart answered in thoughts of my own little blue-eyed Katie. We were out amid peaceful scenes and these innocent ones were encircled by war's devouring elements.

"But two things received any considerable attention or accommodation on board a blockade

runner, these were cotton and the *cuisine.* The first named has preference over everybody and everything, having precedence even in the cabin, the passengers being politely handed to beds upon the cotton bales, or the dining tables. The *cuisine* was furnished with every delicacy served at almost every hour of the night and day. Indeed next to getting safe out of Charleston and getting safe into Nassau, but one idea seemed to fill the heads of all interested, and that was to eat and drink all they possibly could, of every imaginable variety and excellence of food and liquor. "Oh I am so tired climbing over these cotton bales," exclaimed one of the *cuisine* brigade, passing us one day; and no wonder, thought we, for it was one ceaseless trot after coffee and all the *et ceteras*, which on a blockade runner are innumerable. Our facetious, but sea-sick friend B——, would frequently, with a ghastly smile, point to the members of that legion—for they were many—as they incessantly flew from the galley to the cabin, armed with plates, tureens, and coffee-pots, and exclaim "*That* is the active department on board this ship."

"The sight of land is at any time pleasing to one who has been even for a short time on the ocean, but the sight of the green Bahamas, as they rise from the bue waves, skirted with their fringe of white foam; the raging surf, that beats

eternally upon their coral reefs, is beyond description beautiful.

"We came in sight of them Tuesday, and all that day we skirted along their beautiful shores —now a light-house, then a shoal of flying fish, a flock of sea-birds, vast fields of sea-weed, or the boom of the roaring surf, as it was tossed a hundred feet mid-air, enlivening the scene. After passing the Elbow Light, the greatest anxiety was manifested by the officers of the boat, for just beyond the "Hole in the wall" light, the Federal cruisers had an ugly habit of loitering and suddenly pouncing down upon the blockade runners. We all felt that it would have been supremely disgusting, now that we were almost in sight of Nassau to have one of these huge spiders pop out from this "Hole in the wall" and gobble us up.

"But New Providence hove in sight and all hands evidently felt relieved. The look-out left his perch at the mast-head, and the pilot came to us gleefully rubbing his hands, exclaiming, "All danger is past now"—he got $5,000 in gold for every time he got the ship safe into Nassau, and the captain got a like sum.

"It was profoundly affecting to my feelings, as we rounded into the Nassau harbor to look out upon the scene before me. It was just growing dark. The dock was crowded with shipping,

the city lay in quietness and safety, and a thousand jets of gas-lights from the streets and windows, illuminated the scene; while cheerful songs, music, conversation and laughter were borne to our ears. It was impossible to shut out from my mind the scene we had just left behind us. We had crept stealthily from a city whose harbor was deserted, whose streets were desolate, whose dwellings were in darkness save as illuminated by the glare of conflagrations from Gen. Gilmore's "Greek Fire," or the flash from exploding shells; and whose silence was broken only by the crash of the falling walls or the roar of hostile cannon. As the merry sounds of laughter and music were borne over the water, thoughts of home and loved ones, hemmed in by the fiery circle of war again filled our hearts with sadness. But we were compelled to shake off all reveries. "Go to shore sir?" was urged a thousand times, from dozens of anxious darkies, each of whom seemed sorely afraid we might have the temerity to remain on ship-board all night. "What will you take us ashore for?" we asked. "Only fifty cents, sir." "Whew," said F——, "that is $25; remember we paid $50 in Confeds for $1 in gold." The fact is, F—— harrowed us all next day with these calculations. Said he, with horror depicted on his countenance "Do you know that we will have to pay $150

per day at the hotel, for they charge $3 in gold." The fact is, we were stunned by this sudden conflict of old and new ideas in money value.

Upon reaching shore another crowd of attentive and ambitious darkies crowded around us displaying the greatest interest in our persons and baggage. We speedily relieved their anxiety by picking up our baggage *a la* Confederates and walking to the Royal Victoria Hotel."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE WEST INDIES.

A galaxy of languid American beauties, floating in white muslin, escorted by fine-looking well-dressed young fellows, safe outside the Confederacy—the sight of whom F—— maliciously declared would have made the mouth of a Confederate enrolling officer run water—met our gaze as we entered the dining-hall of the Royal Victoria Hotel on the morning after our arrival. We, on our part, attracted considerable attention, our battered appearance contrasting strangely with the handsome appointments of the large saloon, and we were confronted with eye-glasses in alarming numbers, which were brought to bear on us with frightful deliberation. But we tried to carry ourselves calmly as men who, just from the front, had been under heavier fire than that, and we carelessly and blankly met the intimidating assault of the quizzing glasses as though we felt like saying: "Oh, fire away! Those glasses are nothing to the 200-pound shells that we have been dodging for the last two years."

"The tables of the "R. V. H." groaned under

every imaginable luxury from the zones and tropics, and we were regaled with the aroma of fruits from all parts of the world. You must remember, we were poor Confederates, who had been subsisting for years on the closely calculated meals of a besieged city, made up chiefly of corn bread, molasses, and bacon. Think of such men suddenly introduced to a bill of fare calling for four different sorts of soups, five of fish, three of poultry, six of meats—among them what was printed "Bouille Beef," and which my friend B—— persisted in translating "Bully Beef"—nine of vegetables, eight of pastry, six of fruit, with nuts, raisins, etc., not to mention the *entrees*.

"With all this profusion, however, we missed one thing which from long use among the Confederates had become a staple article of table consumption—I mean "sorghum." B—— and myself tried to picture to our minds the consternation that would be awakened among the attendants, and the horror of the exquisites had either of us had the hardihood to call for molasses.

"Our sojourn in the West Indies would have been delightful had our minds been in peace. But echoes of war's horrid din continually reached us, bringing each time tidings of accumulating disaster to Southern hopes. Nothing

can surpass the beauty of West Indian scenery. The gorgeous foliage and fruit of the tropics so completely differs from that of the temperate zones that one feels as if he were transferred to another sphere. Fruits that we had never seen, because too delicate to admit of transportation, flowers whose heated sap will flourish only under a tropical sun, continually recurred, and the easy, languishing habits of the whites, the idle and live-to-day habits of the blacks, told a tropical tale.

"Thousands of miles of unbroken ocean intervene between the Antilles and the coast of Africa; and there is therefore to be seen a transparency of the ocean's waters, a height, power and sublimity of the ocean's waves, as in restless surges it forever beats upon these beautiful coral reefs, that are never seen about the continent. A penny may be seen fathoms below the surface; and it is one of the amusements of the Islanders to throw a small coin into the waters and watch the struggles of the little darkies, who, like hybrid devil-fish, dive, swim, squirm and splash, in their efforts to recover it, which when done becomes their property.

"The dwellings of the islands, conformed to the demands of the climate, therefore are not without their peculiarities. Verandahs and piazzas are universal, and so are Venetian protec-

tions. Chimneys are never seen, except protruding from the kitchen-roof. The coral rocks are quarried for building purposes; lime is obtained from the same source, and the lumber and furniture from Yankee Land. Their churches generally are airy and spacious, and affect "the dim religious light" much less than English structures.

"Here the first and most successful war of emancipation was fought, and here Africa's sons enjoy a paradise of freedom. Common schools are everywhere provided, and experienced, educated instructors "teach the young idea how to shoot." I do not mean to convey any idea by the quotation, however, that they are military academies, albeit the late experiences of the English colonies seem to convey the impression that "to shoot" is a conspicuous "idea" of the race when educated. I visited several of the schools and spent some time in listening to their recitations. The most advanced classes recited lessons of only an elementary character—and much of the time was occupied in singing and marching—these features also an importation of Yankee Land.

"In several of the schools that I visited the floors were laid out in circles, triangles and squares of different colors, reminding one of the figures painted upon the floors of gigantic ball-

rooms to govern the cotillions. These figures, however, were not to convey mathematical instruction, except in so far as it might partake of a peripatetic complexion. The marchings, counter-marchings, wheels, turns and flanking movements of the classes were in some cases well executed and picturesque to a visitor, and perhaps necessary to engage the interest of the pupils, but consumed much more of the time than the recitations and the study. Their singing was good. I have yet to see the negro that cannot sing—a physiological fact I will not now discuss.

"The fondness of this race for gorgeous display, we found was made liberal use of in the schools that we visited. "The red cap boys" was the title to one of their favorite songs, and was a tribute to those, who by excellent lessons and behavior had the honor of wearing "the red cap." But anything more hideous as an article of dress, one can scarcely imagine. It was a tall liberty cap, of fiery red cloth, without a visor, going to a point and ending in a tassel which hung down over the right ear, reminding me of those horrid pictures of pirates, in "The Pirates Own Book" with which when a boy I foolishly tortured my imagination. Yet these educated, and embryo-ebony pirates in appearance, flaunted their red tassels with more pride

than I have ever seen a white child dandle a gold medal; but whether it enkindles superior ambition to excel, I doubt.

"The Missionary Conference, as it may be called, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in the Islands, held a session while we were in the West Indies. The chairman of the district, Rev. Mr. Cheesboro, met us with Christian cordiality, and introduced us to the several members of the laborious and self denying body of Christian ministers.

"We were particularly interested in conversations we were permitted to hold with Rev. Mr. Lofthouse, the oldest Wesleyan Missionary in the Islands. He was a Missionary for years previous to emancipation, and in accordance with the sentiment of his church urged emancipation. At the time Mr. Wilberforce was pressing the passage of the act before Parliament, he was sent to England and was closeted with the committee that reported the bill. At the suggestion and on the evidence of Mr. Lofthouse the committee adopted several important amendments. Chief among these was the clause which attempted, under an act of emancipation to hold the negroes in a condition of vassalage, called apprenticeship, for five years. The scheme failed utterly. For though the freedmen were bound to their former owners by a law of appren-

ticeship, they had the right of appeal to the courts, and the delays of the law sufficiently screened the freedmen from any enforcement of this anomalous relation.

"Mr. Lofthouse confessed to disappointment in many of his theories relative to the blacks. The utter extinction of trade, the entire absence of all exports being a reduction from $2,600,000 per annum to naught in Jamaica alone, the enormous reduction in the value of real estate, the general abandonment of plantations, the rapid diminution of the black race—one third having disappeared since the act of emancipation—the steady and marked increase of disgusting debauchery, the great decline of church membership, despite the costly system of missions and common schools, and to this extent, at least, the failure of missionary enterprises in the Islands, were points upon which he had felt great disappointment, and for which he could give no satisfactory reason, though we thought we could.

"I enjoyed the intercourse with this intelligent, venerable and amiable minister of the gospel very much, and indeed with all the ministers with whom we were, by this accidental meeting brought in contact. They are prosecuting their ministerial duties amid many discouragements, and are called to sacrifice nearly everything connected with social and political life, that intelli-

gent and educated men regard as desirable. But "none of these things move them, neither count they their lives dear unto them," and year after year pursue their duties patiently and fearlessly. No man, who has a heart to admire the heroic, but must admire and respect them in their isolation and toil.

"Though we were from what the outside world imagined, "the region of the shadow of death"—the Slave States, they not only shook our hands, and called us brethren, but treated us as such and invited us to Christian communion and fellowship. We preached for them to large and attentive audiences, and they will not, I am persuaded, soon forget the eloquent discourse of my friend B——, whose charming simplicity and earnestness in the pulpit engaged all hearts. We also delivered addresses by invitation at their missionary meeting and the anniversary of the Bible Society for the West Indies. At this last, his excellency, the Governor of the Island presided, who, though he met us with great courtesy and cordiality, at this meeting informed us that the necessity of the strict observance of the neutrality pledged by his government forbade anything further.

"After remaining about a month in the Antilles we determined to leave their beautiful shores. We cast about for some time to secure

a berth in some steamer going to England, but failed. The closing of the ports of Wilmington and Mobile, and the prospect of the early capture of the port of Charleston, had all at once exploded "blockade running," and the steamers were all lying by, watching events before they determined on anything. So driven to this extremity, B—— and myself took passage in a trim little brig called the "Wild Pigeon." She had great reputation as a fast sailer, and had as her commander a kind-hearted, straight-forward Englishman. We watched with impatience the slow filling up of our vessel, but at last received notification to be aboard on Friday afternoon. This arrangement however had been come to by the owners, in the face of a protest by the Captain. He declared that he had never known a vessel sailing on Friday to make a successful voyage. He could cite a hundred instances; he was excited, he was desponding, he became angry. Friday was a day of "bad luck," and he saw no reason why he should be made the victim of "bad luck" in order to satisfy the cupidity of employers who did not care whether he sailed on Monday or Friday. Long, earnest and heartfelt were the discourses we heard from the Captain on this subject, and he gave us to understand finally, that though it was a sailor's maxim, "Obey

orders if you break owners" he was disposed rather to "break maxim" than "break owners." The owners however were inflexible, and at half past three o'clock on Friday, the afternoon of a lovely tropical day, late in February, we stood aboard our ocean home, and were looking out, as I supposed for the last time, upon the gorgeous equatorial splendor of the Antilles. Soon after getting aboard, the Captain, with a cheerful face, came to us saying "Gentlemen, we will *not* get off this afternoon; you know I object to setting sail on Friday; we will hoist sail with the morning's tide, four o'clock tomorrow." "Then I can go ashore," said I, promptly, feeling unwilling to spend an hour aboard longer than was necessary. "Oh, yes, but return about dusk." Jumping into the gig I was rowed ashore, to take a last stroll over the scenes that in their novelty had a peculiar fascination for me. I called and bade a second adieu to my hostess, spent another half hour with Mr. Cheesboro, and finally wrung his hand in sadness—for strange forebodings, for my unhappy land, were now filling my heart and oppressing my feelings—and then I sauntered toward the beautiful bay once more. I was listening again to the roaring surges, admiring again the beautiful tinge of the beautiful sea, when ahead of me I saw the expanded wings of

a trim little brig marvelously like the Wild Pigeon passing out the mouth of the harbor. I ran to some seafaring men in anxious haste "What vessel is that?" pointing to her. "It is the Wild Pigeon bound for Liverpool." What a predicament! My baggage—but that was not much—and my friend B—— were aboard. She a half mile off, and I ashore. I ran to some boatmen. In hurried and peremptory tones I told them they must put me aboard that vessel. They sprang to the oars. "A stern chase is a long chase," but my oarsmen bent themselves to it. "Click-clack," "click-clack," thumped the oars while the perspiration streamed from the oarsmen. We were gaining on them. The brig had rounded out of the mouth of the harbor and we were now both upon the long heaving swell of the ocean's tide. But we overhauled the Wild Pigeon in her flight just as the pilot was taking leave.

"I confess to some affectation of calmness when I found myself alongside. "You are a pretty fellow," exclaimed B——, "you came near being left." "Near being left indeed! am I not in time to get aboard?" "In time!" said he, rather sarcastically. "Yes," I cried, "in time to get aboard, and that is all the time any sailor wants." But B—— could not see it so. He grumbled a good deal over my carelessness

and delay, and kept surmising the fix I would have found myself in if I had *not* overtaken them—a surmise I could only reply to, by asking him what would have been the probable state of this world if Eve had *not* plucked and tasted the forbidden fruit?

"I think he was mollified a little however in his feelings, by a small cargo of fruit and other good things that I had managed to get aboard. It seems that just after I left the brig, peremptory orders came for her immediate sailing, and despite the captain's wishes, he had to hoist anchor. I could not be found and so they moved off without me. No harm was done, however, for I got safely aboard.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SEA VOYAGE—RECONSTRUCTION—USURPATION.

Prosperous gales wafted the Wild Pigeon onward toward old England. It seemed that for once a voyage began on Friday would be without ill luck. Nearly two weeks had passed since leaving Nassau, when one afternoon the Captain was seen, anxiously scrutinizing a bank of heavy clouds that lay along the Northern horizon. He at once ordered the sails to be taken in. Preparations were not fully completed when the storm burst upon them. Mr. Mood afterwards described the scene as follows: "I was sitting at a table in the cabin, writing. It was about eight o'clock in the evening. B—— was lying on the sofa wrapped in his overcoat, suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness, when suddenly, by a tremendous lurch of the ship, I was jerked violently from the table. A second lurch, sent me, holding firmly to my chair, upon a most ungraceful slide to the opposite end of the cabin, against which I was thrown with violence. The roll of trunks, the clatter of crockery, closing with the crash of my chair against the paneling aroused B—— from

his torpor. He raised up, and in tones somewhat dogmatic, exclaimed: "Why Mood, what are you about?" "Sliding," said I. "Well, I would quit if I were you," and having thus delivered himself, he resumed his recumbent position, his overcoat and his groans. The sharp, quick, imperative commands of the officers, the hurried tramping on deck, the plaintive cries of the sailors from the rigging, the dismal howling of the wind, the rushing waters and the wild tossing of the ship, all announced the sudden bursting of the storm. Hurrying on deck a scene of wild sublimity met my gaze. The ship rushed with frightful velocity through the waves, at her prow a boiling cauldron, in her wake a sea of phosphorescent fire. Ever and again she seemed to hover on the edge of abysmal chasms about to make a plunge into immeasured depths, the waves "lifting up their hands on high" in horror, while black, impenetrable clouds hung their mournful drapery around the sublime catafalque, and the winds with piteous wailings seemingly sobbing a dismal dirge. We remained up until after midnight, occasionally looking out upon the raging elements, and watching the swift flight of our Wild Pigeon that seemed to be hastening in terror from the scene.

"The gale continued for three days with un-

diminished power. At one time the sun broke through the clouds for awhile in serene brightness, imparting at once a new and sublime appearance to the awful scene around us. The waves, from a leaden color, became a cerulean blue, and, tossed mid-air between us and the sun, looked like huge boulders of sapphire inlaid with emerald. A singular and beautiful feature of the scene, was the refraction of the sunlight through the spray, into which the summit of the waves was broken by the violence of the wind, looking at times as if the arch of a giant rainbow had been shattered into a thousand fragments and were strewn around us.

"The third day found the gale increasing in violence. About seven o'clock in the morning, all was quiet in the cabin, save the monotonous creak of the furniture—the captain and the first mate were below fatigued from the nights watches—when suddenly there was a stunning, overwhelming crash. I was hurled from my berth out upon the cabin floor, the ship groaned and reeled under the blow, and a moment after, mingled with the sound of creaking timber and broken glass, a torrent of water came pouring in upon us through the broken hatches and skylights. Dining tables, trunks, chairs, lamps and China-ware, mingled with living men came careening in wild and dangerous confusion down

to the lower end of the cabin. Stunned by my fall and blinded with water, as soon as I could catch hold of something I got to my feet, only to find everyone in the cabin, like myself, wet and wondering, clinging to the first thing they had clutched, their countenances expressive of the greatest consternation. Nor was the consternation less on deck. An overwhelming wave had torn away the booby hatch, and swept off a considerable section of the bulwarks. Casks and barrels were rolling about, the men dripping with water were clinging here and there, giving an alarming appearance of confusion and wreck.

"Late in the day, we made a melancholy attempt at breakfast, the pitching of the ship frequently sending the eaters in unexpected visits to the other side of the cabin. Twice I measured the length of the cabin, holding to my chair with one hand and balancing a cup of tea in the other, and succeeded in going and returning the entire trip without losing a drop. Ah! those were dreary comfortless days, for the broken sky-lights and raging storm necessitated our being battened down in darkness below. We could neither sit, lie, stand nor sleep in comfort and so like felons in a dungeon, could only patiently endure. Imagine if you can, the relief we felt when after three days of such a life the sun broke through the clouds, the angry waves

subsided, our sails were again expanded, the ship put upon her course, and we once more found ourselves, safely and pleasantly progressing; nor could we refrain from grateful thanksgivings to that merciful God, who rules in earth and ocean, and who vouchsafed in His mercy, to restrain the tempestous waves that seemed in their fury about to compass our destruction. It was amid the most exciting of these scenes that we felt how precious it was to be able to place ourselves in His gracious keeping, feeling that whatever the result it would all be well."

After a voyage of thirty-seven days, the Wild Pigeon reached Liverpool without further mishap; and there they learned of the continued disaster of the Confederate cause. Mr. Mood was especially moved by the tidings of the evacuation of Charleston, and the burning of Columbia. This last intelligence producing the most acute anguish of mind; for there he had left his wife and babes, and the published accounts showed the action of the enemy under Sherman to have been vandal-like in its barbarity. He saw that the home to which his family was assigned had been burned, and his imagination pictured ten thousand horrors of their fate. He was much impressed by the cold and reserved manner in which he was met by many of those, who in his former visit to England were appar-

ently his warm and earnest friends. He learned this important lesson; that the South was enormously humbugged when she supposed she had foreign sympathy in her struggle. With the exception of some of the nobility, who were anxious to see the United States power divided, and a few who had business connections with the South, the British nation was unanimously against her and rejoiced in her failures. On his first visit the Wesleyan pulpits were all thrown open to him, but now they were closed against him, none of the ministers inviting him to officiate. He was from the slave country and that was a sufficient reason with them to ignore him in his official relations. He soon saw that there was no hope for carrying out the purpose that brought him to England; for had he had the heart and hope to labor in the face of the intelligence that had reached him of the state of his country, he was debarred the opportunity of reaching the public through the proper channels.

Thus he stood surrounded with a concurrence of distressing circumstances. What was he to do? He could not get back to South Carolina without swearing allegiance to the United States. This he could not do so long as the Confederacy existed as a government. He knew not what stand his own country and army might yet be able to make. Thus he was torn by mental

anguish, led on by hope, then overshadowed by despair. He could only await events. But here, among his former friends, he found a few who remained true and firm. Their kindness to him was conspicuous in these hours of suspense. The waiting, though it seemed ages, was not long. A few weeks announced the surrender of General Lee, of General Johnston, and finally of General Kirby Smith, which last finished the catastrophe. By a singular coincidence, with the news of the surrender of General Smith, came a few lines in a letter from Mrs. Mood, which though few, told a weight of sorrow. She said that Columbia had been destroyed, the old homestead had been burned—they were without food, and begged him, if able, to come home.

The South had been subjugated. There was no alternative for him. He must pass under the yoke. He must go home. Though the Southern cause was lost the claims of his family were upon him.

He and Mr. Bennett then determined to sail at once for America; but before they could take passage on any of the steamships they were required to give indubitable proof that they were citizens of the United States. Early the next morning they hastened to London, and called on the United States Minister, Charles F.

Adams, to take the oath of allegiance. They were kindly received, and upon asking Mr. Adams if the reports of the downfall of the Confederacy were true, he showed the dispatches just received from Secretary William H. Seward which confirmed them. The oath at their request was then administered. Both were greatly distressed by this necessity and greatly humiliated by the conditions of the oath.

They at once returned to Liverpool, secured passage on the steamship Asia and set sail for Boston. The voyage was melancholy enough. There was much to irritate a Southerner returning to a conquered country and a desolate home. The greater part of the passengers were of the victorious section, who were constantly vaporing their silly boasts about conquering the rebels, and claiming the rights of conquerors; though they had been careful to keep far from the scene of conflict while the war was raging.

It was very unpleasant to be in daily contact with such a crowd, with the prospect ahead of immediate arrest at landing, for Mr. Adams had told him that the passport he gave only landed him in Boston, and he could not tell what would follow that, for great exasperation prevailed owing to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He, however, was only required to renew his oath of allegiance to the United States before General

Dix of New York. After remaining in New York a few days, visiting relations and friends, he came on to Baltimore, where the same oath was required to be taken again. He found a few very warm friends in Baltimore, who aided him liberally and substantially, and secured him free transportation via New York to Columbia.

While in Baltimore he learned that one of the Bishops of the African M. E. Church was in the city, having just returned from South Carolina. He went at once to see the Bishop, who received him most kindly, and said, "Your signature on your card is very familiar." "How so?" "Why, I have lately been at your home in Charleston, and saw your library. It is in the possession of Rev. Mr. Lewis of the M. E. Church. Bishop Simpson sent him there. He has taken possession of the parsonage with its furniture and appointments, and all of the city churches. A large majority of the colored people have gone with him, though I have organized a large membership."

This was interesting news to Mr. Mood. He was acquainted with Bishop Simpson, having been intimately associated in Liverpool in 1857 with both him and Dr. McClintock, who that year represented the M. E. Church at the Wesleyan Conference. He determined that while on his way to New York he would stop

in Philadelphia, call upon the Bishop and learn by what authority that functionary could take possession of any of the property of the M. E. Church South.

Bishop Simpson received him—spoke at once of their pleasant association in England. He soon alluded to the fact that Mr. Lewis had been sent to Charleston to take charge of the city churches. He then said, substantially, that the Church South is meeting with denunciations on every side, as the instigator of the war—having taken the initiation step in 1844. That it is identical with the M. E. Church in doctrine and discipline—except on the question of slavery, and now that that question has been settled by the arbitration of arms, it can not hope to maintain a separate organization. He further said: "The work of absorption is inevitable. The property of the Southern Church will revert to our hands. Now, Mr. Mood, I recognize in you a rising young man; if you will come at once into the M. E. Church—a thing you must do eventually—I will see that you are well taken care of, in fact, I will give you your choice of the city churches of Charleston."

Mr. Mood was not the man to whom such an offer from such a source would be acceptable. He gracefully declined the proposition, and told

the Bishop that he had not come seeking overtures, but for the purpose of having the church property restored to its rightful owners—and forthwith began to urge the justice of his claims —Bishop Simpson would not listen to reason, but rudely interrupted him, and Mr. Mood seeing that nothing could be accomplished retired from the house.

He sailed in the steamer Arago, from New York, along with the last of the prisoners from Fort LaFayette, who were returning to their homes in the south. Mr. Mood was very happy in the hope of soon being with his loved ones, but he was returning to a conquered country—a land made desolate by the ravages of war. He was without means, his friends were impoverished, his Church perhaps would be disintegrated, the question that was perplexing his thoughts and trying his faith was, "What is to become of my family?" But in the midst of these harassing thoughts, a gracious Providence ensued. Not long after embarking, a gentleman came to him, addressed him by name, and said that he knew him in Greenville, South Carolina, when he filled the Methodist pulpit in that town. He further stated in his conversation, that he was returning to South Carolina as a United States Internal Revenue officer; he wanted an assistant, and he offered him the position at a

salary of one hundred dollars a month. It seemed a God-send in this hour of distress, for he could not recall the name or face of his benefactor. Before giving his answer, he consulted with some of the Confederate commissioned officers who were aboard, and with their advice, accepted the position.

The Confederate officers were allowed to promenade on certain parts of the deck. There was only one lady passenger aboard. She often sat on deck in pleasant weather. The Confederates would remark upon her northern manners. She did not find favor in their eyes. Mr. Mood noticed on one occasion that the glare of the sun was unpleasant to her. He went to his state room, brought up a small umbrella that he had with him, and politely proffered it to her. It was modestly received, and a kind remark from her induced him to stand for a moment or so in conversation. During the trip he had a good many opportunities of paying her attentions, and doing for her little acts of service. He found her very intelligent; and gained much information concerning current events, as well as a knowledge of some of the inner workings of the northern mind in reference to the reconstruction of the South.

In the meantime, the Confederate officers were having their fun at Mr. Mood's expense. They

gibed and ridiculed him for keeping company with a Yankee school marm. He bore it all pleasantly, kept his own counsel and let no opportunity pass for being polite or attentive to this elegant and well informed lady, from whom he was learning so much. After they had been out two or three days she told him that a steam tug would meet them at the Charleston bar and take her direct to the city, while the steamer with the other passengers would go on to Beaufort. He also learned from her in this conversation, that she was the wife of Brevet-Major General R. Saxton, who was second in command at Charleston, and that she was on her way to meet her husband in that city. After learning these facts he neither enlightened the minds of his fellow-passengers nor ceased his attentions, to this lady. He bore their jokes philosophically for his mind was full of another matter.

When he found that they were nearing Charleston bar, he told Mrs. Saxton of his circumstances, the condition of his family in Columbia, and of his great anxiety to reach them without delays; and he asked her if it were possible for him to go directly to the city with her. She heard it all in silence, then said, "Mr. Mood it is a profound secret that these are my arrangements, I have nothing to do with them, I cannot say now that you may accompany me.

However it is yet several hours before the tug will appear, and I will meet you here and talk with you again on this matter."

It was not long before her baggage began to be brought on deck. It was evident to the Confederate officers, who were grouped together curiously watching the proceedings, and commenting upon them, that something unusual was about to transpire. The lady reappeared, examined her baggage then approached Mr. Mood and said to him, "Let your baggage be quietly put here with mine, and when the tug appears be kind enough to hand me over the ship's side—and follow me."

Soon the tug was seen approaching, and came alongside; the baggage was hurriedly transferred. The moment came. He offered her his arm, and they both stepped aboard the tug. The shrill whistle blew, and the tug started shore-ward. The lady was cared for by the captain, and Mr. Mood standing prominently on deck, took off his hat and politely bowed his adieus to the Confederate officers, who looked on with blank astonishment and envy as the steamer again put out to sea, taking them yet farther from their loved ones, from whom they had been so long separated.

As he passed up the Charleston Harbor, that July day, his mind could but revert to the man-

ner in which he had passed out of that harbor, just six months before. There he saw the symbol of the Conqueror fluttering from every battlement where he had left the Southern flag unfolded. Here and there a steamer moored at the wharves marked the first faint semblance of reviving trade. And when he reached the wharf, a few negroes idly basking in the sun was the only evidence of life he saw.

He was at once impressed by the bearing of the colored people towards him. He had had the pastoral care of thousands of them, and was always treated with the greatest possible deference and affection by them. This was especially the case with the officials and the older members of the churches he had served. This was all changed. Now they either avoided him, or else boldly turned their backs upon him when he attempted to address them. He soon learned the cause. They had gone in a body to the Northern Church. Out of a membership of nearly seven thousand only three remained as members of the Southern Branch of Methodism.

He made it his business, while delayed in the city, to call on several of the most intelligent and influential members among the colored people, visiting those who had never been slaves, who were persons of property, and some

of whom had been owners of slaves, that he might learn their real feelings towards the Southern Church.

They said: "Mr. Mood, we have nothing against our former church. We love her, and always will. Our movement is one of policy. If we remain in our former relations, as members of the Church South, we acquire neither influence nor church property. If we go to the Northern Church we get both." This, so far as it appears, was the great moving cause with the negroes of the South, inducing them to, almost unanimously, change their church relations, and to forsake their old friends with whom they had been, so long, associated, and who had made so many sacrifices for their good.

He hurried on to Columbia, riding for miles together where the wave of war had rolled, leaving everything behind it broken, barren and desolate. His conveyance was an open wagon drawn by mules. But he reached Columbia. There, amidst its ashes, he found his wife and babies, and they rejoiced together over their mutual deliverances. There he learned the tale of sorrow. How Columbia was burned. How the Vandals had mercilessly applied the torch, that drove his wife and children from their home out into the streets, where with hundreds of other panic-stricken refugees they wandered

all night; the mother with her baby boy in her arms, and her little three year old girl clinging to the skirts of her dress. At last, toward morning, she found a refuge in the yard of the Insane Asylum, and subsequently, a temporary home with a relative. But, thank God, this night of terror was past, and bad as it was, it might have been worse.

He at once moved his family to Charleston, to enter upon the discharge of the duties connected with his new and novel position. This seemed to promise him ample support. However, after serving the United States in this office for a few months, he was called on to take what was known as the "Iron Clad Oath" as a condition of his drawing his pay. Of course he could not take that oath, so he left the office immediately with about six hundred dollars due him.

Upon reaching Charleston with his family he found, as he expected, Rev. Mr. Lewis, of the New England Conference of the M. E. Church, in possession of Trinity Church parsonage, also claiming and holding Trinity, Bethel, and Spring Street Churches. He had turned the first two churches over to the colored members, who worshiped regularly in them. Bethel was reserved for the whites and Mr. Lewis officiated regularly here. Mr. Mood called upon him and

asked him to give up the house, but he refused, stating that he held it by the rights of war and under an order from Bishop Ames. He also cooly stated that he held the churches, with their furniture and libraries, for the Church North, under a military order signed by Secretary Stanton, and that he was secure in the claim. No appeal to right had any effect on him. With him might was right.

In the hasty manner in which Mr. Mood had left Charleston, his library, his private correspondence and many other items of property were left at the parsonage. Bishop Ames could have no trooped up claim on these things. He asked Mr. Lewis if he would allow him to remove them, but he doggedly refused. "Up to this time," said Mr. Mood, when afterwards alluding to the matter, "I thought I had been entirely reconciled to the events of the war. I had endeavored, calmly to meet the consequences resulting from our appeal to arms, but this struck a side of my affections that produced in me the most distressing results. It seemed to me that all the fierce passions of my nature rose in rebellion to reason and grace, and I confess to feelings of anger, contempt and hate, of which I have since been heartily ashamed, and for which I have implored God's forgiveness."

The Southern Church was sorely embarrassed.

She was literally turned out of doors, and her property seized by another Church that held it without the shadow of a righteous claim.

After the emphatic refusal of Mr. Lewis to relinquish the property, Mr. Mood determined to leave nothing undone in order to secure the rights of his church. None but those who had to work out these difficult problems, can have any conception of the troublesome obstacles that blocked the way at every step. The state was under military rule. The city was policed by the officers and soldiers of the victorious army, who flushed with victory felt that "to the victors belong the spoils." Public sentiment was paralized. The people were terrorized. They hardly hoped for justice from the military courts.

Mr. Mood determined to make application to President Johnson. But his individual application unless backed by recognized military authority would avail nothing. He determined to call on General Saxton, who was in command of this department and knowing the difficulties in the way of obtaining an interview, he carefully prepared all the papers necessary and took every needful precaution to secure an audience with the General and to insure the success of his cause. He called at his office. There was a large crowd in the ante-room awaiting an interview with the officer. He sent in his card, and

was immediately invited into the presence of the General who met him most cordially, remarking as he held out his hand, "I have never had the pleasure Mr. Mood, of meeting you, but I have formed your acquaintance through my wife, whom you accompanied on her trip from New York, and who is so grateful to you for your kind and gentlemanly attentions to her during the voyage. What can I do for you?"

Mr. Mood, at once, proceeded to explain his grievances, and presented the papers that had been prepared requesting his inspection. The General looked over them and inquired, "Shall I endorse them and forward them to the President?" "By all means," Mr. Mood replied, "and I will be very much obliged to you, sir." To this the General agreed, and Mr. Mood thanking him for his kindness, bowed himself out of his presence.

In comparatively a few days the papers were returned from Washington, properly endorsed, with orders for an immediate relinquishment of all the property. Mr. Mood immediately called on Mr. Lewis and showed him the papers. He was greatly surprised. His manner at once changed, and he asked how long before he must give possession? "I want possession immediately!" Mr. Mood replied, "and I will give you

until to-morrow to vacate the parsonage." Mr. Lewis asked the privilege of conducting one more service in Trinity Church. Mr. Mood granted the request with one condition, that he be present in the pulpit. Mr. Lewis objected. Mr. Mood said, "I require this as a condition." On the following Sabbath as Mr. Lewis walked into the pulpit Mr. Mood followed and sat behind him while the services were being conducted. During the services he took occasion to speak in a most excited and offensive manner of the Church South, to the immense concourse of colored people present, representing that the greatest injustice had been done them in requiring them to relinquish the building. His remarks were calculated to excite the worst feelings of those who heard him. Mr. Lewis, no sooner sat down than Mr. Mood arose, and in a few well chosen words, firmly and authoritatively spoken, required the congregation to leave the church at once. They did so. Thus the parsonage, Bethel and Trinity Churches returned into the posession of their rightful owners. But Mr. Lewis held Spring Street Church as with a death grip, and it was not until about two years afterwards that in a dilapidated condition, it was taken from his eager clutches.

It must ever remain a sad stain upon the records of Northern triumph, that they were

willing, after the surrender of the Southern armies to, so long, hold in the interests of a Northern Church, the holy shrines where worshiped southern people.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN LABORS ABUNDANT—THE CALL TO TEXAS.

Conference met in Charlotte, North Carolina, November 1st, 1865. Bishop Pierce, a third time in succession presided. F. A. Mood was appointed presiding Elder of the Charleston district. After getting home from Conference, he sat down, considered his surroundings and almost gave up in despair. The war was over, but it had left the country impoverished and exhausted. He was presiding elder of a district, but he could expect no income from that source. It seemed to him, that if he looked to the Church for his support, his family would starve. After deep, earnest, and prayerful consideration of this subject, he determined to seek for some secular employment that would bring him an income, sufficient to meet the wants of his family, and yet that would not interfere with the discharge of his ministerial duties. He began to look about for such employment, and by the aid of George W. Williams, of Charleston, and in partnership with Rev. U. S. Bird, he entered upon the publication of "*The Record*," a family weekly newspaper. The first number

of this journal was sent out on Saturday, December 16th, 1865. It, at once, took high literary rank among the journals of the South, and was well received by the public. It was a literary, family, and religious newspaper judiciously combined, eschewing party discussions relating either to questions of Church or State. Mr. Mood developed great fitness for the editorial chair; his articles were vigorous, aggressive, terse, and finished; most of them possessing a freshness that is perennial.

But this step was a venture, and a newspaper venture at this time could but be a failure. Financially it proved to be a source of much anxiety and distress to him. After a few months he abandoned it, and not without considerable losses, which harrassed his mind greatly; these, however, he was able eventually to adjust.

A short time after entering upon the newspaper enterprise, he was waited upon by the vestry of the Unitarian Church of Charleston and invited to preach regularly for them. He was surprised at this proposition, and said to the gentlemen, that he was a Methodist preacher, and could only preach Methodist doctrine. They said, in reply, that "they preferred Methodist doctrine from a South Carolinian, to Unitarian doctrine from a New Englander," there being

no Unitarian organization south of New England from which they could secure the services of a preacher.

He, at once, wrote to Bishop Pierce of the matter, stating the whole case. The Bishop advised him, by all means, to "serve them with the pure Gospel." Again we see him occupying a three-fold relationship—editor of a newspaper, Minister to a Unitarian Congregation, and presiding elder of a district.

He preached regularly at this Church for some months. When visiting the work of the district outside the city, he procured the aid of some of his brethren in the Ministry to fill the pulpit. Perhaps this is the only instance in the history of Methodism where a Unitarian Congregation afforded support to a Methodist presiding elder.

Some months after this, when a minister came over from England to take charge of this congregation, a similar request to that which had been made by the Unitarians, came to him from the Vestry of the Huguenot Church. This was a very old organization. It had an existence as early as 1686, and the site on which their Church building was erected had been the chosen spot where the worshipers of this faith had regularly assembled since 1701. The Church was abandoned in 1863, from danger of the shells. It had been greatly injured, having

been struck several times by the shot fired from the besiegers, but singular to say, none of the costly and delicate tablets, placed in the church as sacred memorials, sustained any injury. After the restoration of peace, this people desired to worship God in their own sanctuary; but they were without a pastor. Mr. Mood had endeared himself to many hearts by his untiring ministrations when the city was besieged, and a pestilence was raging in their midst. Then it was, that doctrinal lines were not considered, and the Man of God was never questioned as to his church relationship, and remembering these things they now came to Mr. Mood and requested him to take them under his ministerial care. He was, therefore, duly installed as *temporary* pastor, and the "re-opening services" of this church, on June 17, 1866, was an occasion of great interest.

He preached for the congregation of this ancient Church until late in the ensuing year. They were greatly pleased with his ministrations and begged him to assume regular and permanent charge. He referred them to Bishop Pierce, who replied, that he could not so appoint him, but that he was willing to appoint him for a regular Methodist term, beyond that he could not go.

As they were accustomed to a fixed pastorate,

they began to look about for one who could so serve them. Meantime, however, while he served them, he received from them a comfortable support, which enabled him to serve the portions of his district which demanded the labors of a presiding elder.

On December 23, 1866, the Conference met at Marion under the presidency of Bishop Wightman. After returning from Conference Mr. Mood was induced to take the position as Vice Principal in the State Normal School, which he held during the first half of the year 1867.

During this summer, Bishop McTyeire was on a visit to Texas. Soule University, at Chapel Hill, in that state, had re-opened and was endeavoring to rise from the disasters of the war. The trustees were anxious to organize and begin a Normal School Department in connection with the University. Upon conferring with the Bishop on the choice of a principal, he, remembering Mr. Mood's connection with a similar school in South Carolina, and knowing his signal abilities, recommended him as the man for the position. The Bishop immediately wrote to Mr. Mood and urged him to accept the position.

About the same time, Mr. Mood received a letter from Bishop Paine, asking him to consent to be transferred either to New Orleans, Vicksburgh or Nashville, as the church was in special

need at those points. The Bishop stated that at the annual meeting of the Bishops in May of that year, they had selected him as a transfer for the West. This, doubtless, was very gratifying to him to find himself in such demand, and to have some of the best appointments of the church profered him, but he declined the Normal professorship, as well as the transfer.

Conference of 1867 met at Morganton, North Carolina. Bishop Doggett presided. Nothing hitherto, had exhibited so much the sufferings and privations of the war, and the subsequent repressive measures of the United States Government as this Conference. The people everywhere had been corrupted or demoralized by the war. Religion was at a low ebb, and preachers of the Gospel poorly paid; many of them on that account being unable to get to Conference; and those who were in attendance were generally poorly clad and despondent in feeling. At the previous Conference Mr. Mood had been appointed to preach the annual sermon at this session. He prepared his discourse carefully and prayerfully, endeavoring to suit it to the needs of his hearers. The occasion was blessed of the Lord. The preachers seemed greatly encouraged by the discourse, and on the next day honored him with the request of a copy for publication.

The text was taken from II Corinthians, ch. V, ver. 14.—"The Love of Christ constraineth us." After an exposition of the text, he closed the sermon by alluding to the many sufferings and trials through which St. Paul was called to pass, and applied the apostle's encouraging words to the immediate circumstances of his hearers.

Towards the close of the Conference, at one session of the Bishop's Council, the Bishop asked Mr. Mood to retire for a while; upon his being recalled he was informed that the presiding elders had unanimously recommended him to the pastorate of Trinity Church. Mr. Mood represented to the Bishop the difficulties he thought to be in the way of this appointment, but it stood confirmed and was announced. This was a great, a very great trial for Mr. Mood. He had been for years preaching in the city. The people were familiar with him and his manner of preaching. He saw that there was a great work to be done if he were only equal to the occasion, but authority had decreed that he should go, and he determined to obey.

During the year 1867, he had felt very unhappy over the previous secularization of his time which the contingencies of the war had made necessary; but he felt that now the country was recovering from the effects of the war,

and that the people would support the Gospel. He, therefore, resolved, that from this time forward he would let go everything but the work of the regular ministry.

He entered upon his labors as pastor of Trinity Church, meeting with some annoyances that gave him anxiety and distress; yet he went forward in God's name and endeavored to do his duty.

His ministry was well received and largely attended. In the summer, a gracious work developed, resulting in the conversion of about a score of souls with numerous accessions, and a great quickening of the spirituality of the Church.

In the winter of 1868, and about the time that he had entered regularly upon his pastorate, he received a letter from the Board of Trustees, of Soule University, offering him the Presidency of that institution. He had, however, just entered upon his year's work, and had no thought of leaving the South Carolina Conference, where he had such warm and endearing associations, —and which had so frequently recognized his talents, by placing him in positions of honor; so he declined the position.

In the fall of this year the trustees renewed their call, accompanying it with a letter from Bishop McTyiere urging him to accept the posi-

tion. This was followed by a letter from Bishop Andrew, who also advised him to respond favorably to the call, "If South Carolina could spare him, which he doubted."

All of this put the matter in a new light. The advice to accept coming from such high sources that he could no longer treat the question with indifference. He says: "After much correspondence, consultation with friends, anxious thought and earnest prayer, I determined to respond favorably to a call that seemed to come through the Church from Him, 'whose I am and whom I serve.'"

The announcement of his intention to go to Texas, showed how numerous were his friends, and the strong hold he had upon their affections. These were numbered in the city and country, among laymen and brethren with whom he had served in the ministry for eighteen years; and from them, in all parts of the state he received letters and messages either urging him to remain or regretting his loss to them, should duty call him away.

On Sunday morning, November 8th, 1868, he preached the closing sermon of his pastorate in South Carolina. It had been announced in the city papers that this would be his last discourse and a very large congregation filled the spacious house;—for not only his friends in the Methodist

ranks, were there, but he saw present, many of the members of the Unitarian and Huguenot congregations whom he had served. His text was, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. VI, ver. 14. The Lord helped him, he spoke with great power and the congregation was deeply moved.

On the following Thursday morning, he, with his wife and three children,—for his second daughter Maggie had been born some months before—bade a last farewell to relatives and friends, went aboard the cars and were off to a distant state where he was to enter upon a new and untried field of labor.

* CHAPTER XIX.

RUTERVILLE, WESLEYAN, M'KENZIE, SOULE.

Rev. Martin L. Ruter, D.D., was the first man to take active steps towards the founding of a religious institution for higher education in Texas. He has been called the Apostle of Methodism to Texas. In science and philosophy he was profound; an accomplished linguist, he read the Scriptures in nine different languages. He was an author of note. He had held many positions of trust and eminence in the gift of the Church, and he had been the president of two colleges. He felt called to this new republic, and he offered himself in all the ripeness of his manhood and crowned with many successes, for Texas work. On July 25, 1837, he was appointed Superintendent of the first Methodist Mission to the then Republic.

He crossed the Sabine on the 23d of the following November, and that night met Rev. Robert Alexander, who had preceded him only a few months to their appointed field of labor. In one of his letters, written soon after entering

* A small pamphlet written by Dr. Mood in 1882, styled, "A narrative of the facts relating to the founding of Southwestern University" has been freely used in the preparation of this and the following chapters.

upon this work, he says: "My labors in Texas will be directed to forming societies and circuits, establishing schools, and making arrangements for a college or university."

He went so far, in pursuance of this last idea, as to solicit donations of land for this enterprise, and he drew up several articles of a charter to be laid before the next Congress for their approval—calling the projected institution Bastrop University, intending to locate it in the town of Bastrop.

He entered upon his new work with an enthusiasm and zeal too great for his physical powers; for before he had labored six months the imprudent exposures to a strange climate had their effects; he was attacked by fever, and died at Washington, Texas, May 16, 1838.

He left the educational idea deeply impressed on many minds; and immediately after his death a company was organized, the Ruterville league of land purchased, and a school started.

In less than two years from the opening of this school Ruterville College was chartered by the Congress of Texas and endowed with four leagues of land. The charter was signed January 25, 1840, eleven months to a day before the first Conference assembled, showing that the educational movement in some sense antedated the Conference organization. Ruterville College

had been founded by the united efforts of the first Methodists in Texas, and it was a fitting monument to the great and good man whose name it bore, as it was intended to be the realization of his best conception in his new field of labor. Rev. Chauncy Richardson, a gentleman who had already made a reputation as a scholar, an educator and a preacher, was called to the presidency of this institution.

This college, thus early organized, equipped, and manned, had every prospect of permanency and success. Its land grants were added to by the liberality of private individuals. It opened prosperously and for some years lived in a flourishing condition, doubtless accomplishing great good.

It is evident from the terms of the charter of Ruterville College that either very few had anything like an adequate conception of what a college should be, or else the Members of Congress determined, that so far as they were able, to control, no sectarian institution of learning should have even a tolerable existence within the domain of the new republic. It is probable that the latter was not the case, for the charter was granted and was exceedingly liberal in many respects, still it contained this *proviso* that, "The amount of property owned by said Corporation shall not at any time exceed twenty-five

thousand dollars," and the corporate life was limited to "ten years." The college failed, not of necessity, it would seem to one carefully weighing its many advantages against its disadvantages, but because those in the lead of the enterprise yielded too readily to the discouragements, difficulties and disappointments that unavoidably arise in every such undertaking. The church was not held as a unit to this one institution, but instead of centralizing its efforts to the support and improvement of Ruterville College, making it worthy of its name and an honor to Methodism, we find that it had been in operation but four years, in fact, it could scarcely have gotten well to work, but was yet struggling with the difficulties incident to a new enterprise, when it was proposed to build, equip, launch and man another college. Thus the interest of the church was divided, and it seems from the final disposition of the property that local influences became more powerful than connectional control; for on the 6th of August, 1856, Ruterville College, with all of its property, was consolidated by the Legislature of Texas with the "Texas Monumental Association." This was done contrary to the express provision of the original charter, "That the lands donated by the State should be applied to education, and to no other purpose whatever."

Wesleyan College located at San Augustine was the second venture of Texas Methodism, its charter being granted by the Congress of Texas on January 16, 1844. This institution was established on a broader scale than was Ruterville, in its organization. It had the advantage of more enlarged views, and the terms of its charter were far more liberal, than those granted that institution. Rev. Lester Jones was appointed President of the College and Rev. N. W. Burks principal of the preparatory school. To this new educational enterprise a number of young people flocked, and everything seemed to indicate permanency and success. For five years this institution was under the direct patronage and supervision of the East Texas Conference. But it gradually succumbed to difficulties and discouragements, and finally Ichabod was stamped upon the enterprise.

About the time that these public and more pretentious institutions were being projected and organized, an unassuming Methodist preacher, yet in the prime of life, but whose health had failed under his arduous ministerial labors, sought rest in an humble home four miles west of Clarksville in Red River County. Convenient to his home was a log cabin and here he opened a little school with sixteen urchins in attendance. This modest movement by Rev. J. W. P. Mc-

Kenzie, in the fall of 1841, at first scarcely attracting the attention of the neighborhood, began from its incipiency a slow and healthy growth. Its projector had no lofty aim or extensive plan. He was intent upon honoring God in the conduct of his school, and bringing all who were placed in his charge under distinctive religious influences. By this course the school made not only reputation, but character. It grew so surely and rapidly that "a dozen years had scarce elapsed when the eye of the state and adjacent states and territory was directed thitherward for educational purposes. The log cabin had given place to four large buildings, with a capacity for three hundred boarding students. Itinerant Retreat, as the school was first called, had become McKenzie College, with professors and tutors, library and laboratory. For thirty years this institution prospered, until more than three thousand students had worshiped at her altars and sipped at her fountains of learning. The founder has gone to his reward, the property has reverted to the family, and the fruits of his labors are seen in church and state."

After the annexation the increase in population, and progress in material prosperity, was marked and rapid. The church made corresponding progress, for the early band of missionaries had been added to, until there were

two annual conferences within the bounds of the state. In the lower counties, where flourished the sugar cane and cotton, were many wealthy Methodists who were anxiously looking about for the best educational advantages. McKenzie College was the only Methodist institution in Texas where a collegiate education could be obtained, but it was so far removed from these centers of wealth and population, that with the inconveniences of travel in that day it was practically inaccessible to many. The demand for an institution of high grade, projected and controlled by the church, seemed in the minds of many to have been increased by the failures of the first attempts. This thought, after due deliberation was acted upon, and in 1855, a convention of delegates from the boundaries of the Texas Conference assembled in Chappell Hill to consider the question, and by its action Soule University, an entirely new enterprise, was inaugurated, and shortly afterwards began its operations under more promising circumstances than either of its ill-fated predecessors.

This institution, located at Chappell Hill, was sustained by some of the most enterprising and wealthy citizens of the state. Its building was substantial and commodious. Two chairs of instruction had been handsomely endowed; nothing of a material character was wanting to

secure success, and the projectors of the enterprise seemed anxious to meet all conditions of success. The halls were thrown open for students in 1856, and up to that time, no educational enterprise of the Church South had been projected under more favorable auspices. But in less than four years from the day of its opening the workings of this institution were interrupted by the opening of the civil war. The young men of the South were among the first to volunteer for the service, and the President of Soule University, G. W. Carter, D.D., having secured the position of colonel in the army, took his students to the field, leaving the halls of learning silent and deserted. This building, like nearly all similar buildings throughout the South, was converted into a military hospital, and at the close of the war it was defaced and dilapidated—without furniture, apparatus, endowment, library, faculty or students.

In 1865 its halls were reopened for instruction. The institution seemed to be in a fair way to regain its former prosperity when in the fall of 1866 yellow fever made its appearance at the coast and began spreading to the interior. Chappell Hill was reached and was swept by the scourge; professors and students were stricken down or else fled from the town and the halls of Soule University were again silent.

But the trustees were stout-hearted, and they determined to again renew the effort, so we see them in 1868 offering the presidency of the University to Rev. F. A. Mood, and the position, though at first declined, afterwards was accepted by him.

CHAPTER XX.

PRESIDENT SOULE UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Mood reached Chappell Hill November 17th, 1869, and was kindly received at the depot by Rev. R. W. Kennon, President of the Board of Trustees of Soule University, and Mr. M. Northington, Treasurer, to whose house he was taken. On the day following, the Board of Trustees, with Rev. R. W. Kennon, as President, met in full force and by resolution extended to him a hearty welcome; by further action they placed the whole matter in his hands, and then—they dispersed.

Rev. W. G. Connor, D.D., who had preceded him to Texas, and who had charge of the Female College in the town, took Mr. Mood and family to his own home, and kindly entertained them, in this introduction to his new work, until he could suit himself in a house and make all necessary arrangements for moving into it.

That night a heavy rain fell. The next morning, in sallying forth to examine the surroundings of the work which the trustees seemed so ready to "place entirely in his hands," he met

his first discouragement in Texas mud. Struggling on through this difficulty he reached the university building. It was of rock, large and rather unsightly. Entering, here was an occasion for dismay: the rain had poured through the leaky roof, and the water was dripping from dome to basement, the entire house being dark and musty. He now began to realize how much the trustees had placed in his hands.

The general condition of the town he found to be about as deplorable as the university building. Yellow fever had swept away entire families, and many others had sought more healthy locations, in the middle and upper portions of the state.

Chappel Hill, just at this time, was greatly depleted. As an illustration of the state of affairs he had six houses placed at his disposal, rent free.

He began to look into the history of the educational movements of the Church in Texas and he discovered that every past effort had been marked by failure—even when begun under the most flattering prospects of success. In his correspondence with the Trustees and Bishops, it seemed to be assumed that Soule University had been projected and recognized as the central institution of Methodism for the state. This assumption was supported neither by the

facts of its establishment nor by the general sentiments of the Church. The Texas Conference was the only one that was in any way committed to its support, and the prejudices against its location, from the visitations of yellow fever, rendered the prospects of anything like a liberal patronage from the state at large exceedingly gloomy.

As soon as Mr. Mood could make all necessary arrangements for settling himself in his new home, he was compelled to hurry down to Brenham, to be present at the meeting of the Texas Conference, of which he was now to be a member, and which convened November 25, 1868. Bishop Doggett, who presided the year before at the South Carolina Conference, presided on this occasion. He knew Mr. Mood's status at his old home, and he introduced him to the Texans, being careful to state that it was from no discount in South Carolina that he had been sent to Texas.

He found the Conference a noble band of "Western Cavaliers," where towering still above his fellows was that Nestor of Texas Methodism, the venerable Robert Alexander, who along with Thrall and Whipple and DeVilbiss, and others of their veteran compeers, were among the few who remained of the heroic band that first came to reclaim this vast common,

wealth, by preaching Jesus and the resurrection. They came with the early settlers, and continued their ministrations through the changing fortunes of their chosen field, under the Lone Star Republic; under annexation to the United States; under the stars and bars of the Confederacy, and again under the Union.

Through all the political disturbances, these intelligent, hardy, self-sacrificing men of God, had been "instant in season and out of season" "In all things approving themselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, * * * * in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. * * * * As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." They were "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might"—they were yet wrestling, against sin, and "spiritual wickedness in high places," for they had not grown weary in the service. Theirs was now a blessed lot; they had planted the Gospel and the Lord had "established the work of their hands," and they were yet witnessing abundant harvests of

redeemed souls as the fruit of their labors.

The Conference listened patiently and kindly to all that President Mood had to propose, and they adopted unanimously the plans submitted for the revival of their dead University. Though the action was unanimous, he knew enough of such bodies to keep in mind, that resolutions at Conference and active efforts through the year were two totally different things. Indeed he found out afterwards that his new-born zeal for the University was a source of great merriment to several of the body, at the close of that day's session, so hopeless to them was the outlook.

Bishop Doggett, after carefully looking into the enterprise, and seeing the great work to be accomplished, said privately to Mr. Mood, "That in undertaking to resuscitate a dead institution, he was assuming a more difficult task, than if he were attempting to found a new one." But discouragements did not stop here, for meeting a majority of the Trustees at Conference, he submitted to them the estimate of the tinner, for repairing the roof. This amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. They returned it to him, telling him that they did not have a dollar in the treasury, and that he might as well ask for thousands as hundreds.

When the report of the Committee on educa-

tion, came up, a mysterious conversation ensued on the floor of the Conference which developed to his horror striken mind, the appalling fact that a debt aggregating $17,000.00 was hanging over the old, dilapidated, defaced and leaky establishment. This was a severe blow to his spirits, for he had received the idea that the only redeeming feature of the University was its entire immunity from debt.

He returned to Chappell Hill, in a very despondent frame of mind, as may be imagined. Soon after reaching home, he met Capt. Thomas Smith, formerly from Wadesboro, North Carolina, and whom he had known there in years gone by. He found in the captain a warm and sympathizing friend, and a providential help in this dark hour of distress. The captain divined the true state of Mr. Mood's mind and intimated that he had a desperate enterprise in hand, but told Mr. Mood to call upon him without reserve, and that he would give him aid to the extent of his ability. Accordingly at his request Captain Smith secured for him a tinners furnace and about twenty pounds of solder. Meantime, one of the faculty, Prof. B. E. Chrietzberg, then but lately from Wofford College, South Carolina, arrived. So we see the Rev. President and dignified professor sprawling over the roof, with furnace and soldering irons hunting for holes,

stopping the leaks, and soldering the parted seams. They did a good job, for when it was completed, they found the roof to be rain-proof, and for years afterwards it did not require a dollar's outlay for repairs.

In accordance with advertisements, and circulars sent out, the institution would be opened for students on Monday, January 2d, 1869. This new regime would be inaugurated by an address from the President elect, to the officers of the institution, the students and the citizens. He afterwards described the opening as follows:

"We went over to the University building at the appointed hour,—for the entire staff of instructors were living in the same house; and then what? We found some four trustees, about ten citizens and some twenty-six little urchins! Here was the enthusiasm of a new opening! Here were the students we were to send forth to represent the "Great Central Methodist University of Texas." I gravely delivered my address from manuscript, in the great open, cold chapel, to this overwhelming audience,—overwhelming in its diminutiveness in every sense. But why be down-hearted? Had we not a big building? A tight roof? and twenty-six little boys to begin with? We arranged our classes, I secured a good sleek strap, which we found

out on the first day, that we would need.—and started to conduct a *University.*"

The faculty were given to understand that they must look to tuition fees alone, for their salaries, and they had agreed to share in the failure or success, the growth or decline, of the University. The money that had been sent by the trustees to Mr. Mood, for his transportation to Texas in response to their call, turned out to be an advance loan to be taken out of the tuition. This amount, when deducted out of the meagre income, made it very close living for him to keep out of debt. He soon fell into routine work, the first term was, in many respects, irregular, and it closed without public demonstration in the following June. As soon as vacation came, Mr. Mood, with borrowed buggy and mules, set out to make the acquaintance of Texas, and stir up patronage.

His pen was not idle during these months, though much of his time was occupied by his professional duties. He ably discussed the leading topics of the times, and at intervals he gave his impressions of Texas, writing of the variable population, the social peculiarities, the prairies, the mud, and the climate. He thus discourses of the norther:

"The unique feature of Texas climatology is its famed "northers." My wife had never heard

of Texas northers, and I shall not soon forget her look of excitement a few days after reaching Chappell Hill, when our kind hostess remarked with some emphasis: "I believe a norther is coming." "A what?" exclaimed the newly arrived, privately confessing to me afterwards, that she feared something frightful was about to occur. That afternoon a stiff norther set in, and I found my little boy peering through the north door with the brave trepidation of a child, his eyes watery from the keen, cold wind. "What are you looking at my son?" "I am looking for the norther." He was not a little perplexed when we told him that the norther had already come, and had gotten in his eyes.

"What sights and sounds accompanied it. With a whoop and a roar its stenatorian voice was heard shouting at the chimney-top. In piping tones it screamed and shrieked at every door-crack. In gruff, hoarse, baritone it called from the house-top. It lisped, and whistled and muttered, and jabbered at every key-hole. It growled, and snored, and croaked at every crevice. It wheezed and whiffled, sneezed and snuffed at every broken window pane. It rolled and rumbled around the house-corners. It rattled and shook, hammered and rustled at every window-sash. It snapped, and clashed and banged and clapped, and crashed at every unfastened

door and window. It rushed along, abruptly knocking off our hats, mischievously tumbling down rickety fences, ruthlessly upsetting hen-coops, irreverently uncovering bald-heads, and ungallantly twirling the ladies in their walks. The cattle panic-stricken at its paroxysms of rage fled lowing to the timber; the sheep told the story of their rough treatment at its hands in plaintive bleatings; the fowls hasted for shelter from its rude grasp, and the calves and ponies meekly bowed their heads at its approach and stood shivering under the lee of houses and fences.

"In long drawn sighs it warned us of its coming, in gusty blasts it shouted its arrival; in tempestuous squalls it screamed its continuance; in strong opera and hysteric laughter it told its departure.

"Never have I seen greater activity throughout all nature than the day old Boreas paid us his first visit in Texas."

CHAPTER XXI.

A CENTRAL INSTITUTION.

At the opening of the session in September 1869, the enrollment of pupils was increased, and some ten or twelve students of collegiate grade were matriculated.

Shortly after the session opened yellow fever made its appearance in Galveston and extended to Houston. This was an imminent danger to the further prosperity of the institution, in the face of what had occurred at Chappell Hill only two years before. The minds of the students were awakened to this danger and their fears would not be allayed. A few days after the alarming reports reached them, the stationed preacher at Brenham came through Chappell Hill in his hack, and reported that yellow fever had broken out in Hempstead—seven miles off—that he was flying from the pestilence, and he advised the Faculty and students to do likewise. This added to the excitement until it amounted almost to a panic among the students and citizens. All of Mr. Mood's efforts to allay the alarm of the students proved futile. He was thrown almost into despair, for just as he

began to hope for the upbuilding of the University this climacteric disaster came. The day was spent in great anxiety, the night in sleepless vigilance, thinking, praying, almost desponding. His hope and labor appeared in vain. The epidemic was likely to return with every year, and with its appearance the work of instruction must be suspended, for the students would disband. No institution that claimed to be a University, asking for the collecting of the youth from all parts of the state could succeed in the face of these dreadful interruptions. What was to be done? These clouds were hanging low over his mind, when suddenly there flashed upon him a perfectly clear, and what seemed to be feasible plan for the establishment of the Institution of Learning, needed for Methodism in Texas. This conception grew upon him. He at once began to act upon this thought, for such was his nature. The Board of Trustees were immediately called together, and a paper, addressed to the several Annual Conferences of the state proposing a convention for the consideration of the matter, was submitted to them for their consideration and adoption.

It was a memorable night—October 4, 1869—a larger number than usual were present. They met in President Mood's recitation-room, and

after devotional exercises, the President read his paper with preamble and propositions. It was a serious moment, big with an important enterprise. The President urged its adoption with all the earnestness and eloquence of clear convictions. The discussion was long, but after protracted consideration, with but one dissenting voice, the paper was put on record as the sentiment of the Board.

The report that yellow fever was at Hempstead was contradicted, and the panic subsided. There was never another day, than the one on which action was taken, that he could have succeeded with the Board as he did. This action sealed the doom of Soule University as the central institution of Texas Methodism, but it was the first step towards laying the foundation of its representative in more desirable and promising form elsewhere.

Bearing this document, he hastened over to a camp-meeting near Bryan, to see Dr. Robert Alexander, the leading spirit in his Conference, in order to enlist his sympathies and co-operation. A private interview was secured and the plans laid before him. The old hero scouted the movement as visionary, and without qualification emphatically declared it "an impossibility to unite the five Texas Conferences on anything." But his convictions were so overmastering that

Dr. Alexander's opinion failed to impress him to any great extent. He felt that there were two facts in favor of this effort. First, not a Methodist institution for the higher education of male youth, excepting the one of which he was president, was in existence in the state, even McKenzie College had about succumbed to the misfortunes of the war, and the advanced age and consequent infirmities of its honored founder. Secondly, there was not a man—minister or layman—who appeared disposed to hazard health, fame, and fortune in another attempt to establish one. There was a demand for such an institution, and there was a grand monopoly of sacrifice and toil open to the man who wished to possess it.

Soon after his interview with Dr. Alexander, he started for Henderson, the seat of the East Texas Conference, which was to meet October 20, being the first of the Texas Conferences to convene that year. He had written to Bishop Wightman, detailing his plans, and invoking the Bishop's aid in presenting the matter to the several Conferences, as he was to preside. The Bishop wrote him discouragingly, expressing the opinion that he had overmatched his strength in attempting to secure the union of five *Western* Conferences on such an important measure. But it was right along here that Dr.

Alexander and Bishop Wightman were at fault, for as President Mood afterwards said: "I had not started to measure *my* strength on this or any other subject, but to measure the strength of simple truth plainly presented, and accompanied, as I hoped it would be, in answer to my prayers, by the illuminations and convictions of His blessed Spirit."

Henderson was reached by stage, and though much fatigued, he at once secured a reading of the propositions and their reference to the Committee on education. Meeting the committee in the afternoon he was greeted with the disagreeable statement that they "would not touch it;" to which he replied confidentially, "Oh yes you will," and proceeded at once to elaborate the plan and urge the matter. The committee first became convinced, and then enthusiastic. They reported favorably on the measure; the enthusiasm became infectious and it was heartily and unanimously adopted by the Conference. This fired the heart of the good Bishop, who followed the vote by one of his terse, eloquent and earnest appeals for zeal and unity in the movement.

The Trinity (North Texas) Conference which met at Paris, November 3d, passed through very much the same process;—at first, doubtful of the feasibility of the enterprise, they were reluctant to entertain the measure and then heartily

acquiescing, to be greeted by another earnest speech from the Bishop.

At Weatherford, where the North-west Texas Conference convened November 17th, the example of the other Conferences had had its effect, and when the report came favorably from the Committee, the Bishop led in an earnest speech, and amid much enthusiasm the propositions were adopted. Next the West Texas at Goliad, on December 8th, and finally the Texas, at LaGrange, on December 22d, in turn, adopted the propositions.

The preamble and propositions, show how thoroughly he studied the question, and how carefully he had weighed every point. After being amended by the Conferences in a few unimportant particulars they were as follows:

Whereas, It is of vital importance to Southern Methodism, as well as the general interests of religion and education in Texas, that there be an institution of learning, that will, by its endowments, cheapen higher education and by its other advantages secure general confidence and patronage; and

Whereas, Under existing circumstances, from its heavy cost, many of the most worthy young men of the state are denied the desired advantages of education; and

Whereas, In the absence of an institution of

this character large numbers of the young men of the Church are being yearly sent out of the State to secular and sectarian institutions, entailing great loss to the membership and influence of our Church, besides withdrawing from the limits of the State large amounts of money that should be expended in building up education at home; and

Whereas, The magnitude of the work of establishing such an institution involves a demand for patronage and an expenditure for liberal endowment much greater than can be met by any single Conference; and

Whereas, Soule University, though originally projected to meet this great want, has up to this date, through the calamities of war, and other untoward events, only partially secured this end; and

Whereas, The field being comparatively unoccupied invites to prompt, unselfish, zealous and liberal effort to meet this great demand that is now upon the Church; and

Whereas, A union of effort of the thirty thousand Methodists in Texas ought to secure, without possibility of failure, the establishment of an institution of the highest grade with ample endowment and the most liberal facilities for widespread usefulness; therefore

Resolved, By this Board, humbly invoking

the guidance and approval of Almighty God, and with a single eye to His glory, that the several annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Texas, be invited at their ensuing sessions to concur in the following

PROPOSITIONS.

1. That an Educational Convention of the several Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Texas, shall be called to meet at Galveston, April 20th, 1870, consisting of the delegates elect, lay and clerical, to our ensuing general Conference.

2. That to this convention, thus constituted, be committed the duty of arranging for organization, location and endowment of a University for the South-west, to be under the patronage and control of the Conferences of the State, and such other Conferences as may hereafter desire to co-operate with them.

3. That the different male institutions organized or projected under the auspices of our Church throughout the State be invited to send deputations to the Convention, to present their several claims for its consideration.

4. That the delegates from each Conference proceed immediately upon their appointment, to invite proposals for the most eligible site within their bounds.

5. That the several Conferences concurring, if deemed practical, the Bishop appoint an agent, who shall proceed forthwith to assist in raising endowment.

6. The convention, as far as practical, arrange for a homogeneous system of advanced schools preparatory to the University.

7. That each Conference concurring pledge its adherence to the action of the Convention, and its hearty support of its decisions without reference to personal or local preferences.

8. That in the votes of the Convention upon location, the delegates vote by Conference, a majority being required to decide the question.

In the adoption of these propositions the first great decisive step was successfully taken. The Providence of God to him, as he made the round of the Conferences, had been very wonderful.

He started to Henderson with limited means, but as he passed along, under the interest awakened in his enterprise, and sympathy enlisted in his cause, without it so much as ever having entered his mind to ask for it, brethren voluntarily gathered sums of money and handed it to him to assist in defraying his traveling expenses so that he was enabled to return home without incurring any debts.

At the Texas Conference, when the appointments were read, he was announced as Presi-

dent of Soule University and as pastor of the Church at Brenham—a town ten miles from Chappell Hill.

With a heart full of gratitude to God for His providences, he returned to his presidency and pastorate and to await the meeting of the Convention appointed for the following April.

The appointment to the Church at Brenham brought him relief in the matter of his support, but greatly increased his labors.

It required study to be prepared to discharge his professional duties in a satisfactory manner, and two or three sermons a week to be preached to an intelligent congregation demanded additional application.

He secured a little black pony upon which he rode to the University on Friday, and as soon as the exercises of the day were ended he would start for Brenham, arriving there about dark. He went at once to the Church where he conducted the weekly prayer meeting. Saturday was devoted to pastoral visiting. He attended the Sabbath School at nine o'clock the next morning—preached at eleven, and again at night. After preaching he generally rode back to Chappell Hill that night so as to be ready for duty the next morning. Once a month, on Sunday afternoon, he preached a sermon to the children—they were always a precious charge

to him. Besides these duties he not unfrequently assisted the preacher in his duties at Chappell Hill. In a letter written at this time he says: "My labors are still very severe, but I believe I never was heartier in my life. I believe that I have always been healthy when I was so situated as to observe regular habits of life. We rise at five. I get over to the University by half past eight, return about half past twelve. I go back at two, am engaged until half past four, and then I am employed at home."

On March 28, 1870, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on President Mood, by his Alma Mater, Charleston College.

The proposed Convention assembled pursuant to appointment in Ryland Chapel, Galveston. There were present both lay and clerical delegates from each of the five Texas Conferences. It was of necessity, under the first proposition, a representative body.

Rev. R. Alexander, D.D., was chosen President, and Rev. F. A. Mood, D.D., Secretary. Dr. Mood was without doubt the guiding spirit of the Convention, directing the deliberations and shaping the action of the body. He found himself in the minority on more than one question, but he succeeded eventually in showing himself to be in the right, and thereby in carrying his every point.

The question of the location of the institution first engaged the attention of the Convention. Dr. Mood succeeded in having this question postponed for future action and the great wisdom in this delay soon became apparent. Southwestern University, the first name proposed for the institution, offered by Dr. Mood, was lost. Then Soule was proposed and also lost. Finally Texas was proposed, and this name was adopted, the Committee on Charter being instructed to call the institution "The Texas University." The Convention then declared the union of all the Conferences in the movement, and a liberal endowment to be indispensable for the establishment of the institution.

Thus the second great step was successfully taken. Dr. Mood felt no exultation here, for this action was a forgone conclusion before the Convention met.

Upon adjournment, Dr. Alexander, who from the president's chair had noted the harmonious action which made the institution now in name a verity—took Dr. Mood back of the Church, and embracing him, said, with eyes swimming in tears: "I never expected to live to see this day."

Conference met at Chappell Hill. Bishop Marvin presided. Dr. Mood was reappointed as the pastor at Brenham, as well as President

of Soule University. The Convention was called together at Waxahachie in the following April. It was presided over by Bishop Marvin, who had remained in Texas. His presidency and wise counsel proved a benediction to the movement.

Dr. Mood felt his personal connection with this Convention to be one of the most trying and responsible occasions of his life.

The effort to locate the proposed institution at places where it would be embarrassed by debt, or threatened by disease, with the vague comprehension of the proposed movement by the Church at large, compelled him to oppose location with all the power of persuasion that he possessed. Waxahachie was laboring to secure the location, the college there was named for the president of the Convention, and a majority of the Convention favored immediate location at that point. Dr. Mood's judgment was against immediate location at any point, and he followed its dictates, but it was only by insisting upon the enforcement of the eighth restrictive rule that the catastrophe of premature location was prevented. When the vote was taken it was found that a majority of the delegates were in favor of immediate location at Waxahachie; but Dr. Mood made a call for the vote "by Conference" and defeated Waxahachie.

Great indignation was felt in the town on account of his course. While he regretted this, it did not otherwise affect him, for he had acted upon his convictions. This feeling extended to some of the members of the body. Conferring with one of the leading spirits, he was frankly told that his motives in the matter were suspected. It was believed that he hoped by preventing location he would tire out the Convention, and eventually locate the University at Chappell Hill, where it was supposed he desired to go. Therefore at the next day's session he proposed that they agree upon limits within which the University might be safely located, and he proposed such boundaries that not only Chappell Hill, but the entire territory of the Texas Conference was excluded. Dr. Mood by this means allayed the suspicions of the members, and all again worked in harmony. The Convention, after accomplishing some important ends, adjourned to meet at Corsicana in the following November.

This year sped rapidly, under the pressure of much work. He collected money enough to build a good parsonage at Brenham, and closed the second year of his pastorate, warmly attached to that people, all of whom seemed to reciprocate the feeling.

A matter occurred this year which showed

how little his motives and labors in connection with the University movement were understood even by the intelligent and influential laymen. A prominent member of his charge invited Dr. Mood one day to his private office, where it was explained to him that certain parties had, at different times, purchased the liens and other debts, upon Soule University building—the face value of which aggregated $17,000. They proposed to foreclose on the property and conduct it as a private institution. This gentleman then proposed to Dr. Mood, in behalf of the parties, that if he would consent to conduct the institution at Chappell Hill in the interest of private parties for a definite term of years, that they would deed to him one-half of the University and grounds—they retaining the other half. He at once indignantly rejected the proposal, and proceeded to show the injustice to himself that was threatened by such a proposition, as well as the injustice threatened to the Church. He was dealing with intelligent Christian men, who after arguing the case with him for some time, at last yielded to the convictions of simple truth, and agreed not to push their claims. Subsequently they were induced to present their claims canceled, so that just before the final resignation Dr. Mood was able to show this property relieved of all liability. By this act

he saved Soule University to the Church, and prolonged the usefullness of its career under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

In the meanwhile the attendance of students upon Soule University was largely increased. This year there were a number of Collegiate grade, two of whom entered the Sophomore Class. They were advanced to the rank of Junior in 1871, to Senior in 1872, and graduated in 1873.

The Convention reassembled at Corsicana, November 1, 1871, under the presidency of Bishop Marvin. The wisdom of the delay in the matter of location was now very apparent. Some ten places appeared, through representatives or memorials, each presenting its peculiar claims for the coveted prize, and the values now offered as subsidies to secure location were far in advance of anything that two years before was thought at all possible to be secured. Dr. Mood had used every opportunity to keep the matter constantly before the Conferences and the Church at large, and the increased attendance upon the meetings; the ardor and earnestness, and in some instances, warm partisan feelings expressed in the debates, clearly proved that the matter had now come to be considered one of singular importance to the Methodists in the state.

At this, which was the final meeting of the Convention, a proposition of an entirely novel character was submitted. A company of prosperous and active capitalists, all of them Methodists, and a majority of them residents of Galveston, proposed to form a joint-stock company, with a capital of $100,000, of which they were willing to take $50,000, provided the Methodists of the state would take stock covering the remaining $50,000. With this amount they assured the Convention that they could purchase a large body of land, containing about 20,000 acres, and in every way suitable for the purposes in hand. The company was here to donate ample grounds for college buildings, and to lay out an ideal University town, every alternate acre in the town, and every alternate section of 160 acres of the remaining land to be deeded to the University. They also promised to erect plain buildings in which operations might begin, and be comfortably carried on for ten or fifteen years. They limited the time of their offer to June 15, 1872, after which, if the Church had failed to respond to their proposition, it was to be considered null and void.

The proposition was at once accepted by the Convention, and the gentlemen from whom the offer came were appointed Commissioners of Location, with instructions that if the scheme

should fail, they were to select from the many places then asking for the location. In that event they were to become Trustees of the property accepted in behalf of the M. E. Church South, and were empowered to make any and all arrangements for the opening of the University.

Though the matter was thoroughly advertised, and agents were sent into the field, when the fifteenth of June came, only a small part of the $50,000 had been subscribed by the state at large, and therefore the proposal was formally withdrawn.

At the Texas Conference, which met in Galveston about a month after the Convention adjourned, Dr. Mood was sent to Chappell Hill station in answer to a petition to that effect—also appearing as President of Soule University.

Just after this Conference he was taken sick. He was a long time confined to his bed. Meanwhile he could hear nothing as to the actions of the commissioners. Had they lost heart? Had the movement come to an end with the final adjournment of the convention? These questions were constantly agitating his thoughts. Undoubtedly his anxiety of mind about the fate of the matter had done much towards the consummation and aggravation of his sickness. Of his recovery he says: "One day while lying weak

and faint under the slow fever which had fastened itself upon me, I was reading my bible, when these words were addressed to my heart with great power; "Casting all your care upon Him for he careth for you." This brought consolation, I felt I could and did cast all upon Him, and next day was pronounced better by the doctor. When the mail came, in the afternoon there was a letter from Galveston. It came from the commissioners asking me to come down and meet with them,—sympathizing with me in my sickness. I was soon able to travel, and to my great joy—and with gratitude to a merciful God—they proposed to me to pay my traveling expenses in visiting the different places that might desire to compete for the location of the University. In my feeble condition my charge consented to my going—as I was able to have my pulpit filled during my absence, and so I set out for that purpose as well as in the role of agent, to secure means for the successful opening of the University. I visited a number of places that presented claims in the movement. Among them Fairfield, Calvert, Fort Worth, Waco, Salado, Belton, Austin and Georgetown. This last place, I urged upon the commissioners as the most eligible of the competing places. I persuaded several of them to visit the town, which confirmed them in my opinion—so that

early in the year it was understood unless material changes came in the offers of other places, that Georgetown would receive the prize."

Bishop Keener presided in the winter of 1872 over the Texas Conferences, and Dr. Mood made the round with him, everywhere urging the claims of the University movement.

At this round, the recommendation of the Board of Commissioners of location, naming a Board of Trustees, to hold and manage the property and all fiscal matters, and calling for the appointment by the Bishop of a Board of Curators—having oversight of the faculty and disciplinary affairs, was ratified *seriatim* by each one of the five Texas Conferences.

By this arrangement all the financial matters were placed in the hands of capable and experienced laymen, men whose business it is to make, handle, expend and receive money, the Board of Curators being chosen from the ministry. This plan proved a happy solution to the vexed question of the oversight of property and the administration of govermental affairs in the institution.

A little incident occurred on this round that is worthy of being related as illustrative of Dr. Mood's fixedness of purpose, decision of character and promptitude in action. The North-

west Texas Conference was the first to convene. It met at Belton, on October 23d. On Friday afternoon of the Conferenee week, the Bishop sought a private interview with Dr. Mood, and proceeded to state to him the wants of the Church at Waco, and then informed him that he had determined to transfer him to the Northwest Texas Conference and station him in that city. Taken by surprise, Dr. Mood said but little. For particular reasons he felt somewhat disposed to acquiesce in the arrangement. After supper, while on their way to Church, upon the Bishop's insisting on the proposed transfer, Dr. Mood presented his objections to being moved, stating among other things, that he did not see how he could give the University matter proper attention, with such a weighty charge as Waco upon his hands. To this the Bishop replied: "Go to Waco, and let the University matter drop." This remark both alarmed and decided Dr. Mood. He promised to give a final answer the next morning, so leaving the Bishop just as he entered the Church door, he hastened around to his stopping place, packed his valise, hurried to the stage office, and reached it just as the stage was moving out. He secured a seat and after traveling all night he found himself next morning some forty-five miles removed from the Bishop and no telegraphic communication possi-

ble. Upon leaving Belton he had written a note to be conveyed to the Bishop refusing, under any circumstances to transfer. Subsequently at the Texas Conference held at Bryan, he was re-appointed to Chappell Hill.

The first meeting of the Board of Curators, for the purpose of electing a regent as well as looking after other important matters having reference to the opening of the institution, was ordered to be held in Galveston, soon after the adjournment of the West Texas Conference which was the last Conference held. From Victoria, the seat of this Conference, Bishop Keener, Dr. J. B. McFerrin, Rev. J. W. DeVilbiss, of the newly appointed curators, and Dr. Mood started for Galveston to be present at the appointed meeting. They reached Indianola safely, but by an irregularity in the packet line they were delayed there for a week. It was a memorable week to each of the party—shut out from the rest of the world and not only so, "because of the present cold and rain." The Bishop was a good questioner, a good listener, and a solid talker; Dr. McFerrin was himself, the cold, the rain, and the delay could not depress his spirits. He with Dr. Mood furnished the wit, the humor, the anecdote and the repartee for the party, and Rev. J. W. DeVilbiss, a veteran in the ranks, who was first to bear the

banner of Protestantism West of the San Antonio and Medina rivers, was full of interesting incidents relative to his early Missionary efforts. No place could make time drag heavily with such a party.

It was here that Brother DeVilbiss set his trap to catch Dr. McFerrin, "to get even with him," and caught a Bishop. It happened thus: Brother DeVilbiss was telling of a trip to St. Louis, and said in his slow, deliberate way: "And there I saw a boy, about eighteen years of age, one side of whom, commencing with the top of his head, and then straight on down, dividing his face and body was black as any negro you ever saw, and then, too, on that side the hand and the foot was the hand and foot of a negro."

"What!" said the Bishop, not giving Dr. McFerrin time to speak, "One side of him black like a negro?"

"Yes, sir, as black as any negro you ever saw."

"And his hair, was that woolly like a negro's?"

"Yes, sir, half of him was in every respect like a negro."

"Well, that was strange, and the other half was white?"

"Oh no, it was black too."

Three of the party laughed, but the Bishop

arose and said, "Brother Mood, let us take a walk."

The Board of Curators met soon after the arrival of this party in Galveston. Bishop Keener presided, acting as proxy for Rev. Thomas Stanford of the Northwest Texas Conference, who could not attend. The prime object of this meeting was to elect a *Regent and arrange for the opening of the University; as in the September previous the Commissioners had given notice that the location of the University would be settled during the coming summer.

On the first ballot Dr. Mood was unanimously elected Regent, and being summoned, was kindly notified of the fact by the Bishop, and requested to take his seat as Curator *ex officio.* Bishop Keener confirmed this election December 31, 1872. The Regent was then authorized to take steps towards securing a corps of instructors to be elected at a subsequent meeting of the Board. It was also left in his hands to draw up rules and by-laws for the government of the Curators, to be submitted to them for their acceptance; and he, and Rev. R. W. Kennon were appointed to represent the Curators in

* The word *Regent* was selected by Dr. Mood because the office looked to the control of, in a large manner, the other connectional schools of lower grade in the Texas Conferences. In his mind there was an ideal system of schools, all working under the patronage and direction of the Methodist Church, but all working together as a system, with the University its head, and the Regent its director.

the preparation of the Charter of the University, in accordance with the action of the patronizing Conferences.

Dr. Mood's election to the Regency was a foregone conclusion. He had originated the idea, and had fostered its development against many discouraging oppositions until it became a reality. Therefore he had every claim on the position; yet he was by no means certain that the election would be unanimous.

Bishop Keener's remark at Belton, advising him to "go to Waco and let the University matter drop," had compelled him to one of two conclusions—either that the Bishop thought that he was not the man for the place, or that the movement would prove a failure, and he had better abandon it. As the Bishop endorsed him for the position, he now had the conviction forced upon him that the Bishop had placed but a low estimate upon the movement. He therefore sought an opportunity and said to him: "I fear you have but little hope for the final success of this educational movement."

"On the contrary," replied the Bishop, to the surprise and gratification of Dr. Mood, "I have more hope of it than of any movement of similar character before attempted in Texas."

Dr. Mood was rejoiced to hear this expression,

and said, "You will greatly oblige me by giving me the grounds for this hope."

"Oh, sir, simply because you have knocked all the *hurrah* out of the movement."

This simple remark of the Bishop was afterwards a source of great satisfaction and help to Dr. Mood. Often when tempted to dspondency on account of the absence of enthusiasm on the part of the Church in reference to the University, he has been chided by the recollection that the hurrah of the crowd is hollow, transient and comparatively worthless, and that it is only by tireless, toilsome, patient effort, that permanent success can be achieved.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOUTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

In January 1873, Dr. Mood called a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Soule University and tendered to them his resignation as President of that institution.

The Texas University, though it had a name and a Regent, was as yet without an established location, and so far as the ken of human sight could reach, its ultimate success was by no means assured; but on the contrary, it was beset by dangers; and was just at that stage where a false step or an injudicious movement might result in disaster.

A number of places had entered eagerly into competition to secure the location, but it was certain that in failing to secure it, there would be proportional reaction and indignation. To locate an institution that must look for its income, at least for a number of years, from patronage alone, with some dozen of the prominent places of the state in a position of antagonism would be dangerous in the extreme. By offering a prize it was comparatively easy to arouse the people to take part in the struggle;

the question now was,—how to allay it. This demanded caution to prevent calamity. The commissioners gave preference to Georgetown, but this was known only to them. It now became Dr. Mood's duty to discourage the other competing places without discouraging Georgetown on the one hand or showing preference for it on the other. This was a delicate and difficult task, but in the end it was successfully accomplished. One after another of the competing places began to withdraw. Georgetown hearing of their action notified the Regent of its intention to withdraw also. He hastened to Georgetown, met the citizens, urged them to be patient—assured them that the location would be made in good faith within a specified time, and further said that the withdrawal of the other places only increased the chances of their town. These persuasions prevailed. And on August 21st, 1873, when location was declared, Georgetown remained the only candidate for the honor, all the other competing places having voluntarily withdrawn from the contest. This action then, if it did not awaken great enthusiasm, aroused no active opposition.

Immediately after the location of the University was made public, Dr. Mood with his family moved to Georgetown. His means being limited, and the income from the University by

no means assured,—his chances for a support depending entirely upon the matter of tuition, —he felt that he could not afford to rent a house, so with his family he moved into the University building, and found a home in the two lower south rooms. This act alone shows with how much caution and determination he embarked upon this enterprise. Though to the casual observer the prospects were no more flattering, and the surroundings were no more comfortable now than at the time when he landed at Chappell Hill nearly five years before, still his feelings were very different. He was not enthusiastic, but he was hopeful, nay more, he was determined. He had learned from the experience of the early efforts in behalf of the University movement that the Church would not contribute to the establishment of the University until the University was established, so that in one sense the commissioners had nothing to locate when they located it. But now the movement had "a local habitation and a name;" as subsidy offered by Georgetown included a plain, but capacious stone building, containing six large lecture rooms, and a chapel having capacity to seat over four hundred persons. Having these accommodations immediately at hand the Regent advertised the opening of the first session for Monday, October 6th, 1873.

In the meanwhile the financial panic, which a short time before began in New York, had extended to Texas. Yellow fever, also, made its appearance in different points of the state. It was in the face of embarrassments produced by these causes that the halls of the University were first opened to students.

On December 13th, 1873, the Curators held their second meeting in Austin. The exercises of the University had been conducted by a provisional Faculty; the Board now proceeded to elect a permanent Faculty. Dr. Mood was elected *nen con.* *Professor* of Mental and Moral *Philosophy.* He was also, for the time being to have charge of the Schools of *History* and *English Literature.* B. E. Chrietzberg, A.M., was elected Professor of Mathematics, and H. M. Reynolds, M.D., was elected Professor of Spanish. These gentlemen were expected to give instruction in any other branches than those mentioned, which in their opinion should be taught in the institution. Immediately following this action of the Curators, the first formal announcement of the Texas University, containing the names of the faculty, the schools taught and the courses of instruction was made in catalogue form.

When Dr. Mood reached Georgetown, in September, 1873, he found it but a village numbering

perhaps five hundred inhabitants; the nearest railroad point was seventeen miles distant. At that time there were fourteen Methodists, resident in and around Georgetown. It was a monthly appointment in a circuit of twelve preaching places. There was no church building in the town. The Methodists had neither class-meeting, prayer-meeting, nor Sunday-school. On January 11th, 1874, the members of the Methodist Church were called together in a Church Conference for the purpose of organization. The University Chapel was secured from the trustees, and thenceforth services, prayer-meeting, and Sunday-school were conducted weekly.

During this session, thirty-three students of collegiate grade were matriculated. Small as was this number there was an unruly element of sufficient strength and size to keep the faculty uneasy. These young men were not willing to adapt themselves to what was to them a new order of discipline. But it was felt to be very important, that at the beginning, while the numbers were small, a proper impress should be made, which would not be effaced with enlarged attendance. Several students who became unruly were dismissed. Fights, in which blood often flowed freely, were frequent among the younger members of the institution. This

caused Dr. Mood great distress. In conferring, about the matter, with Judge ——, one of the leading citizens of Georgetown, and who, at that time, was the District Attorney, he was advised to turn the young peace-breakers over to the jurisdiction of the civil authorities, holding that students are as amenable to law as any other class, and that they should not be excused upon that sentimentality—"because they are college boys." Dr. Mood determined to act upon this advice. Of the two first offenders after this conversation, one was the son of this legal friend. As soon as the case came to Dr. Mood's ears, he reported it to the officers of the law—the students were tried and fined. Dr. Mood's conduct met with some criticism among a certain class; a few censuring his course very severely. Judge —— was absent from the town, on legal business at the time, but immediately upon his return, he was waited upon by two or three of these malcontents who began to sympathise with him upon the great injustice done his son during his absence, and to condemn Dr. Mood in the harshest manner. But the Judge, without waiting to hear them through, forcibly turned on the extinguisher, informing these self-appointed critics that they were interesting themselves in matters about which they were not concerned; that Dr. Mood, in his opinion, had

acted exactly right, for he had acted under his advice, and if his son had broken any law he ought to pay the penalty.

The decided stand taken by this gentleman contributed much towards the maintenance of good order in the University. It caused such as were disposed to blame Dr. Mood, to look at the matter in a different light. And when the students felt that if they resorted to violence, they would be carried to the Court House, and dealt with by the officers of the law, and that public opinion sanctioned this course, it had a wonderfully soothing effect in allaying their dangerous passions.

In a private letter written early in the following summer, Dr. Mood thus speaks of the University:

"We are nearing the close of our first session in our new location. It has been eminently satisfactory. We have students, and those, too, of representative character, from all the patronizing Conferences. We have fully organized the Collegiate Department. Our grade of scholarship has been excellent. Our Church, Sunday-School and Bible-Class have all taken form, and are prosperous. We feel that God has given us tokens of enlarged and prolonged usefulness."

As there were no graduates, there were no

commencement exercises; and a sermon addressed by the Regent to the students, on Sunday morning, July 19, closed the first session.

The next term opened auspiciously. P. C. Bryce, A.M., was called to the chair of Ancient Languages. A fine religious feeling developed during the year, among the students, followed by several conversions.

Three of the Board of Trustees gave 1,000 acres of land, each, towards a permanent endowment. This, with the subsidy already given by Georgetown, made the entire property of the University worth about $60,000; all of which had been secured to the Church, "without a dollar having been demanded of the Church or a single collection lifted."

The close of this session showed a measure of success achieved. The number of students was almost double that of the preceding term. They were from twenty-four counties of Texas, with three from an adjoining state, and their average age was near eighteen years. These facts show with how much vigor the enterprise had been pushed.

The first commencement exercises of the University were held at the close of this year's labors. Rev. J. H. McLean, D.D., of the Trinity Conference, preached the Commencement ser-

mon, and a number of young men graduating in schools attested progress made.

The institution continued to grow in the confidence of the state at large, and the following fall, while Bishop McTyeire was making the round of the five Conferences, he says in a published letter: "I am glad to have the company of Dr. Mood, Regent of the Texas University. He will make the rounds of the Texas Conferences, and the institution will profit by it. Dr. Mood has a "mission" and nobly is he fulfilling it. The Texas University scheme has moved cautiously, wisely, firmly, and is now on solid ground with a growing patronage, and an intensifying friendship on the part of Texas Methodists and people."

During this year the Faculty was added to, by the election of S. G. Sanders, A.M., to the chair of Modern Languages and Book-keeping; and Rev. N. T. Burks to the chair of Mathematics; these chairs having become vacant by the resignation of the professors filling them.

It was while living and teaching in the cold, unceiled rooms of the University, that in the early spring of 1875, the disease, chronic bronchitis—which ultimately caused his death, was developed. He struggled heroically against the inroads of this disease, pressing his labors with as much energy and assiduity, and per-

forming every duty as conscientiously as if he were in the enjoyment of robust health. Not very long after this he found a home in more comfortable quarters than the rooms of the University building, and in a few years he was pleasantly and conveniently domiciled in his own house.

It is neither necessary nor fit, here, to follow out the progress and development of the University year by year; but there were steps taken and ends accomplished, which should be mentioned.

In 1876, the name, Texas University, under which the operations of the institution had been conducted up to that time, was changed to South-western University, as a charter was refused to any other than a state institution, under that name.

In the early operations of the University it was seen that a young ladies' school at Georgetown was inevitable, and the officers thought best to take it under their control. Accordingly this new department was opened in a rented building, September 9th, 1878. The following year a plain, but commodious building was erected for its accommodation, and the growth of the Ladies Annex of South-western University has been parallel with that of the male department. These two departments, though

under the same boards of management and instruction, are separate and distinct in their operations—only holding a co-ordinate relationship.

In 1881, it was found that the patronage of the institution had largely outgrown its accommodations, and during that year and the year following, valuable and important improvements and additions were made to the University buildings. The last great effort of Dr. Mood's life, for the University, was made at the Educational Convention, held in Georgetown, in November, 1883, during the session of the North-west Texas Conference, at that place. In this work he had the efficient help of Rev. H. A. Bourland, the Financial Agent of the University, who with Dr. Young, of Nashville, made stirring appeals to the large audience congregated in the University Chapel. At this meeting $35,150.00 was subscribed toward the erection of a suitable building for the Ladies Annex. This amount, through the labors of the financial agent, has been largely increased.

Through the eleven years of labor during which Dr. Mood was Regent of South-western University, each session witnessed a gratifying increase in patronage; added improvements about the grounds, buildings, or facilities for instruction; and a gracious visitation of the

Holy Spirit among the students. The advance was healthy, steady, continuous. Having all the "hurrah" taken out of the movement at the beginning, its subsequent course was unmarked by paroxysms of prosperity, and the depression that usually follows.

It may be well to count, it is best to weigh. But the results of this work cannot yet be weighed. We will therefore give a few figures setting forth facts from which some estimates may be drawn.

The first session, three professors served on small salaries; the twelfth, fifteen instructors found support.

The first session, thirty-three students were enrolled;—the twelfth, three hundred and sixty-one.

In 1873, out of thirty-three students, six were dismissed for bad conduct, in 1884, under the same discipline, out of three hundred and sixty-one, only four were expelled from the institution.

At the close of the first session, but six students were enrolled as members of the Church; at the close of the twelfth session, there were one hundred and twenty church members among the students.

In 1873, there was but one building. It was uninclosed, incomplete, unsightly and uncom-

fortable. There was neither furniture, museum, apparatus, nor library. In 1884, there were well furnished and commodious buildings, an interesting museum, a valuable apparatus, and growing libraries; the property was unincumbered, the Conferences had agreed to assist in the support of their institution, and a capable and earnest financial agent was in the field.

There may be those, who upon visiting the University in the future, and not being familiar with the facts of its early history, will pass unfavorable animadversions upon the comparatively limited character of the *campus*. It doubtless will seem strange to some that the movers in this enterprise should have felt content to have been shut up on eleven acres, when so much unoccupied land was lying all about them, and could have been bought at comparatively low figures. But Dr. Mood was not content. He sought the owner of the twenty acres lying immediately west of the *campus* and the land was offered to him for fifty dollars an acre. He used every honorable means known to him to secure the money necessary for the purchase, as he foresaw that the land would rapidly increase in value. But he failed. The fact is, that outside of the aid he received here and there to pay his traveling expenses, not one of the thousands of Methodists in Texas would

hazard a dollar for the establishment of a great central institution of learning, to be under the direction and patronage of their own Church. What was actually procured in the establishment and location of the University, was really an act of bargain and sale. The commissioners sold to the citizens of Georgetown, the location of the University, they paying some sixty thousand dollars in lands, buildings and cash, for the advantages that would follow to the town, from the establishment of such an institution among them.

Dr. Mood in speaking of these early, and often single-handed struggles says: "All along here I am under the deepest obligations to the few who took me to their hearts and homes, encouraged me, and trusted both my motives, and often my judgment. Of these I must mention especially the brothers Dudley, Thomas and John Snyder, and early in the history of the movement, Col. George F. Alford, Rev. W. G. Veal, Capt. C. W. Hurley, W. B. Norris and Hon. J. D. Giddings."

We can best judge of the great work accomplished under the leadership of Dr. Mood when we compare it with the past efforts of like nature in the state. From 1840 to 1870, the Methodist Church in Texas projected some twelve colleges, and a university; but after thirty years struggle,

she had nothing in the way of permanent operations to show for the great outlay of men and money. On the other hand, after the labors of only eleven years very few of the older Church institutions in the South could measure up to South-western University in actual unincumbered property, in point of numbers, in work accomplished and in moral and religious power.

South-western University was founded and fostered through these twelve years without the immediate assistance of any of the chief functionaries of the Church, and for the first few years of its existence, though the Church, at large, passed resolutions and hurrahed vociferously over every advance made by their institution, yet, they offered hardly a pittance, in a substantial way, to the Regent and Faculty, who were struggling against many difficulties, for a noble end, upon meager and insufficient salaries. Then with what deep, earnest and prayerful effort, with what intelligent design, with what unremitting labors, this University must have been borne on to the present high measure of success.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REGENT.

The names Dr. Mood and South-western University, are inseparably connected in Texas. One cannot be mentioned without suggesting the other. He, without reserve, without abatement, and not at times without great oppositions and discouragements, as well as temptations in other directions, devoted his thoughts, his energies and enthusiasm for the fifteen riper years of his life to the establishment and furtherance of this University. He has been called the Wilbur Fisk of Texas Methodism, and he will be known to posterity as an educator, and as the founder of a great institution.

The work that he accomplished, during the first six or seven years of his Regency is marvelous. He, during this time, besides closely superintending the interests of the University, preaching regularly, taking a prominent and leading part in all public enterprises whether connected with the Church or town,—gave instruction in three schools, laboring daily above six hours in the lecture-room and chapel exercises. He filled these chairs with peculiar ac-

ceptability. The hour spent by the student in his room was always agreeably and profitably spent. The dryest studies were made delightful, the most obtruse became clear and the most difficult became easy under his exposition and illustration. The students often remarked the seemingly inexhaustible fund of anecdote he possessed. He always had one illustrative of the case in hand. It was always a new one, and told in his inimitable manner seemed peculiarly apropos to the point under discussion.

It was touching, along here, and more so in later years, to see him heroically combating his infirmities, and struggling on against disease and weakness, meeting his duties so regularly, so systematically, so cheerfully, and yet as was apparent at the cost of so much physical effort. It was the great pleasure of the Faculty to relieve him largely of his professorial duties, during the last two years of his life—but he would not be unemployed—he bent his energies to other matters connected with the University, and by being rigidly systematic in all of his efforts, he found the strength to accomplish surprising results.

Bishop Parker wrote of him in 1883: "Dr. Mood, the Regent, is loved and revered by all. Feeble in health and with a weight of infirmity that would send almost any other man into re-

tirement or the grave, he is doing the work of a giant and laboring with unfaltering courage and with well-founded hope. The pleasure of the Lord has prospered in his hands, and the work of his hands has been established."

In the beginning, while the movement was yet small, Dr. Mood thought, planned, and acted for the Trustees, and Curators, directed every interest of the University, and shaped the policy of the Faculty. This was done with so much judgment, that nothing but harmony prevailed in all of the deliberations of these several boards. By his Faculty he was deeply beloved, with them his opinion carried the greatest weight. He impressed them with his methods, and his policy, until there was a unity in all action. While he was wise in council, he was prompt in execution. As a disciplinarian he was a positive character; courageous, yet kind; decided, yet merciful. The students all honored and revered him. They could not do otherwise. He possessed a peculiar tact of keeping up with, and detecting the leaders in all college mischief. The method of government proceeded upon the assumption of the integrity and honor of every student; this he constantly kept before them. The result was, the best of order generally prevailed. When the law was transcended, his tongue was a terror to the evil-doer, for the

lecture that was sure to follow the misdemeanor, was withering in sarcasm, invective and reprimand. He spared neither words of commendation to the studious and orderly, nor words of condemnation to the idle and unruly. Many incidents could be related aptly illustrating his intuition, his tact, his decision of character and his promptitude in action; but one, a well remembered circumstance in the history of South-western University, will be sufficient.

On the first day of April, 1880, some seventy of the students, by a previous written agreement, gathered in the *campus* at the ringing of the bell announcing the hour of assemblage for duty, formed in procession, and at the tapping of a drum marched from the grounds and were absent all day. It developed by investigation that the matter originated in a desire for fun. Dr. Mood, subsequently, in the chapel, set forth at some length, the character of the affair as the Faculty were compelled to view it, particularly dwelling upon its unbecoming nature, and its defiance of government, in uniting in written compact to contravene the authority of the faculty.

As no movement, in response to this presentation of the matter, was voluntarily made by the students, disclaiming unlawful intentions on their part, Dr. Mood laid before them a paper,

saying that he demanded the signature of no one, but that if, after their acquaintance with the views and feelings of the Faculty, they felt prompted to append their names the Faculty would be gratified. The paper read as follows: "The undersigned, connected with the transaction of April 1st, hereby express their regret thereat, disclaim intentional disrespect to the Faculty and will hereafter discountenance similar demonstrations in the institution."

About twenty signed this declaration during the day leaving about fifty students remaining in the attitude of rebellion to the government of the University. It was well known to the faculty that the spirit of misrule had been introduced some months before by several students coming to South-western University, from another institution. The spirit had been spreading and gaining strength, constantly showing itself in a more and more aggravated form. For this reason the faculty viewed the whole affair in a much more serious light than what they might otherwise have done. It had a meaning to them that it did not have to the public. Dr. Mood, on the following evening saw each member of the faculty, and final action was decided upon. On the next morning the names of the students who yet appeared in the attitude of insubordination were called, and each one asked if

the paper lying on the desk represented his sentiments. Upon answering no, his name was stricken from the roll, and each, in turn was required to retire from the building and the *campus*, as no longer connected with the University. It was a very painful scene to the faculty, and the deepest excitement prevailed among the students, as one after another stood up in his place, answered in the negative, and walked from the chapel amid the intense silence of the occasion—for the eagle eye of Dr. Mood held them all in abeyance, so that there were no outbursts, nor a single disorderly word or act.

About fifty names were erased from the roll. The dismissal of so large a body of students naturally awakened great interest in the community, some denouncing and many sustaining the course of the Faculty.

One of the leading citizens, who was known to be a warm friend and supporter of the institution, called on Dr. Mood, for the purpose, if possible, of adjusting the difference between the students and the Faculty. He argued with Dr. Mood that it was customary, in colleges,—in cases of insubordination, to expel only the most prominent among the leaders, that that was thought sufficient, and asked why that policy could not be followed in this case. Dr. Mood replied, that by their subsequent action each

student was alike guilty, for each one had been separately approached, and had refused the terms offered by the Faculty, and there was nothing left them but expulsion. But, continued the gentlemen, we must not be too hard on the rebels, you and I were lately rebels, and if the judgment you mete had been meted out to us, we might have swung from "sour apple trees." Then, you must remember, that this institution is entirely dependent on patronage for its support. If you dismiss this large body of students, you will make them and their friends your enemies, and it must materially affect the income. You have invited a Faculty here to assist in giving instruction, will it be judicious—will it be treating them right to turn this patronage away? I know you are independent of patronage, you can live on faith in the future as you have done in the past, but what will become of these professors?"

Dr. Mood replied that these questions could not be entertained. That it was no foolish demand they were making, to vindicate wounded dignity, it was simply an unavoidable vindication of necessary authority. The question at issue was: "Shall the faculty or students rule?" And it was very important to settle this question thus early in the history of the institution.

The gentleman saw that Dr. Mood was inflex-

ible in his course. He determined therefore to labor with the other party. It was not difficult to get a number of the leading citizens to interest themselves in the matter. The dismissed students were invited to an interview, and the subject was freely discussed. After more reflection the students thought an apology was due the Faculty. Subsequently a Committee of the citizens, consisting of Hon. T. P. Hughes, Hon. D. S. Chessher, and Mr. J. W. Hodges called upon the faculty and presented the following paper that had been voluntarily signed by the dismissed students: "We the undersigned, do hereby express our regret that our action on the first day of April has offended the Faculty of South-western University, and we do hereby promise, as gentlemen, to discountenance in future any similar demonstrations, while we are connected with the institution."

Other papers were presented to the Faculty "respectfully beseeching the leniency of the Faculty." In response to these papers, the Faculty promptly agreed to restore the names of the dismissed students, to the roll; they returned at once to duty, and from that time on, the best of order and attention to study obtained.

Not least in Dr. Mood's labors, as Regent, stand his successful efforts for South-western

University on the floors, and in the committee-rooms of the Texas Annual Conferences. He gave its progress, and presented its claims constantly through the press—mainly through the *Texas Christian Advocate*—he spoke of it from the pulpit and the rostrum; but, it was with the Conferences particularly, that he delighted to labor, for there he had reaped the most encouraging and gratifying results. Besides, he was working with, and for, them; though in different departments of Church work all were striving together for the same high and noble purpose.

From his first round, made with Bishop Wightman in 1869, he had the confidence of all the preachers because they saw that he was working only for the furtherance of Christ's Kingdom. Having this confidence in the man, they had confidence in, and sympathy for his work. They accepted his statements, and when he said that South-western University was their University, they believed it—they felt it, they became interested in it and worked for it. Here a great work had been done for them as well as giving them the opportunity to do a great work. They had an interest in common that had been made a bond of union, an interest that had been established without jealousy or controversy. Dr. Mood was the leader of Christian Education

in the state. He was recognized as such throughout the connection, and as such he was appointed as a delegate to the First Ecumenical Methodist Conference which convened in City Road Chapel, London, in September 1881. Though quite feeble at this time, he undertook and made the long trip. Dr. I. G. John, one of Dr. Mood's warmest personal friends, also being a delegate to this Conference, was his traveling companion. They made a pleasant journey together. The voyage across the Atlantic was made in remarkably good time, and they were at once ushered into the World of Methodists. Here Dr. Mood found some of his friends of his former visits, and his communion with the representatives of the twenty-eight branches of Methodism, coming from every quarter of the globe was delightful to him in the extreme. He took an active part in the proceedings, and by appointment he delivered the "invited address" on "The Higher Education Demanded by the Necessities of the Church in our Time," making a masterly appeal for the moral and spiritual in higher education.

On this, his last visit to England, his health was too feeble to allow him to go to many places of interest—even had his time been more fully at his disposal; but he could not forego the pleasure of stopping by in Oxford, while on his

way from Liverpool to London, — looking through those venerable piles consecrated to learning. and seeing something of the workings of the great University there. He took especial interest in Lincoln College, for here John Wesley had been a fellow, and Greek lecturer. He was shown Mr. Wesley's pulpit, his bed-room, and he was given a leaf from the vine that clambers by the window of his study. Here was the birth-place of Methodism, for from these heavy arched portals the Wesleys went forth to duty with such exactness, regularity, and conscientiousness that they were approbriously branded, "Methodists."

He returned home somewhat benefitted in health and brought back with him mementoes of the occasion, and a warm fraternal feeling for his brethren in the various branches of Methodism.

The leading principles that controlled Dr. Mood, in his management of South-western University, as its Regent, were as follows:

1. It is the function of the University as an institution of the Church to use all proper means to refine the manners, protect the morals, improve the hearts of the young people, and lead them to Christ. He labored and prayed that, "the rising generation might be wiser, better, purer, more patriotic and more devoted to

God and duty than any that had gone on before."

2. The institution should bear a decided character for benevolence,—turning away no student on account of his impecuniosity, who exhibited a sincere purpose to secure an education.

3. The institution should antagonize no other institution—church or secular. While claiming the position assigned it by the voluntary and unanimous act of the Texas Conferences, as their representative institution for advanced learning—a hearty "God speed" was always accorded to all laboring in the same cause.

4. It was held, that in all things connected with the University, character was supreme. He subordinated its management in no way to any effort to acquire notoriety or secure members. Both of these he recognized as desirable, but if obtained at the sacrifice of character, could only be ruinous. He looked constantly to the maintenance of that punctuality, thoroughness, and solid advancement which would establish a character for honest and successful work.

He trusted God in all things, and of himself as Regent he said: "I have felt as if I were only a blind child led by the hand of a merciful father who has guided the matter to his own glory. I have had but one object in my labors in this connection,—it has been to serve God in the promotion of the kingdom of his Son. I

have humbly invoked divine grace to enable me to keep my "eye single." Under this endeavor I have felt my whole body full of light; and have never despaired or felt seriously discouraged. I have always confidently felt that if the movement deserved success, God would bless it and give it success,—and he has done so."

While, as an educator, Dr. Mood will be especially remembered by posterity, yet a brief synopsis of his qualities of head and heart which went to qualify him for, and which were ornaments to him in his high position would be eminently proper in this connection.

He was a many-sided man. In all relations of life he was a scholarly, refined and elegant gentleman. In the parlor, at the dinner-table, in public or in private he was invariably the central figure. His conversational powers were of the richest and rarest order. It has been said of Coleridge that "he talked like an angel and did nothing at all." Dr. Mood, excelling in conversational powers, was a man of affairs. He saw clearly, decided matters rapidly, was quick to plan, and bold to execute. Besides the practical bent to his genius, as his life and labors have shown, he possessed great versatility of powers. As a speaker, he was clear, concise, argumentative, strong and pleasing. He was always ready, and always original. As a writer

he was facile, forcible, humorous, and entertaining. His favorite theme was Christian Education in its various relations and bearings, and he discussed this subject with great cogency. As a preacher, he was devoted to the work and to the Church. In the pulpit he was clear in exposition, close in analysis, and most fruitful and felicitous in illustration and elaboration. In the last years of his life he was seldom able to preach, but even then, though weak and lung-worn, and though his discourse was constantly interrupted by a hectic cough, he always drew large congregations, and bore them along with him upon the irresistable wing of his eloquence.

As a Christian he was a bright and shining light. "It is well said in every sense" remarks Carlyle in his "Hero-Worship," "that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." Dr. Mood was constantly in the atmosphere of piety. A short while before his death he wrote: "My early experiences were clear, decisive, rapturous. Through the forty years of struggle heavenward since then, there has been sensible growth. In these years I have been thrice called to face the solemnities of death—as was supposed by friends and physicians. In each instance I was able to say, "for me to live is Christ, to die is gain." But as life is reviewed and my heart examined I am obliged to exclaim

with Joshua, "There remaineth very much land to be possessed." There are still unconquered tempers, the risings of sinful desire,—and with each approach to the mercy-seat I am compelled to cry, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." If saved at last I feel with Mr. Wesley that I am "a brand plucked from the burning." I am prone to say, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, * * * * but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize."

One of his students said of him: "There was a beautiful harmony between his life and teachings, the one a practical illustration of the other. If he urged upon the boys decision of character, they saw in him an impressive illustration. If he commended moral courage as the prime element of heroism, they saw in his manner of meeting duties and issues, an example worthy of imitation. If he urged as the necessary elements of success, a worthy object to be attained and earnestness and constancy in its pursuit, his work and success in founding and fostering the University was a fitting example. But I need not enumerate, for he practiced every virtue which he commended, and was an example of every precept which he taught."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CLOSE.

Dr. Adam Clarke says: "A minister is immortal until his work is done." This truth was exemplified in the life of Dr. Mood. His days seemed to be providentially prolonged until South-western University was no longer dependent upon the life of any one man.

At the commencement of 1877, he submitted his resignation as Regent to the Board of Curators, feeling that he had but a few weeks to live, and asked for the election of a successor. They refused to accept his resignation. Bishop Doggett, Dr. Robert Alexander, Rev. B. D. Dashiel, each addressed the Board in reference to the matter. Rev. R. W. Kennon presided on the occasion, but to the astonishment of himself and his friends he outlived them all. Through all these years his health was so delicate that he could hardly claim a well grounded hope for another day of added life. For some months before his death it was painfully apparent that even he, who had struggled so long against disease could not hold out much longer. In May, 1884, he wrote to his brother, "I do not

allude much to my health in my letters,—my condition, though subject to variations, remains on an average about the same, of course, year by year marking a lower average as age, and the increase of the effects of the disease are discernable. I am now attending to all my duties regularly, though I cough much, and can do anything better than stand or walk. The recent meeting here resulted in forty-three conversions —nearly all among the students; I preached once—sitting on a table. I can preach very comfortably that way, and can do it here, where I am at home, without embarrassment."

At the regular meeting of the Board of Curators in June 1884, at his instance, a resolution was passed, providing, that in the event of the death or resignation of the Regent, the Faculty were instructed to elect one of their number chairman, who should administer the affairs of the University until the Board of Curators elect a Regent.

Dr. Mood spent some weeks of the vacation that followed in visiting some of the Eastern colleges. At the opening of the next session, on Monday, September the 8th, the Faculty were called together, and Rev. J. H. McLean, D.D., was elected Chairman, Dr. Mood preferring that this step should be taken, anticipating, as he was free to state either absence or death

on his part. He spoke of his approaching death as a certainty, and with a calmness that evidenced his thorough preparation and readiness for the event.

Shortly after the institution had entered regularly upon the year's work. He was called to San Antonio to be present at the Annual Meeting of the West Texas Conference. Here he was energetic in laboring for the University, and delivered an address on Education. This effort with subsequent exposure brought on a cold, and he returned to Georgetown suffering considerably from it. On November 5, in company with Bishop McTyeire, he left Georgetown for Waco, the seat of the North-west Texas Conference, of which body he was a member. Among others, his pastor, Rev. A. A. Allison approached him and said: "Brother Mood, I fear you are too feeble to go to Conference."

He replied, "My brother, I am doing the work of God. I am in his hands, and all is well whether I live or die."

He went through much of the routine of Conference work, and on Friday night he delivered the annual address on Education. Rev. H. A. Bourland, who was with him, has kindly furnished us his recollections of this last speech, as well as the account of interesting events that followed:

"In extreme feebleness he arose, and supporting himself upon his staff, he said: "Mr. President, I have spoken so often at the Texas Conferences upon the topic assigned to this occasion that I really fear you will grow weary with the repeated story, but, sir, we need to repeat it again and again.

"When I was a student at college there was given an exhibition of trained canary birds. These birds were taught to march and countermarch, to wheel out miniature cannon, and put them in position, and, at a given signal, to fire at each other. Some fell as if wounded and some as dead. The living brought out little wheel-barrows and loaded the disabled into them, and wheeled them away to hospitals. It seemed wonderful to me that canary birds could be so trained. I have known dogs to be taught some very clever tricks. They have perception, memory, and affection. If you are going down the street and drive back your dog, he will remember some hole in the back fence, and will creep through it, and when you reach your destination, he is there. Horses and elephants are susceptible of training. I read recently of an elephant taught to fish, and he became very fond of it, too. Some days ago I was in San Antonio and visited the United States barracks. It was parade day. Three hundred trained men

marched to martial music upon the grounds; three hundred feet were lifted at the same moment; six hundred hands were raised together; six hundred hands came to rest together. They wheeled to the right, to the left; marched forward at command. But, Mr. President, is this all of education? Then what better is a man than a canary bird? What better than a dog, or a horse, or an elephant?—they do the same. Has education no higher aim, no wider scope than this? I was in a city not long ago, and visited the public schools. The superintendent was very kind, and took me to a large room where several hundred children were gathered. They were called to their feet and proceeded to go through calisthenic exercises. At the close he turned to me with a satisfied air and asked, "What do you think of that?" "Oh, that is very pretty," said I, "very pretty!" "Why, sir, we punish a child more severly for failing in the figures of this exercise than we do for failure in its recitations." Is this the idea of education? Then I repeat it, the child is no better than a canary bird, or a dog, or a horse, or an elephant.

"The mind must be trained as well as the body. The perceptions must be cultivated to take in nature. God has given us intellect, sensibility, will—these must all be trained. But

we have moral natures, too, that must be trained, and any system of education which ignores the conscience is defective, is worthless.

"Mr. President, the Church is committed to higher education. "Oh," says one, "why not let the state educate?" Because the heart must be educated as well as the head. The operations of grace reverse the operations of nature. Water flows down and seeks its level, but the blessings of the Gospel begin with the humble poor and reach upward to the wealthy and the worldly wise. So we need the Gospel in the common schools, for out of this primary school is to come the student for our University, and the scholar from the halls of the University where God is honored goes back to bless the children. The South-western University has not appealed to the public for money heretofore. We sought first to make character, to give you an institution worthy of your patronage. We have only laid the foundations; the superstructure must yet be erected; but we are rejoiced to believe it has reached a point where its existence does not depend upon the life of any one man."

"These as I remember are the main points that he brought forward, and much of it his exact language. The speech ended, Dr. Mood returned to his room to die—to die with his armor on. The night was a restless one to him; the lungs

were closing up; his respiration was difficult, and it seemed he could not live to see another morning. But with the morning came some respite, enough to encourage hope, and he took a little nourishment. On Sunday morning he seemed cheerful; and all went to church except myself. He requested me to read some selections from St. John's Gospel, and pray. Before these brief exercises were over, violent paroxysms came upon him, and oh how he suffered. At the close of one of these he said: "Blessed Savior give me rest." I said, "Doctor you suffer greatly." He replied, "Oh yes, but it is all necessary to subdue my stubborn heart." Later he asked, "Have I any pulse?" "Yes sir, but very feeble, I trust doctor you have the presence of your Savior." He replied, "Yes, I am very unworthy, but I trust in the all-prevailing merits of my adorable Savior." Again, he said: "I am a great sinner, but Christ saves me."

Through the day his sufferings were extreme, but the comforting presence of the Savior was with him. Among his last utterances was a verse omitted from one of our hymns in the later editions:

> Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
> Take life or friends away,
> But let me find them all again
> In that eternal day.

"He said but little more, his testimony had been borne in a life of singular purity and nothing farther was necessary. He had dwelt so long in the shadow of death that it had no terror to him.

"He remarked in April preceding his death, on our way to Nashville, that he knew his end was near. He felt that his lungs were almost gone. "I can feel," said he, "the breathing surface diminishing constantly. I do not express myself thus to my family, knowing it would distress them." And he talked as calmly about dying as he would about a visit to see his friends. I was not with him at the supreme moment, but understood, he said but little more about dying than is here recorded.

"In that sea of glass, which spreads out before the throne of God, an emblem of the Divine omniscience, his good deeds are mirrored forever. We think no other man has so profoundly impressed Methodist circles in Texas, and go where you will, his memory lingers as sweetest perfume in the homes of our people."

He died November 12th, 1884. On the morning following his death, memorial services were held in the Methodist Church at Waco, in which a number of prominent ministers took part, and eloquent tributes were paid to his memory by Rev. A. A. Allison, Dr. R. C. Burleson, and

Rev. M. H. Wells. His remains were conveyed to Georgetown under a suitable escort, and the final funeral ceremonies were conducted in the University Chapel in the afternoon of November 14th. A number of visiting ministers assisted in these services. The funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. J. H. McLean, D.D. His text was taken from Matt. 10—39: "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." He was most happy in the selection of his text, applying it to the life and labors of Dr. Mood, and speaking with peculiar power and effectiveness. The spacious chapel was crowded, the scene was one, the impressiveness and solemnity of which could not be surpassed; and there was not a dry eye in the large body of his students, as they filed past his bier to take a last look at their departed friend. His body was laid to rest in the College Campus, a few feet north of the Chapel, and as the light of a beautiful day was softening into twilight the last service was concluded.

He leaves a wife, with five sons and four daughters, and the legacy of a highly honored name, a spotless character, and a well-spent life.

It was his privilege to realize that the institution which he had founded amid difficulties and discouragements, in weakness and in pain, had reached a point in its history "where it was not dependent upon the life of any one man," and

no doubt, but that at times he was led to Pisgah's heights where through the eye of faith he was permitted to behold the work of his hands established—the Canaan of his hopes—a blessing to the youth of coming generations.

Shortly after his death, steps were taken by a number of his former students, looking to the erection of a suitable monument over his remains. At the following Commencement of the University, The Mood Monumental Association was organized; and plans were there inaugurated which have resulted in closing the contract for a massive granite monument that is to sentinel his last resting-place. The inscription which it will bear, and which is given on the following page, is from the pen of his friend and co-laborer, Rev. J. H. McLean, D.D.

[Front or West Side.]

Founder and First Regent
of
South-Western University.

Elected Regent, Dec. 21, 1872.
Entered upon his duties, Oct. 6, 1873.

MOOD.

[South Side.]

In memory of our honored and beloved Regent—Rev. F. A. Mood, D.D.,—a faithful counselor, an able minister and instructor, a model Christian and gentleman, a friend and benefactor of the youth.

Affectionately inscribed by
His Students.

[North Side.]

Baptized in infancy, professed religion and joined the Church in early youth. Licensed to exhort by the M. E. Church South, in 1848. Licensed to preach in 1849. Graduated from Charleston College, and entered the S. C. Conference in 1850. Elected President of Soule University and transferred to the Texas Conference in 1868. Delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London, Eng., in 1881.

[East Side.]

Francis Asbury Mood.

Born in Charleston, S. C., June 23, 1830.
Died in Waco, Texas, Nov. 12, 1884.
Aged 54 years, 4 months, and 19 days.
"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

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